

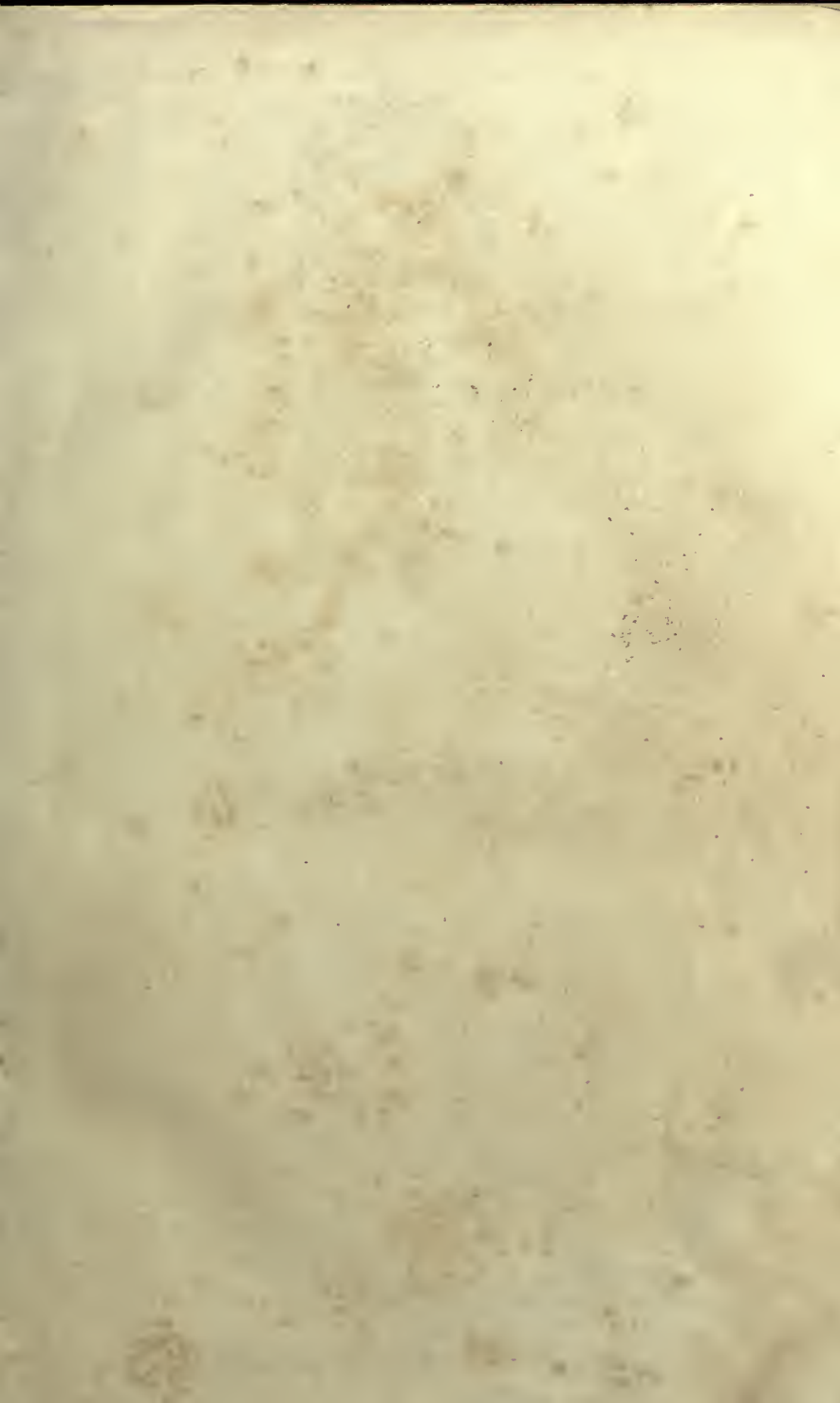
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THE MOTHERS TREASURE



LILAC AND ROSE





THE AFRICAN BEEFEATER



THE
FLORAL OFFERING,
AND
GEMS OF BEAUTY.

Richly Embellished.

NEW YORK:
BURDICK, REED & ROBERTS
No. 8 SPRUCE STREET.

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON

AND OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF MEDICINE

AND OF THE

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

AND OF THE

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FILIAL AFFECTION.

THE relations of life lay the foundation of correspondent obligations and duties. Those of our own kindred and blood are allowed to be the most sacred and tender. Among these, the Filial Relation holds an important rank. If existence be a priceless gift, our obligations to those who have been the instrumental cause of it, are surpassed by none, but such as result from creative power and goodness. The child is, as it were a part of the parent; the same blood flows in his veins, and for a long time his condition is one of absolute weakness and dependence. The microscopic insect is not so helpless and dependent in the first stages of his being. In those creatures, who, from the moment of their birth are blessed with the power of self-preservation, the principle of affection is seen to be wholly wanting. In other cases nature compensates for the want of ability by implanting this principle in the bosom of the parent and its offspring. Filial Affection is a dictate of nature. It is natural for the child to love his early and constant benefactors, those whose hearts have ever been full of kindness and solicitude, and whose hands have ever been stretched out for his protection and support.

The fifth commandment is in unison with nature; it is but the embodiment of its dictates. It is remarkable that this is the only commandment coupled with a promise, doubtless to intimate that the faithful discharge of filial obligations is the most effectual means of securing the smiles of a benignant Providence. It has been observed that disobedient children generally come to an untimely end, or meet with such heavy disappointments and misfortunes, as to make life itself a burden. How short was the guilty career of Absalom! how fearful and melancholy its termination. The conduct of those who break such cords of love is so unnatural and so base, that they have little else to expect than the frowns of Heaven and the detestation of mankind. They have no reason to expect that they will receive the common marks of civility from others, who have been thus ungrateful to the authors of their being and their greatest benefactors.

None have received benefits so great and numerous, as children have from their parents, many of which were bestowed without their knowledge, and many even contrary to their wishes. Day and night, and amidst the numerous and formidable dangers that beset the pathway of life, they have been blessed with their watchful superintendence and powerful protection. In the most defenceless and most exposed period of life, when they had no knowledge or experience to guide their steps, their eyes have never slumbered, their feet have never tired, their love has never grown cold, and they never once stopped to enquire whether we should ever have it in our power, or be disposed to repay them for all their toil and care. Though it were more than probable we might not live to return their kindness, they have been as careful of our health and happiness as of their own; nay, more so. Late and early, in summers heat and winters cold, in weariness and in watching, they have toiled for us, sparing no pains and shunning no sacrifices, to promote our happiness, and render our future condition in the world as respectable and comfortable as possible.

Who then can fully estimate the debt of gratitude children owe to parents, for such unnumbered and unmerited favors, such unfailing, disinterested kindness?—Low indeed must those be sunk in the scale of humanity, and destitute of every virtuous sentiment and feeling, who can repay such kindness with ingratitude! Who could respect or repose confidence in such ingrates? He who recklessly and habitually violates the duty he owes to parents, will not hesitate to break through all other obligations. He certainly will not be held by bonds less sacred and strong. He who can break fetters of brass, will not be held by fetters of straw. The bosom in which Filial Affection is extinct will never glow with true love or pure friendship. Filial Affection is the stock upon which love and friendship is engrafted; or, rather it is the soil in which they spring and flourish. It is this which first softens and educates the heart and renders it susceptible to love and friendship. It is this which prepares the heart for the implantation of every tender sentiment; the heart which is steeled against it is hardened to rock. The disobedient son will never make a generous friend or a good husband. He may offer his hand, but he will not give his heart. He who would abuse a devoted father, will betray a friend. He who could slight and outrage a mother's love, may look coldly on a wife and see her die of grief, without a pang of remorse. To such an one, neither the vow of friendship or marriage has any sacredness, and woe be unto those who trust in him! Blighted hopes and broken hearts will be their miserable lot.

Before then a person is received to the fullest confidence and admitted to all the unreserved intimacies and endearments of the most devoted friendship, it would be wise to ask how he has sustained the Filial Relation. And, when proposals are made for marriage, a female should satisfy herself first on this point. Be it that his character in other respects, is good; The want of Filial Affection nullifies all his pretensions and vitiates all his boasted virtues. He may not be safely trusted in a matter which pertains to the affections, and which involves the happiness of which true love is

the main ingredient. He is not a safe depository of that priceless gem, a females heart.

These remarks are also applicable to daughters, but we are happy to say, there is not in their case so much occasion for them. Instances of Filial recreancy are less frequent among daughters than sons. Indeed they are very rare. Whether this is owing to constitutional differences, or to the greater tenderness felt for them, and the more gentle treatment they receive, or, to the fact, that they are more domesticated and shielded from evil influences, we cannot exactly determine. In the plan of God's moral and providential government there is a peculiar fitness and adaptation in every arrangement. As females are designed for a peculiar sphere of action and enjoyment, they are fitted, both by nature and the circumstances in which they are placed for this sphere. They seem formed for DOMESTIC, rather than for public life, to live retired from the haunts of business and scenes of turmoil and conflict, and make home a little paradise for man, by making it the centre of attraction and the seat of love. Woman was designed to be the beautiful counterpart of man, to supply what was defective in him of gentleness and grace, and to heighten the enjoyments of life by the irresistible charms of her society and conversation.

One cannot fail to have observed the native gentleness and sensibility of females, which is more and more developed under kind treatment, and which, when matured by proper cultivation, renders them so lovely and attractive, and gives them such all conquering power over our sex. The female heart, like a delicate instrument, is strung with cords which vibrates the softest, sweetest melody; it is a sacred depository where treasures of love are garnered up to be lavished with a free and liberal hand. Nature and education may account for the superior strength of affections in females. Hence Filial Love takes deeper root in the hearts of daughters; and, in the progress of its development it acquires all the force and potency of a fixed law and principle of action. Hence the constancy and ardor of daughterly affection.

When sickness blanches the cheek and dims the eye of a beloved parent, the daughter watches by the bedside, and never leaves it until the bloom of health returns, or the features are rigid in death.

We are happy to record the fact that instances of recreancy in duty among daughters are exceedingly rare. But still, there have not been wanting melancholy cases of it, which may well excite our wonder and lead the susceptible mind of females to shrink with horror at the thought of so unnatural a crime. The want of Filial Affection in daughters, is less excusable and more unnatural, if possible, than in sons. Parents feel that they cannot always rely with undoubting confidence upon the stability and purity of a son's affection. Not so with their daughters; on their constancy they place the most perfect reliance. Recreancy therefore in them, causes a tremendous shock, and spreads desolation in all their paths. The afflicted parent exclaims in the bitterness of his soul, had it been my son who has thus wounded me, my grief had not been so poignant; but it is my DAUGHTER, on whose fidelity and affection I have securely relied. The ill-treatment of a son is heart-breaking, that of a daughter, fills the soul with the bitterness of death.

If these remarks should meet the eye of some daughter, who, under the influence of an unsubdued temper, is daily embittering the happiness of her parents, we trust she may be led to reflect upon the sinfulness of her unfeminine conduct. Or, if they should be perused by some rash and thoughtless young lady, who is declining in respect for her parents, and pursuing a course calculated to destroy their peace, we hope they may happily be the means of awakening in them a sense of obligation, and rekindling the dying flame of Filial Affection.

Illustrious examples of Filial Affection are not wanting to inspire the young with a laudable desire to excel in this noble virtue. TITUS MANLIUS, who had been treated with great cruelty by his father, the Dictator, simply because he had an impediment in his speech, when his father was im-

peached before the Roman people, armed himself with a dagger, and having obtained admittance to the bedchamber of Pomponius the Tribune, threatened him with instant death, if he would not bind himself by an oath which he administered on the spot, that he would desist from the prosecution. The Tribune, seeing the dagger glittering aloft, took the oath, and the Roman people, struck with the noble conduct of the youth, made him second Military Tribune. The SON OF CRÆSUS, King of Lydia, who was born dumb, which defect his father spared no expense to cure, to no effect, at the time Sardis was taken by the Persians, seeing his father like to be slain by a soldier, unacquainted with the King's person, made such an effort to speak, that he burst the string of his tongue and cried out, "SOLDIER! SPARE THE LIFE OF CRÆSUS!" Philip of Macedon, being dangerously wounded in an attempt to quell a disturbance, his son Alexander, then only a youth of seventeen, rushed to his assistance, covered him with his shield, and after killing several of the mutineers, carried him off in safety. The love Alexander evinced for his mother Olympias, a woman of a turbulent spirit, was most remarkable. Receiving a letter from Antipator, bitterly inveighing against her, he said, POOR MAN, he is not aware that one single tear of my mother, will obliterate a thousand such letters. The illustrious SCIPIO AFRICANUS, who had scarcely passed his childhood, seeing his father wounded, and liable to be cut to pieces in an engagement with Hannibal, regardless of his safety, rushed into the hottest of the battle, and carried him off in triumph. In the midst of the applause which Epaminondas received on account of an illustrious victory he gained over the Spartans, at the battle of Leuctra, exclaimed, "My greatest pleasure arises from the affectionate joy with which the news of my victory will inspire my dear father and mother." A no less striking instance of Filial Affection is presented in the last dying request of Nelson, the Hero of Trafalgar. While yet the thunder of his cannon was deal-

ing destruction to his foes, and as the notes of victory fell on his ear, he said, "Bury me by my parents."

Our own WASHINGTON, has furnished us with a noble example of Filial Affection, worthy of all praise and imitation. After his election to the Presidency, and previous to entering on the duties of his office, he repaired to Fredricksburgh, to take his leave of his mother. It was an affecting scene. Washington observed the ravages of disease, and tenderly addressed her, telling her he came to bid her an affectionate farewell, ere he assumed the functions of his office, and promising that as soon as his public duties would permit, to hasten back to Virginia. His mother wept as she said in tremulous tones, "My Son, you will see me no more. But go, my Son, and fulfil your high destinies, and may Heaven's and a mother's blessing be upon you." Locked in her arms, he leaned his head on her shoulder and wept. Peerless Mother! Noble Son! Where on earth was there ever seen such a Son, and such a Mother?

A DREAM.

I dreamt of lands where summer's happy reign
Was never known to fade; of rippling lakes,
Made musical by Zephyrs—on whose wings
Were borne the scent of flowers, newly blown.
The bird's sweet song rang ceaselessly through groves,
Whose branches, meeting, formed a perfect arch
Above its paths, quite shutting out the sun;—
Save, where, at intervals, the parted leaves
Gave one bright ray of sunlight to the view—
One patch of heaven's fair canopy. The breeze,
Playing 'mid waving leaves and odorous flowers,
Came on my ear like spirit-whisperings,
Soothing and comforting. Oh! that this life,
So full of harrowing cares and sad reverses,
Shrin'd but one image of that vanished dream!

THE FUSCHIA.

Thou graceful flower on graceful stem.
Of Flora's gifts a fav'rite gem!
From trophic fields thou cam'st to cheer
The natives of a climate drear;
And, grateful for our fostering care,
Hast learnt the wintry blast to bear.

This beautiful plant has not been known in this country many years. All the species cultivated in this country are natives of South America. It is placed by botanists in the Natural Order Onagraceæ, and in the eighth class Octandria, and first order Monogynia, of the Linnæan System.

The light and graceful appearance of the Fuschia renders it desirable in the flower garden as a mere shrub; but when ornamented with its pendant flowers of richest crimson dye, tinged with purple or pale green, and sometimes shading into a delicate cream color, with its cluster of golden stamens and pistil it seems to us one of the most elegant and tasteful of all the wonted inhabitants of the parterre. To the lover of flowers who delights to cultivate that which he admires when in its prime beauty, the Fuschia possesses other qualities which enhance its value—its free growth, the ease with which it is propagated, and its general hardiness.

ANECDOTE OF THE FUSCHIA.

At the Boston Horticultural Exhibition the following anecdote was related by the Rev. W. Choules, on the authority of Mr. Shepherd, the accomplished conservator of the Botanical Gardens at Liverpool, respecting the introduction of that flowery shrub, the Fuschia, into the green-houses of Europe.

Old Mr. Lee, a well known nurseryman and florist at Greenwich, near London, about fifty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a person, who suddenly turned and said, "Well, you have not in your whole collection so pretty a flower as one I saw to-day in a window at Wapping"

"Indeed, and what was this phoenix like?"

"Why the plant was beautiful, and the flowers hung down like tassels from the drooping branches; their color was the deepest crimson, and in the centre a fold of rich purple."

Particular inquiries were made as to the exact whereabouts, and Mr. Lee posted off to the place, where he discovered the object of his pursuit, and immediately pronounced it a **NEW PLANT**. He saw and admired it.

Entering the humble dwelling, he said, "My good woman, this is a nice plant of yours—I should like to buy it."

"Ah, sir, I couldn't sell it for no money; it was brought to me from foreign parts by my husband, who has gone away again and I must keep it for his sake."

"But I must have it."

"No, sir; I can't spare it."

"Here," emptying his pockets; "here is gold, silver, and copper," his stock amounting to more than eight guineas.

"Well-a-day, this is a power of money."

"'Tis yours, and the plant is mine, my good woman. I'll give you one of the first young ones I rear, to keep for your husband's sake; I will indeed."

The bargain was struck, a coach called, in which old Mr. Lee and his apparently dearly purchased flower was deposited. On returning home, his first work was to strip off and destroy every blossom and bud; the plant was divided into small cuttings, which were forced into bark-beds and hot-beds, and again sub-divided. Every effort was employed to multiply the plant. Mr. Lee became the delighted possessor of three hundred Fuschias, all giving promise of fine blossoms. The two which first expanded were placed in his window. A lady came in. "Why Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?"

"'Tis a new thing, my lady—pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty! 'tis lovely; it's price?"

"A guinea, your ladyship;" and one of the two plants that evening stood in beauty on her ladyship's table in her boudoir.

"My dear Charlotte, where did you get that elegant flower?"

"Oh, 'tis a new thing; I saw it at old Mr. Lee's—pretty, is it not?"

"Pretty! 'tis beautiful; what did it cost?"

"Only a guinea, and there was another left."

The visiter's horses trotted off to the suburb, and a third beauteous plant, graced the spot from whence the first had been taken. The second guinea was paid, and the Fuschia adorned another drawing room of fashion. This scene was repeated as new calls were made, by persons attracted by the beauty of the plant. Two plants, graceful and bursting into flower, were constantly seen on the same spot. He gladdened the faithful sailor's wife with the promised flower, and before the season closed, nearly three hundred guineas jingled in his purse, the produce of the single shrub from the window of Wapping, as reward of old Mr. Lee's taste, skill and decision."

THE HOME OF THE SOUL.

BY F. S. KEY.

Oh! where shall the soul find relief from its woes,
A shelter of safety, a home of repose?
Can earth's highest summit or deepest hid vale
Give a refuge no sorrow or sin can assail?

No, no! there's no home!

There's no home on earth, the soul has no home!

Shall it leave the low earth, and soar to the sky,
And seek for a rest in the mansions on high?
In the bright realms of bliss shall a dwelling be giv'n,
And the soul find a home in the glory of Heaven?

Yes, yes! there's a home!

There's a home in high Heaven, the soul has a home!

Oh! holy and sweet its rest shall be there;
Free for ever from sin, and sorrow, and care;
And the loud hallelujahs of angels shall rise
To welcome the soul to its home in the skies;
Home, home! home of the soul!
The bosom of God is the home of the soul!

Original

“PASSING MOMENTS.”

BY REV. S. W. WHELPLEY

With a steel Engraving.

Moments ! what fleeting things ye are !
Like the swift arrow or the shooting star ;
Like the light vapour melting into air ;
Like sparks ascending from a cheerful fire,
No sooner are they born than they expire ;
Like sparks which shine upon the face of night,
The darkness only makes them shine more bright.
The “ passing moments ” quickly fly,
Soon as they are born they die.
Tireless they run and make no stay,
They stop not in their course, by night or day.
The tired Eagle seeks a place of rest,
Lowers his broad pinions on the mountains crest,
But moments, like rivers, have a ceaseless flow—
Nought can arrest them—on they go.

In life's young morn the moments move too slow,
Whether to happiness they run or wo ;
In later years the loiterers fly too fast ;
Thousands in anguish would recall the past.
Behold LAVINIA, beautiful and young,
The light of every eye, the praise of every tongue ;
All the sweet influence of maternal power,
Had moulded her in childhoods happy hour.
On her young mind the dews of grace descended,
Beauty, in her, with virtue sweetly blended.
The paths of knowledge Lavinia early trod,
Those which lead on to holiness and God.

Till now, the passing moments had gaily flown,
On her the light of peace had ever shone.

But now alas, a sudden change has come ;
A cloud is gathering o'er her peaceful home.
Why at that open window lingers she so long ?
Preferring solitude to the joyful throng.
Though clad in rich attire, Lavinia is not gay ;
Beneath a snowy veil her glossy ringlets play :
Before her the emblematic hour-glass stands—
Why watches she the silent falling sands ?
Sadness sits pensive on her thoughtful brow,
As apprehensive of some fatal blow.
Oh, could she pierce the intervening veil
How would she her blighted hopes bewail !!
He comes not—nor will he ever come ;
Gone is her Marion to his heavenly home.
The summons came—his spirit passed away ;
Darkness and gloom closed o'er her bridal day.
The night before, he dreamed he saw her stand,
At the same window, the hour-glass in her hand ;
He thought that she, his last moments, was numbering,
While, he, on his lone couch, was slumbering.
He woke—not in vain was the warning given ;
The Sun went down—he awoke in heaven.

Like the sharp winds that nip the tender flower
Lavinia is doomed to feel afflictions power.
What have those passing, transient moments wrought ?
What bitter, trying lessons have they taught.
Her pillow oft with bitter tears are wet ;
Those “ passing moments ” she can ne'er forget.
Oft at the same window is she seen to stand,
With the same hour-glass in her hand ;
Numbering the moments as they swiftly fly,
And teach her how to live, and how to die.

Passing moments ! fools only will despise ;
From things so transient, how much good or evil rise.
Joy comes upon their viewless wings,
And sorrow, as from hidden fountains, springs.
The moments that we pass in deepest gloom,
May, for the purest joys, be making room ;
The joys, which, from earthly hopes arise,
Are like flowers exposed to wintry skies.
The HAPPIEST moments—what are they ?—

What but short gleamings in a cloudy day ;
 The smile of pleasure on the brow of pain ;
 Quickly we lose whate'er we think we gain.
 Many and sad are the disappointments given,
 To teach us there are better things in heaven.

Passing moments are the busy pioneers,
 Opening to other scenes in future years ;
 Foreshadowing evil or foretelling joy,
 Teaching how our time we should employ.
 Passing moments, transient though they be,
 Stand all related to Eternity.
 Each one will make its ages roll more bright,
 Or lose itself in the abyss of night.
 These little monitors forever by our side,
 Rebuke alike our indolence and pride ;
 Expressive in their SILENCE, as in their FLIGHT,
 As the revolving Planets in a stilly night.

Moments are the pinions with which we fly,
 To worlds beneath or worlds above the sky.
 With these our pulses, like instruments keep time,
 Or, like the evening bells, together chime.
 The beating pulses, the passing moments number,
 Whether we are but half awake or deeply slumber.
 On these viewless pinions we make our way,
 To realms of darkness or of day ;
 Just as the frail bark in the wide—open sea,
 From hidden rocks and dangerous quicksands free,
 Feels the quick stroke of the well plied oar,
 Which drives it forward to the shore,
 So, by the passing moments we are driven,
 Nearer and more near to hell or heaven.
 Storms may beat frail vessels back,
 But nought can drive us from the destined track ;
 Billows may roll and tempests beat,
 But, FROM ETERNITY, there's no retreat.
 Whate'er our purposes or thoughts may be,
 We're on the wide, the open Sea ;
 The Land of Life or Death lies straight before ;
 The deaf'ning whirlwinds may around us roar—
 But soon we must make the predestined coast,
 Be numbered with the saved or lost.

AN AFFECTING AND INSTRUCTIVE TALE.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

IN a little village far removed from cities and high roads, there dwelt a young Weaver, a devout and honest man, but poor. His wife as good and kind hearted as himself, assisted him faithfully at his trade, from early morn till late in the evening by spooling yarn, and still these good people had oftentimes nothing to eat for weeks, except potatoes boiled or roasted, with a little salt, but they were happy, for they were warmly attached to one another, and enjoyed peace of mind. Heaven had bestowed upon them three promising children, whom they brought up with care, and instructed in every thing good. All who visited these excellent people were charmed with their cheerfulness and cordiality, and many a one was satisfied to partake with them of their simple dish of potatoes in order to enjoy the edifying discourse of the devout pair.

One pleasant summer evening, a well dressed man came to the Weaver's cottage; he saluted the man and his wife very pleasantly, and begged them not to take it ill that he had disturbed them at so late an hour. "I am journeying on foot to Weinsburg," he said, "I am unacquainted with the road. Will you not be so kind as to accompany me for a short distance? I can then find the way alone perhaps, and I will reward you well for your trouble." The Weaver straightway sprang up from his stool, drew on his well worn but neatly patched coat, and walked briskly onward before the stranger to show him the way.

On the road they spoke of various matters, and the stranger was very affable and pleasant. But at last when it had grown perfectly dark, the unknown stopped on a sudden, drew

a whistle from his pocket, and blew upon it so shrilly that the poor Weaver trembled and shuddered in every limb; at the same moment eight or ten frightful looking fellows came from the adjacent thicket, approached the stranger, who appeared to be their Captain, and consulted with him about the robbery of a certain mill, which they purposed to break into during the night.

The Captain hereupon presented the poor Weaver to them as a comrade who had newly joined the band. "He was somewhat timorous indeed," he said, "but he would soon get over that." The unhappy man fell upon his knees, and begged for mercy, but the Robber placing a pistol to his breast, cried, "EITHER GO WITH US OR DIE!" Two of the men now took him between them, and dragged him onward. About midnight they reached the mill, succeeded in breaking into it, having left the poor Weaver and another one of the band to keep watch without. But the police had got upon the track of the rogues; the measure of their iniquities was now full; the Captain, the Weaver and some others were taken prisoners; the rest escaped.

In the mean while the poor woman, the Weaver's wife, began to feel anxious and alarmed; her husband did not make his appearance during the night, and when morning came and still he did not return, her anxiety became excessive; the neighbors went out to seek after him, but they could neither see nor hear any thing of the unhappy man. The poor woman was inconsolable, although she was yet unacquainted with the dreadful tidings which were soon to reach her ears.

It was not until evening that she heard of the robbery, and that the Weaver had been present when the deed was perpetrated, that he with the Captain of the Robbers and others of the band had been arrested, and were now in prison, to await their trial for life or death. The poor woman could now no longer control herself. She placed her children in the charge of a neighbor, and ran with all the speed she could to the town where her husband was confined in

prison. She went first to the judge to whom she related what she knew of the business, and then fell at his feet, and implored him to liberate her unhappy husband. But the judge, although in his heart he pitied her condition, could not help her, as the affair must first be investigated in due form by process of law; he permitted her, however, to visit her husband.

The scene which now followed is indescribable. The poor people wrung their hands, raised them toward Heaven, and called upon God the defender of innocence. The Weaver then endeavored to console his poor wife, and begged her to keep firm in her confidence in God, who of a surety would not forsake them in this dreadful need; for although he had erred, perhaps, in not choosing death rather than accompany the Robbers, yet the Omniscient God knew that he had avoided death only for the sake of his family, and that his love for them alone had rendered him weak, in the hope that God who knew his innocence, would rescue him if he fell into danger. The good people then separated, strengthened in their confidence and reliance upon their Heavenly Father, and the woman returned again to her children. She visited her husband often however, and at every interview they confirmed each other in faith, and offered up prayers.

But many robberies which had followed closely, one upon another, had constrained the magistrates to give greater severity to the laws, and in conformity therewith, the poor Weaver had incurred the penalty of the gallows, as he had been taken with the band. But the worst of all was this; the Captain had conspired with his comrades to bring the Weaver to the gallows, cost what it might; in pursuance of this plan they had agreed together as to what each one should testify with regard to him at the trial. The Captain maintained that the Weaver had been engaged in several robberies with them before, and then named the places, and the evidence of the rest was in conformity with his. When then the judge examined them all together, and the poor

Weaver protested his innocence, the Robbers were able to give such an air of probability to their assertions, that no doubt remained of their truth, nay, they even asked if he had no fear of God before his eyes so to persist in his denial. Thus one examination followed another, and the innocent Weaver had no advocate but bitter tears.

The testimony was at last closed, and given in to the criminal tribunal; the latter pronounced sentence that the Weaver should be hanged first, and then the others, after they had witnessed the execution of their companion; with this difference however, that their bodies were to be broken on the wheel and quartered. After the prince had affixed his signature to the sentence, it was made known to the prisoners, who were informed that it would be carried into execution within three days.

The compassion of the whole country was excited for the Weaver, for every one thought him innocent. The Clergyman who had married him, often visited him, and found him, as will readily be imagined, in a most disconsolate condition. He endeavored to strengthen him by the consolations of religion, and prayed with him with great fervency, so that the good man at last took courage, and resigned himself to the will of God. His wife cried loudly to Heaven for rescue, and on the day before the execution, she ran in haste with streaming hair to the capitol, and desired to speak with the prince.

Now it chanced that at the prince's table at dinner, the story of a poor man, the father of a family had been related, who although innocent, had fallen a victim to the severity of the laws. This gave those present occasion to speak of the Weaver, for the affair was known at court, and the prince was not without his doubts on the subject. The woman was instantly admitted. Her amiable, honest countenance, and her grief spoke with such force, that tears came into the princess' eyes, and she felt convinced of the man's innocence. She immediately took the poor woman by the hand and led her to the prince.

He also was moved to tears and said, "Good woman,

your husband's life shall be saved ; I will at once send some one to carry an order to this effect to the judge." It was high time indeed, for it was now evening, and at nine o'clock on the following morning, the Weaver was to be led to the gallows. The courier had in the meanwhile, to ride thirty miles. The prince then ordered refreshments to be placed before the woman, who, when she had partaken of them, hurried away with a heart filled with joy, uttering loud thanksgivings to God. But she had scarcely run two leagues when she could go no farther, and was obliged to rest for some hours, so that she did not reach the town until ten o'clock the following morning.

But the courier who had been dispatched to bear the pardon to the Weaver, fell from his horse, and dislocated his ankle, so that he was unable to continue his journey ; fortunately he was near a post house, which he reached with difficulty, and there remained. He gave the letter of pardon to the postmaster, who sent it on by a postillion. Its arrival was in this way retarded for several hours.

The clock struck nine ; the knell of the criminals echoed in slow and solemn sounds over the city ; first appeared the officers of the police, then came the Weaver accompanied by a clergyman, next the Captain of the band, with the remaining prisoners, and last of all the executioner and his assistants. A great crowd of people from the city and from the surrounding country followed the procession, which escorted by a company of armed soldiers, moved slowly toward the scaffold. The weaver was silent ; his grief had neither tears nor speech ; but many observed that the Robber Captain watched him with great attention. The procession now reached the gallows, and the Weaver was led up the steps. At this instant a postillion came riding up at a gallop ; he placed in the hands of the judge who was present a large letter. The latter tore it open in haste, and exclaimed, "pardon ! pardon for the Weaver !" Shouts of joy now arose from the crowd, and it was a long time before silence could be obtained.

The Robber Captain now asked permission of the judge to address the assembled crowd. After it had been granted him, he mounted the scaffold, and waved with his hand to obtain silence. All listened in breathless stillness, and the Robber exclaimed with a loud voice. "THERE IS A GOD AND HE IS JUST! Once I did not believe this, and I rioted in sin and crime. Things often happened during my wicked career, however, from which I might have known that there was a God who ruled this world. I wished to be assured of this however, and I thought if I could bring a devout and innocent man to my band, and could compel him to participate in our crimes, that this Just God, if there was one indeed, could not possibly suffer this good and innocent man to undergo a like punishment with ourselves. He could not help but save him, and so it has actually proved, for the Weaver is perfectly innocent, and is a pious and upright man. I have made the trial with him, and God has rescued him. Yes, truly! THERE IS A GOD AND A JUST GOD!"

He now prayed that he might be taken back to prison, declaring that he had some important confessions to make. He would then, he said, submit willingly to his fate, which he had in truth, deserved. The Robber's request was granted; he and his companions were led back to prison again, and placed in chains.

During this while the bystanders encouraged the Weaver, and provided him with refreshments; and as he was making his way out of the crowd, a number of young men approached him, raised him upon their shoulders, and carried him into the town; others collected money for him, so that he received several hundred crowns. As they were bearing him through the streets, his wife reached the town after her toilsome journey; she saw the gathering of the people, and heard the cry "they are bringing the Weaver! he has received a pardon!" and at the same moment she beheld him borne aloft on the shoulders of the young men, and heard the joyful shouts of the crowd. With sobs of delight, she followed the train into the inn.

It is impossible to describe the meeting which ensued between the husband and wife. They were driven home in a carriage for their heavy afflictions had so weakened them that they could not perform the journey on foot. The money which the Weaver had obtained placed him above all want, and God's blessing went with him.

This event happened in the year 1788.

E T E R N I T Y .

Extract from an Unpublished Poem ;

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

AND yet thou hast not left thyself without
 A witness ; all we hear, and feel, and see,
 Within us and around, forbid to doubt,
 Yet speak so darkly and mysteriously
 Of what we are and shall be evermore,
 We doubt, and yet believe, and tremble and adore !

Thanks be to God !—the glorious day will come,
 Wherein the soul shall see, and feel, and know !
 Earth—earth is not our everlasting home,
 But through the shadows of this world below,
 The spirit journeys onward to the sky,
 A wayworn pilgrim of eternity.

Eternity ! no mortal e'er could break
 Thy seal of mystery, save him alone
 Who dwelt in Patmos, for his Saviour's sake,
 And in his vision saw a great white throne ;
 And him who sat thereon, before whose face
 The earth and heaven fled, and found no place !

Eternity ! O let the Dead again
 Put on their mortal garments and return—
 Give back ! give back thy dark and shadowy train,
 Once more, that they may tell, in words that burn,
 Thy fearful mysteries of good and ill—
 A voice within us cries, Oh ! Peace ! be still.

Original.

THE SPIRIT RIVER.

BY A. W. HOLDEN.

A river flows thro' a sunny land,
Its waters are pure and bright,
As they smoothly glide o'er the golden sand,
Or ripple across the 'coral strand,'
As sheen as a thing of light.

And fairy Isles like gems are laid,
Within its silvery zone,
With grot, and bower, and flow'ring glade,
And woodlands too with tempting shade,
In wild profusion thrown.

And gaily now with shout and song,
And light sails fluttering wide,
Shallops and barks, a myriad throng
With living freight, are floating along
The breast of the crystal tide.

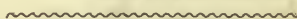
But little reck those mariners,
The perils of the way,
Of rocks and whirlpools, reefs and bars,—
But on they move, like princely cars
To festive pageantry.

Light wanton zephyrs, flit along
Those Isles, with wooing breath;
And pleasures train with siren song,
Are waiting there to lead that throng,
To misery and death.

They stop to roam o'er each fair Isle,
With Mirth and Revelry;
And Wit and Beauty, Wealth and Wile,
With sparkling eye, and winning smile,
Still lure them from their way.—

A tempest rages—tost and thrown,
 Upon the rolling wave,
 Those light frail vessels one by one,
 With shout and scream and dying groan,
 Sink to a wat'ry grave.—

That stream is life's bright sunny tide,
 Those frail barks, hopes of joy,
 And singing, gaily on we glide,
 But sorrow's tempest cannot bide,
 And so we sink and die.



A WORD TO GENTLEMEN.

“It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
 Rudely appealed to on each trifling theme !
 Maintain your rank ; vulgarity despise ;
 To SWEAR is neither brave, polite, nor wise.
 You would not swear upon the bed of death :
 Reflect, your Maker now may stop your breath.”



BEWARE.

It is a little sin ; it is a trifle. Say not so.—Beware. A slight scratch may produce more suffering than the amputation of a leg. The brave warrior who has slain his thousand in battle may be strangled by a hair. The ocean rocks that founder many a gallant bark, are the work of a little worm. A single look from one we devotedly love, may plant daggers in our bosom. A word may ruin us. That glass of cordial, just raised to the lips of a young man may cause his destruction. Beware of trifles. Look to the end. In no other way can you be sure of safety and prosperity.

THE YOUNG LADY AND THE WIFE.

A LADY should appear to think well of books, rather than to speak well of them; she may show the engaging light that good taste and sensibility always diffuse over conversation; she may give instances of great and affecting passages, because they show the fineness of her imagination, or the goodness of her heart; but all criticism, beyond this, sits awkwardly upon her. She should know more than she displays, because it gives her unaffected powers in discourse; for the same reason that a man's efforts are easy and firm, when his action requires not his full strength. She should, by habit, form her mind to the noble and pathetic; and she should have an acquaintance with the fine arts, because they enrich and beautify the imagination; but she should carefully keep them out of view in the shape of learning, and let them run through the easy vein of unpremeditated thought; for this reason, she should seldom use, and not always appear to understand, the *terms of art*; the gentlemen will occasionally explain them to her. I knew a lady of address, who, when any term of art was mentioned, always turned to the gentleman she had a mind to compliment, and, with uncommon grace, asked him the meaning; by this means, she gave men the air of superiority they like so well, while she held them in chains. No humor can be more delicate than this, which plays upon the tyrant, who requires an acknowledgment of superiority of sense, as well as power, from the weaker sex!

A lady sporting her learning, and introducing her verses upon all occasions, reminds one of a woman, who has a fine hand and arm, a pretty foot, or a beautiful set of teeth, and who is not satisfied with letting them appear as nature and custom authorize, but is perpetually intruding her separate perfections into notice. If a woman neglects the duties of her family and the care of her children—if she is less amiable as a wife, mother, or mistress, because she has talents or acquirements, it would be far better if she were without them; and when she displays that she has more knowledge than her husband, she shows, at least, that no woman can have less sense than herself.

There is no great need of enforcing upon an unmarried lady the necessity of being agreeable; nor is there any great art requisite in a youthful beauty to enable her to please. Nature has multiplied attractions around her. Youth is in itself attractive. The freshness of budding beauty needs no aid to set it off; it pleases merely because it is fresh, and budding, and beautiful. But it is for the married state that a woman needs the most instruction, and in which she should be most on her guard to maintain her powers of pleasing. No woman can expect to be to her husband all that he fancied her when a lover. Men are always duped, not so much by the arts of the sex, as by their own imaginations. They are always wooing goddesses, and marrying mere mortals. A woman should, therefore, ascertain what was the charm that rendered her so fascinating when a girl, and endeavor to keep it up when she has become a wife. One great thing undoubtedly was, the chariness of herself and her conduct, which an unmarried female always observes. She should maintain the same riceness and reserve in her person and habits, and endeavor still to preserve a freshness and delicacy in the eye of her husband. She should remember that the province of a woman is to be wooed, not to woo; to be caressed, not to caress. Man is an ungrateful being in love; bounty loses rather than wins him.

DIFFERENT IDEAS OF BEAUTY.

It is difficult to form any *punctual* notions of beauty. Qualities of personal attraction, the most opposite imaginable, are each looked upon as beautiful in different countries, or by different people in the same country. "That which is deformity at Paris, may be beauty at Pekin !"

———"Beauty, thou wild fantastic ape,
Who dost in every country change thy shape ;
Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white !"

The frantic lover sees "Helen's beauty in an Egyptian brow." The black teeth, the painted eyelids, the plucked eyebrows, of the Chinese fair, have admirers ; and should their feet be large enough to walk upon, their owners are regarded as monsters of ugliness. The Lilliputian dame is the *beau ideal* of perfection in the eyes of a northern gallant ; while in Patagonia they have a Polyphemus-standard of beauty. Some of the North American nations tie four boards round the heads of their children, and thus squeeze them, while the bones are yet tender, into a *square* form. Some prefer the form of a sugar-loaf ; others have a quarrel with the natural shortness of the ears, and therefore from infancy those are drawn down upon the shoulders !

With the modern Greeks, and other nations on the shores of the Mediterranean, *corpulency* is the perfection of form in a woman ; and those very attributes which disgust the western European, form the attractions of an oriental fair. It was from the common and admired shape of *his* countrywomen, that Rubens in his pictures delights so much in a vulgar and odious plumpness : when this master was desirous to represent the "beautiful," he had no idea of beauty under two hundred weight. His very Graces are all fat.

The hair is a beautiful ornament of woman, but it has always been a disputed point which color most becomes it. We account red hair unhandsome ; but in the time of Elizabeth it found admirers, and

was in fashion. Mary of Scotland, though she had exquisite hair of her own, wore red fronts. Cleopatra was red-haired ; and the Venetian ladies at this day counterfeit yellow hair.

But where are we to detect its especial *source* of power ? Often forsooth in a dimple, sometimes beneath the shade of an eyelid, or perhaps among the recesses of a little fantastic curl ! The fit of admiration seizes us without warning, and either disposition, or our weakness, favors the surprise. One look, one glance, may fix and determine us.

Few are there that can withstand "the sly smooth attraction of a fair young face."—"It calls the cynic from his tub to woo." Led by no sense as they are by the eyes, you may see the most sober men content to lock up their wishes in the meshes of a little auburn hair. Many could demonstrate to perfection the eligibility of freedom to servitude, and yet are practically too weak to resist the sensual allurements of some pretty casuist : a touch, soft as the brush from the pinions of the dove, winds them to her purpose.

"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair !"

We seek not here to revolt the enthusiasm of any man, or to warp any natural bias that may be felt toward the daughters of men ; yet how far an unmitigated dotage upon beauty is reasonable, no one in his sober senses can hesitate to decide. 'Tis a composition we can all admire ; it exists doubtless for peculiar ends ; but let it maintain its legitimate influence, and be bounded there. The privilege of being first heard, it is always likely to have ; but must it always continue to take place of everything, ordinary and extraordinary ?

"For what admirest thou, what transports thee so ?
An outside ? Fair, no doubt and worthy well
Thy cherishing, thy honoring, and thy love —
Not thy subjection !"

Yet this influence, vast as it is, is but for a while ; it is "a short-lived tyranny." It is an electrifier, the power of which only endures while an adventitious property abides with it. The holyday-time of beauty has its date, and 'tis the penalty of nature that girls must fade and wither, as their grandmothers have done before them

The venerable abbey, and aged oak, are the more beautiful in their decay ; and many are the charms around us, both of art and nature, that may still linger *and please*. The breaking wave is most graceful at the moment of its dissolution ; the sun, when setting, is still beautiful and glorious, and though the longest day must have its evening, yet is the evening as beautiful as the morning ; the light deserts us, but it is to visit us again ; the rose retains after-charms for sense, and though it fall into decay, it renews its glories at the approach of another spring. But for woman there is no second May ! “ *Stat sua siveque dies.*” To each belongs her little day ; and time, that gives new whiteness to the swan, gives it not unto woman !

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

LIKE the olive-tree—said to fertilize the surrounding soil—there are some few ministering angels in female guise among us all and about our paths, who sweetly serve to cheer and adorn life. Our amusements are insipid unless they contribute to them ; our efforts of noblest ambition feeble, unless they applaud—its rewards valueless, unless they share them ! There are, too, some rude spirits in the world, whose bolder nature of female influence admirably serves to refine and temper ; and perhaps it is not an extreme eulogium of the poet—that without that influence many a man had been “a brute indeed !” The concurrence of both sexes is as necessary to the perfection of our being, as to the existence of it : man may make a fine melody, but woman is also required to make up harmony !

SELFISHNESS

If, in the wide catalogue of human faults, there be one more than another which we would cover with our hand as the most unsightly blot upon human nature, it is the vice of selfishness. There are faults that may be wept over, but this is not one of them ; and crimes, springing directly from the passions, seem almost venial compared with that habitual, undisguised self-worship which is the offspring of a mean soul. 'Tis a blemish that stands out grossly to the eye—more

“Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inherits our frail blood !”

TOUCHING ANECDOTE.

DURING the French Revolution Mademoiselle Sombruil had been eight days with her father in prison when the unhappy massacres of September commenced. After many prisoners had been murdered, and the sight of blood continually flowing seemed only to increase the rage of the assassins, while the wretched inmates of the prison endeavored to hide themselves from the death that hovered over them, Mademoiselle Sombruil rushed into the presence of the murderers who had seized her father. "Barbarians!" she cried, "hold your hands, he is my father!" She threw herself at their feet. In one moment she seized the hand which was lifted against her father, and in the next she offered her own person to the sword, so placing herself that the parent could not be struck but through the body of his child. So much courage and filial affection in so young a girl for a moment diverted the attention of the assassins. She perceived that they hesitated, and seized on the favorable opportunity. While she entreated for her father's life one of the monsters proposed the following condition: "Drink," said he, "a glass of blood and save your father." She shuddered, and retreated some paces; but filial affection gained the ascendancy, and she yielded to the horrible condition. "Innocent or guilty," said one of those who performed the office of judge, "It is unworthy of the people to bathe their hands in the blood of the old man, since they must first destroy this virtuous girl." A cry of "pardon!" was heard. The daughter, revived by this signal of safety, threw herself into her father's trembling arms, which scarcely had power to press her to his bosom, being overcome by such powerful affection and so providential a deliverance. Even the most outrageous assassins were unable to restrain their tears; and the father and daughter were triumphantly conducted to a place of comfort and safety.

"Take therefore no thought for the morrow; for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." Matt. vi. 34.

I would not turn aside the veil
That hides the future from my eye,
And through the mists of distant years
Discern my coming destiny;—
I would not know
If joy or woe
Shall mark the moments as they fly.

By memory's aid I backward glance,—
And as I view my past career,
And mark the contents of its page,—
A varied picture meets me there.
In light and shade
It stands portrayed,
Here bright with joy, there dark with care.

And thus shall be my future life—
A cup of mingled grief and joy;
A child of earth can never find
Pure happiness without alloy:
Our strength is frail,
And pleasures fail,
And soon the wearied mind will cloy.

I know my fate is in His hands
Whose wisdom guides the rolling year,
Whose power upholds Creation's plan,
Whose mercy saves from dangers near;
In His contr'ol
I leave my all,
Safe in his love, why should I fear?

ADA.

LEAVES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF A GOVERNESS

BY LAURA LOVELL.

WOODVALE! What a host of sweet recollections does the name awaken. I see the gate, venerable in its antiquity

which, opening on the public road, warns the passing traveler that beyond "the dark pine grove" there lies a home. Once more I follow the windings of the green and shady lane, and emerge at length before the grassy lawn and the white mansion over which the clustering multiflora has flung its clasping tendrils. I see the tall locusts before the dwelling, the little garden opening from the lawn, the pastures in the distance, the various forms of animal life which people the scene. Come, and let us go into the little garden and see the blossoming trees and the rose bushes. Then we will wander down the oak grove behind the house to the spring. But see, on the hill where the grove is thickest, how profusely the dead autumnal leaves lie scattered. And beneath them, in a corner far removed from the sound of childish mirth or the hum of busy labor, are the graves of the family. There, side by side, sleep the aged grandfather,—a man of God, gone to his reward—the father and mother, the eldest and youngest of their lovely children—within six months consigned to the grave. Consumption fastened upon that sweet blossom in early womanhood—beauty, accomplishments, earthly affection could not save it from the destroyer—and the opening bud left in a bleak world without the support of the parent stem withered too and died ere its blossoming—withered?—ah no! in all its freshness and promise it was transplanted to bloom with the dear ones gone before, in the Paradise of God. Four orphan bereaved ones are still left to mourn. They have clung together through all their trials; the oldest a lovely girl of eighteen, and the youngest a little fairy of five years. I see now before me that sweet innocent face, that gentle and artless smile, those winning ways that so touched the heart of the stranger. Ye are scattered far and wide, away from the home of your childhood, the hearth of your ancestry—Nay more! that home must pass into the hands of strangers—and now ye take of the happy haunts of your early years, of the graves of your kindred, a final farewell.

Not long since I received a letter from Sophia, in which she says, "I have a favor to ask of you—write me a 'Farewell to Woodvale.' We are about to part with our dear sweet old home, and I cannot leave it without taking my farewell

in verse." I could not do otherwise than comply, though I felt inadequate to the task—and so I have written a

FAREWELL TO WOODVALE.

Green wave the oaks around thee, home beloved,
Where oft in infancy our footsteps roved ;
Bright glow the roseate clusters of the vine,
Whose clinging tendrils round thy casements twine ,
Sweet is the murmur of the summer breeze,
Which softly sighs amid the waving trees ;
Over the green-robed lawn, returning spring
Shall bid the locusts their white blossoms fling ;
Still shall the birds their joyous music wake,
From every waving bough, and spray, and brake ;
Yet to each shady nook and quiet dell,
Sadly we bid a long and last farewell.

Farewell, green haunts of careless infancy,
Where glad hearts wandered forth with steps as free,
Ye are not changed ; round each familiar spot,
Cluster sweet memories ne'er to be forgot ;
The music of loved voices still we hear,
Forms well-remembered to our sight appear,
Each verdant dell, green tree, and grassy knoll.
Hath its own secret history to the soul,
Filling our eyes with tears, as now to you
Beloved home, we bid a last adieu.

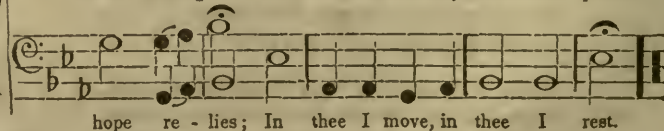
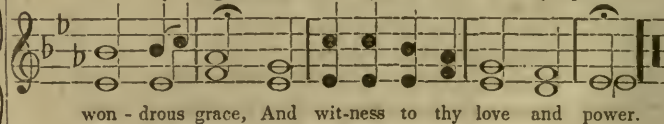
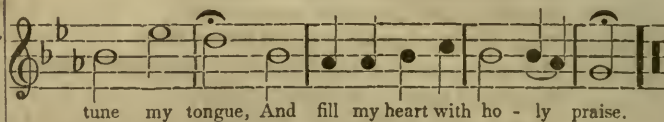
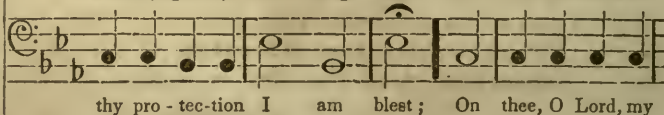
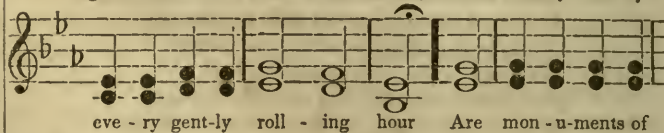
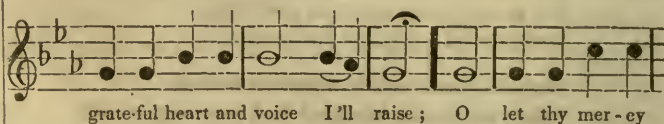
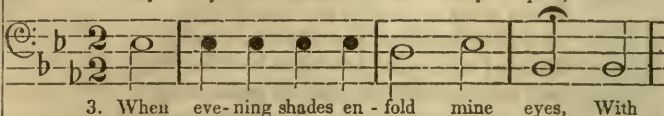
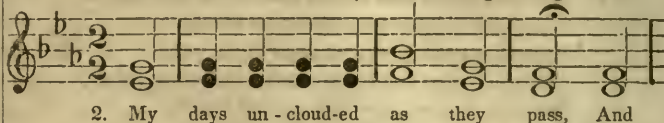
Beneath the shadows of the tall oaks lying.
In quiet slumber those who loved us rest ;
When 'neath autumnal skies the foliage dying,
Hath strewn with its bright leaves the green earth's breast,
Mingling in music of a happier sphere,
No more their voices fall on mortal ear ;
Here hoary age and helpless infancy,
Beside each other in the dark grave lie.
In the dark grave ! oh no ! the lifeless clay,
There waits the summons of the final day ;
The spirits of our lost ones dwell above,
In regions of eternal light and love.

Father in Heaven ! oh, hear the orphan's prayer,
Grant them thy strength, life's future ills to bear,
Be thou their friend, their help in years to come,
And safely guide them to a heavenly home.

Original.

PROTECTION. L. M.

C. DINGLEY.





L. Hicks. del.

C. Burt. sculp.

PASSING MOMENTS.

Engraved expressly for the Family Circle.

Original.

THE LOST SON.

THE DESCENDING SCALE.

"A PIN—A PENNY—A POUND—A PENALTY—PERDITION!"

EDITORIAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Mansel had two children, a son and daughter. Mr. Mansel was a man of sterling principle, and mild amiable disposition. His mind had been disciplined and improved by study and general reading, and he had enjoyed the advantages of a religious education. Happily he became pious in youth. He possessed those qualities which fitted him as well for the duties and pleasures of the domestic circle, as for the difficulties and responsibilities of public life. Mrs. Mansel was the child of affluent parents, and had been spoiled by indulgence, and ruined by neglect. Bred in the school of fashion and vanity, with a volatile, ungovernable temper, she was allowed to be her own mistress, and even to domineer over her parent. She would not submit to the toil and drudgery of study; hence she made no solid attainments, but her education was limited to a superficial acquaintance with the ornamental branches, such as music, painting and dancing.

Mr. Mansel fancied Miss Crawford, was smitten with her beauty, and ensnared with the witchery of her charms, ere he had time to ascertain whether she possessed more solid and substantial qualifications. Miss Crawford, in her turn, admired Mr. Mansel's fine form, and noble, dignified demeanor, and those higher qualifications which are the pas-

port to honor, and she felt that a union with such an one would be a triumph worthy of being achieved. And so, they were married. Too late he discovered his error, and like all those who marry for love or money purely, he was left to experience the bitter fruits of his choice.

The birth of their children seemed to supply new links to bind them together after the bonds of love were dissolved. Yet one of these, through the indiscretion and folly of the mother, proved a bone of contention, and the source of great and lasting unhappiness. Walter resembled his father in looks, and his mother in disposition; and though Mr. Mansel's heart was full of the milk of human kindness, and, from the beginning, he labored assiduously to win the love and respect of his son, his heart inclined only to his mother and he was wholly ruled by her. Mrs. Mansel had no relish for serious converse or serious things, but had a passionate fondness for the society of the gay, and found pleasure only in a fashionable round of amusements. When, therefore, Mr. Mansel determined to establish religious worship in his family and entered upon the work of religious instruction, he met with no small opposition. At first when he engaged in worship, she would retire from the room, and on one occasion when he rose from his knees, he found the children also had left the room. It was a sore trial, but he bore it patiently. For a long time he was silent, and when he spoke to Mrs. M. it was with tears and in the language of tender expostulation. At last she yielded so far, as to remain during prayer time with the children. But neither his entreaties nor his tears could conquer her aversion to these holy duties. She was sullen and morose, and the children caught the infection and were restless and sour in his presence. He persevered until Mrs. M. had learned to subdue these outward symptoms of dislike and opposition, and the little circle presented an aspect of order and decency during the season of family worship. Still the feeling of dissatisfaction rankled in her breast, and the Word of God and pious exhortation was submitted to, as a mere dead form in which she took no pleasure.

Under the tuition of his mother, Walter's feelings of opposition to his father's rule, became more and more settled and confirmed, and he generally slept or played in time of prayer, or wriggled about in his chair. Walter was Mrs. M's. darling child, who reflected her image and faithfully imitated all her actions. In her eyes he was perfect. The more perverse and disobedient he was, the more she flattered and caressed him; and when, at any time, his father reproved or counseled him, she gave no dubious signs of dissatisfaction. She could not accuse him of severity in his government, for he was always mild and patient, and ever ready to forgive and encourage his children to do right. He ruled them not with a rod of iron, but with the sceptre of love. He would not indeed permit his authority to be trampled on, nor yet would he break the bruised reed. He gave Mrs. M. no just reason at any time to complain, yet it seems to have been a fixed principle with her never to coincide with him in his requisitions and efforts to lead his son in the way he should go. Even his efforts to teach him good manners were uniformly counteracted by unseasonable apologies or ill judged compliments.

But her opposition did not stop here; it was displayed also when Mr. M. sought to teach his son GOOD MORALS. Often he inculcated the importance of TRUTH and HONESTY. On one occasion, he said to Walter, "He who STEALS will LIE to conceal it. You should be honest then in the smallest matter. He that will steal a PIN will soon steal a PENNY, and then something more valuable. This is the process or descending scale; first a PIN, then a PENNY, a POUND, a PENALTY, PERDITION." "Walter, my son," exclaimed Mrs. M. much excited, "you may take as many of MY pins as you please! I'm not afraid you'll become a thief." Then turning to Mr. Mansel she said, "what if my child should take a penny that's no killing matter?" Shocked at this speech, Mr. M. in a tone of deep seriousness, remarked, "My dear, it was my object to inculcate a fundamental principle and to show Walter what the commission of, what some errone-

ously call a small sin, will lead to. A pin is a trifle, and a penny is a trifle; the stealing of a penny would not impoverish me, but it MIGHT LEAD TO THE RUIN OF MY SON." Mrs. M. caring more for victory than truth, and the more desperate for being hard pressed, raised her alto voice to a still higher pitch and thus delivered herself, "I can tell you Mr. M. my son is too good ever to do or be what I plainly see, you suspect him of. Poor, dear boy! you are putting thoughts into his head which he had never once imagined. Just think what senseless jargon, what foolish rhapsody!—a PIN, a PENNY, a POUND, a PENALTY, PERDITION! mind what I say, if Walter becomes wicked, it will be because you have taught him the way." This speech failed of its object upon the father, but the poison entered the son's mind. Mr. Mansel calmly replied, "It was my aim, to show my son how insensibly persons may turn aside from the path of duty, and how deplorable may be the consequences of the FIRST mistep, to put him on his guard. If the best way to avoid danger is to be insensible and blind to it, then it would be safe to put a bandage on the eyes of my son." Then turning to Walter, he said, "my son, out of my great solicitude for your happiness, I have taught you what evils will flow from the smallest departure from the strait line of rectitude and truth; I have described the ladder which leads down by successive steps to ruin. This it is—a PIN, a PENNY, a POUND, a PENALTY, PERDITION! Avoid taking the first step in this downward path and you are safe. Beware of the FIRST sin; like a pin, it may seem but a trifle, but it may lead to greater sins and end in your ruin." The solemn lesson made no good impression on the mind of Walter; he rose up sulky and left the room muttering, a PIN! a PIN! a PENNY!—what nonsense! Mrs. M. soon followed, but not without casting a look of scorn behind her, and spitefully remarking, "forever goading my poor son! if any thing will ruin him, it will be such treatment!"

Under such trials Mr. Mansel's only support was in prayer. He dreaded an open rupture and separation from

his wife. Yet, such an event did not strike him with so much horror, as the prospect of the certain ruin of his child under the tuition of such a mother. In vain did he reason with her in private. He implored her to have compassion on her son; he begged that if she would not help him in his efforts to save the child, she would not HINDER him. But all his appeals were wasted on her; there were no principles to respond to them from within, and it only made the matter worse.

A day or two after this conversation, the conduct of Walter furnished an illustration of the principle of the descending scale. Mrs. Mansel missed her elegant gold PIN which she prized above all her trinkets. She immediately charged the servant maid with the theft. In her rage, she hastily summoned the poor girl into the parlor, and before Mr. Mansel and the children, pronounced her the guilty one, and threatened to send her to jail if she did not immediately restore the pin. She had not given the girl a moments time for explanation, when she found herself arraigned as the guilty criminal. She knew what had become of the pin and her only refuge from the disgrace now put upon her, was to disclose the fact. Turning then to Walter and fixing her swimming eyes upon him, she asked him where his mother's pin was? Without a blush, the brazen boy replied, "I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT IT." The girl then turned to Mr. Mansel and observed; she had seen him with the pin that morning, and no doubt it would be found in his pocket. Mrs. Mansel's eyes flashed like lightning at the girl and in a shrill voice, she said, "How dare you accuse my son, you impudent thing!" "Madam," the poor thing tremblingly said, "I assure you I meant no disrespect to you; but what I say is true, and if you examine you will find it so." "Hold your tongue you lying wretch," said Mrs. Mansel, still more irritated, "No one shall search my noble son's pocket!"—Here a pause ensued, while Mr. Mansel silently pondered on the step next to be taken, to elicit the truth. The only expedient immediately occurred to him. "Mrs. Mansel," said he

in a mild voice, "No one shall search your son but yourself; and doubtless he will be willing to have you examine his pockets." To so conciliating a proposition, she could not well object; she therefore bid Walter come to her. She hastily thrust her hand into one of his pockets, when suddenly she screamed, as though in great pain, and turned pale as death. Mr. Mansel prevented her from falling, and as her hand was drawn out of the pocket, the pin which had entered deep under one of her nails, HUNG DANGLING FROM HER FINGER; he quickly, yet with much exertion, drew it forth, which caused her still more pain, she shrieked aloud again and fainted. On recovering, she cast a look of anger upon her husband, who was supporting her in his arms and said in a tone scarcely audible. "Why, what a shame! what is all this fuss! IT IS ONLY A PIN; it is no killing thing. I would rather lose ten such pins, than have my son mortified thus." Filled with astonishment, Mr. Mansel handed her the fatal pin, and returned to his seat. Walter still maintained his brazen front, and boldly said, "Ma told me I might take her pins when I pleased—It is NOTHING AFTER ALL BUT A PIN." Mr. Mansel could no longer suppress his emotions, but casting a searching glance at his wife, he said, "you see my dear, by your advice, your son has descended the FIRST step of the ladder. FIRST a PIN! mark my word. it will not be long ere he takes the second step." At this the circle broke up; Walter flung himself out of the door; muttering, "A PIN, A PIN! WHAT IS A PIN?"

Not long after this, Walter took the second step. The first opportunity which presented, he slipped a penny slyly into his pocket, on discovering which, his mother laughingly said, "you little rogue, you have taken 'my penny';" to which he gaily replied, "Why ma, you know it is only a penny—FIRST A PIN, THEN A PENNY, you know." Yes my son, I know it, it is only a penny, a mere trifle; if you never do any thing worse than this, you shall not be scolded by me." Walter was now ten years of age, stout and handsome. At this early age, he had taken the two first steps

down the ladder of crime, and he found that descent easy and pleasant—made so by the hand of his own mother. He saw no evil in his course. It was not long ere he took the THIRD STEP. One day Mr. Mansel was suddenly called down stairs from his study, and left the money drawer of his secretary open. On his return, he met Walter hurrying from the room, with his hand in his pocket. The moment he cast his eye upon the drawer, he missed the silver it contained. On inquiring of the servant, he learned that Mrs. Mansel and Walter had gone out. He put on his hat and went immediately to the nearest business street, and soon seeing Mrs. Mansel and her son entering a dry good store, he paused a few moments to take breath and compose himself, and then followed them into the shop. He entered just as Walter was emptying his pocket of the silver to pay for the articles his mother had hastily purchased. There was every shilling he had missed; Mr. Mansel said nothing, but walked back in silence with them, not daring to open his lips till he had somewhat recovered from the shock he had received. The next morning he called his family together for worship, as usual, and after reading that portion of the apostles writings which contain the words, “let him that stole, steal no more,” he knelt and fervently prayed for his family and for his son, in particular; and fast as his petitions arose, his tears fell. The grief of her father touched the heart of Lucy and she sobbed aloud. When he arose and the servant had left the room, he paused a moment and then said to Mrs. Mansel “the all-seeing eye of God has witnessed the sad event which has transpired in this house within a few hours. Yes, true it is, my son, has TAKEN THE THIRD STEP—a POUND! this is at least the sum taken from my drawer.” Conscience smitten, Mrs. Mansel made no reply this time, but left the room in silence.

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above; if thy footing should fail—
If thine eyes should grow dim and thy caution depart,
“Look aloft” and be firm and be fearless of heart.

If the friends who embraced in prosperity's glow—
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrow like clouds are arrayed,
“Look aloft,” to the friendship that never shall fade!

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye
Like the tints of the rainbow brighten to fly,
Then turn and through tears of repentant regret,
“Look aloft,” to the Sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest; the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom in sorrow depart,
“Look aloft,” from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To that land where “affection is ever in bloom.”

And oh! when death comes, in terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, “Look aloft” and depart!

These lines were suggested by a striking fact, related by Dr. Godman, of a boy who was about to fall from the rigging, and was saved only by the mate's impressive exclamation, “LOOK ALOFT!”

 CHRISTIANITY.

CHRISTIANITY did not come from heaven to be the amusement of an idle hour, to be the food of mere imagination; to be “as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice, and playeth well upon an instrument. No; it is intended to be the guide, the companion of all our hours: it is intended to be the serious occupation of our whole existence.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.

OR, ONE NICHE THE HIGHEST.

BY E. BURITT.

THE scene opens with a view of the great Natural Bridge in Virginia. There are three or four lads standing in the channel below, looking up with awe to that vast arch of unhewn rocks, which the Almighty bridged over those everlasting butments "when the morning stars sang together." The little piece of sky spanning those measureless piers, is full of stars, although it is mid day. It is almost five hundred feet from where they stand, up those perpendicular bulwarks of limestone, to the key rock of that vast grand arch, which appears to them only of the size of a man's hand. The silence of death is rendered more impressive by the little stream that falls from rock to rock down the channel. The sun is darkened and the boys have unconsciously uncovered their heads, as if standing in the presence chamber of the Majesty of the whole earth. At last this feeling begins to wear away; they begin to look around them; they find that others have been there before them. They see the names of hundreds cut in the limestone butments. A new feeling comes over their young hearts, and their knives were in their hands in an instant. "What man has done, man can do," is their watchword, while they draw themselves up and carve their names a foot above those of a hundred full grown men who have been there before them.

* The description of this thrilling scene, we heard from the lips of the learned Blacksmith, in Broadway Tabernacle, before the New York Lyceum. But written language, expressed even in the graphic style of the writer himself, must ever fail to give an adequate idea of the EFFECT produced on the great assembly by the impressive manner in which it was delivered.—Ed.

They are all satisfied with this feat of physical exertion, except one, whose example illustrates perfectly the forgotten truth, that there is NO ROYAL ROAD TO INTELLECTUAL EMINENCE. This ambitious youth sees a name just above his reach, a name that will be green in the memory of the world when those of Alexander, Cæsar, and Bonaparte shall rot in oblivion. It was the name of WASHINGTON. Before he marched with Braddock to that fatal field, he had been there, and left his name a foot above all his predecessors. It was a glorious thought of the boy, to write his name side by side with that of the great father of his country. He grasps his knife with a firmer hand, and clinging to a little jutting crag, he cuts again into the limestone, about a foot above where he stands, he then reaches up and cuts another for his hands. 'Tis a dangerous adventure; but as he puts his feet and hands into those gains, and draws himself up carefully to his full length, he finds himself a foot above every name chronicled in that mighty wall. While his companions are regarding him with much concern and admiration, he cuts his name in rude capitals, large and deep, into that flinty album. His knife is still in his hand, and strength in his sinews, and a new created aspiration in his heart. Again he cuts another niche, and again he carves his name in large capitals. This is not enough. Heedless of the entreaties of his companions, he cuts and climbs again. The graduation of his ascending scale grows wider apart. He measures his length at every gain he cuts. The voices of his friends wax weaker and weaker, till their words are finally lost on his ear. He now for the first time cast a look beneath him. Had that glance lasted a moment, that moment would have been his last. He clings with a convulsive shudder to his little niche in the rock. An awful abyss awaits his almost certain fall. He is faint with severe exertion, and trembling from the sudden view of the dreadful destruction to which he is exposed. His knife is worn half way to the haft. He can hear the voices, but not the words of his terror stricken companions below. What a moment!

What a meagre chance to escape destruction! There is no retracing his steps. It is impossible to put his hands into the same niche with his feet and retain his slender hold a moment. His companions instantly perceive this new and fearful dilemma, and await his fall with emotions that "freeze their young blood." He is too high, too faint, to ask for his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, to come and witness or avert his destruction. But one of his companions anticipates his desire. Swift as the wind, he bounds down the channel, and the situation of the fated boy is told on his father's hearth stone.

Minutes of almost eternal length rolled on, and there are hundreds standing in that rocky channel, and hundreds standing on the bridge above, all holding their breath, and awaiting the fearful catastrophe. The poor boy hears the hum of new and numerous voices both above and below. He can distinguish the tones of his father, who is shouting with all the energy of despair, "William! William! don't look down! Your mother, and Henry, and Harriet, are all here, praying for you! Don't look down! Keep your eye towards the top!" His eye is fixed like a flint towards Heaven, and his young heart on Him who reigns there. He grasps again his knife. He cuts another niche, and another foot is added to the hundreds that remove him from the reach of human help below. How carefully he uses his wasting blade! How anxiously he selects the softest places in that vast pier! How he avoids every flinty grain! How he economizes his physical powers!—resting a moment each gain he cuts. How every motion is watched from below! There stands his father, mother, brother and sister, on the very spot where, if he falls, he will not fall alone.

The sun is now half way down the west. The lad has made fifty additional niches in that mighty wall, and now finds himself directly under the middle of that vast arch of rocks, earth, and trees. He must cut his way in a new direction, to get from under this over-hanging mountain. The inspiration of hope is dying in his bosom; its vital heat

is fed by the increasing shouts of hundreds perched upon cliffs and trees, and others who stand with ropes in their hands on the bridge above, or with ladders below. Fifty gains more must be cut before the longest rope can reach him. His wasting blade strikes again into the limestone. The boy is emerging painfully, foot by foot, from under that lofty arch. Spliced ropes are ready in the hands of those who are leaning over the outer edge of the bridge. Two minutes more and all will be over. That blade is worn to the last half inch. The boy's head reels, his eyes are starting from their sockets. His last hope is dying in his heart, his life must hang upon the gain he cuts. That niche is the last. At the last faint gash he breaks his knife, his faithful knife falls from his little nerveless hand, and falls at his mother's feet. An involuntary groan of despair runs like a death knell through the channel below, and all is still as the grave. At the height of nearly three hundred feet, the devoted boy lifts his hopeless heart and closing eyes to commend his soul to God. 'Tis but a moment—there!—one foot swings off!—he is reeling—trembling—toppling over to eternity! Hark! a shout falls on his ear from above! The man who is lying over the bridge has caught a glimpse of the boy's head and shoulders. Quick as thought the noosed rope was within reach of the sinking youth. No one breathes. With a faint convulsive effort, the swooning boy drops his arms into the noose—darkness comes over him, and with the words *GOD!* and *MOTHER!* whispered on his lips just loud enough to be heard in Heaven—the tightening rope lifts him out of his last shallow niche. Not a lip moves while he is dangling over that fearful abyss; but when a sturdy Virginian reaches down and draws up the lad, and holds him up in his arms before the tearful, breathless multitude, such shouting—such leaping and weeping for joy—never greeted the ear of human being so recovered from the yawning gulph of eternity.

THE NATURAL BRIDGE.



THE MECHANIC DIVINE,

OR, INDUSTRY REWARDED.

A proud Welch squire, took it into his head to be very angry with a poor Curate, who employed his leisure hours in mending clocks and watches, and actually applied to Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph, with a formal complaint against him, for impiously carrying on a trade. His lordship having heard the complaint, told the squire he might depend upon it that the strictest justice should be done in the case; accordingly the mechanic divine was sent for a few days after, when the bishop asked him—"How he dared to disgrace his diocese by becoming a mender of clocks and watches?" The man with all humility answered, "To satisfy the wants of a wife and ten children!" "That won't do with me," rejoined the prelate; "I'll inflict such a punishment on you, as shall make you leave off your pitiful trade, I promise you;" and immediately calling his secretary, ordered him to make out a presentation for the astonished Curate, to a living of at least one hundred and fifty pounds, per annum.

REFLECTIONS.—It is not often that we see virtue thus rewarded in this cold and selfish world, and men in power stooping to confer honor on those who, in the deepest poverty, submit to the most self-denying labors, to maintain a conscience void of offence towards God and man. Such an instance of pure generosity and discriminating justice as is here presented, reveals a redeeming trait in human nature, and furnishes a beautiful illustration of that noble scripture maxim, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Where ministers receive an incompetent salary, how can they be expected to devote themselves wholly to the ministry? They must live. Some ministers who are poorly paid must work or suffer. While some clergymen receive their thousands, others are left deplorably poor.—Eds.

Original.

MISS TYNDAL.

SHADOWS OF THE PAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF ROSLYN CASTLE.

AMID thickly clustered tokens of wealth, uniting the skill of genius, and the graceful superiority of nature, sadly mused Miss Tyndal, on whose fair brow rested a shade of discontent not in keeping with the bright and joyous objects around her.

A spirit palled by luxury is easily disturbed by the slightest opposition to its cravings, and they who study the human heart most closely feel least surprise at witnessing the clouded brow of opulence.

There was, however, something in the grief of this young being very unlike the morbid irritability of the worn out Sybarite, or the repining petulence of a spoiled worldling. There was a depth of expression, an intensity of thought in her pensive eyes, bespeaking a higher influence than ever springs from outward circumstances. No peevish longing for unattainable worldly good, thus moved her young heart. No thankless discontent with the heaped up luxuries around her. No sad forebodings for the distant future, threw their dark shadows over her sunny present. Her's was the high discontent of an awakened spirit dissatisfied with itself. What to her was the pomp and magnificence amid which she moved, compared with that unfading glory, once unprized, but now sought for with unfaltering faith. As yet on the threshold of life, with a heart prone to gaiety and pleasure, she had joined the reckless followers of fashion, and was soon one of its most ardent votaries. But not for such a life as this, had Providence gifted her with unusual talent and strength of intellect. Not for this, had a good mother

prayed, as only prays a mother, for the gift of a pure heart, and religious life, for her child. Not for this, had she joined her infant hands in prayer ere she sank to rest, lingering to gaze on the young sleeper, committing her to His care who alone could keep her as sinless as then. Not for this had she passed away in hope and joy to her heritage on high, with her last fond gaze fixed on her blooming child.

It was not amid anguish, or chilling disappointment that her young soul paused in its downward course, and pausing, fled. There is no tarrying place in dissipation, we must go with its rapid current, or fly forever from it. She had been guilty of no flagrant breach of moral law, such as leaves the soul in its lowest capability of abasement, or sinks it in the depths of despair, a prey to undying remorse. To the world, she seemed a gay and joyous creature, long after her spirit had recoiled from the excess of that pleasure once so eagerly pursued. They who regarded her as a light passive character, easily moulded by circumstances, and incapable of judging for itself, little suspected the inner strife that was soon to break out into open rebellion against pursuits that could so poorly satisfy a character, formed to adorn the most elevated walks of life. She felt in all its bitterness the mortifying conviction of degradation, and perverted tastes, the rash choice of friends, so unworthy that honorable title, and evincing such a want of refinement, and purity of mind. How often in the very height of her infatuation, had she been startled by their coarseness, or shocked by their looseness of principle and vacuity of mind. In vain she sought an excuse for her folly, to soften the anguish of an upbraiding conscience, and misused powers. She knew they were her own choice. No unfortunate train of events had linked her to abject associates; no blinding of judgment by specious appearances, but a willing open surrender to evil example, that now mantled her cheek with shame, and filled her heart with disgust. The reaction of highly strung feelings, and generous, elevated instincts, is fearful to the possessor, but salutary, and gene-





rally permanent. After the first overwhelming burst of feeling, by divine grace, with a strength of purpose natural to her, and augmented by sincere regret for former weakness, she threw off the fetters that had so long bound her, and stood before the surprised world an altered being. The sneers of her rejected associates failed to move her, she had despised them when of them, and pitied, now that she knew them no longer. It was long before she could overcome the inward effects of past folly. The guests she had taken as friends to her bosom were not as easily thrown aside as the evil associates of earlier days. It was not easy to surmount the languor of mental disease, or to restore the tone of an abused intellect. The buoyancy, the purity, the freshness of an unperverted heart was lost to her forever, while the dew of youth still moistened her brow. She had cast the gem of her life into the whirlpool of frivolity, and looked in vain upon its rapid waters for the return of the too tardily prized gift. Her's was no uncommon loss. Ask of all who have escaped from the snare of sin, what has been their saddest reflection on the past, and they will answer, "That they have given the freshness, the first-fruits of their heart to sin, and laid it jaded, and stained, at the feet of the Savior. It was such knowledge that saddened the efforts of the repentant girl, to restore to her spirit something of its natural beauty and vigor. If she had sinned less than others, she was more guilty than some. When she compared her past habits with those of her associates, she felt elated with her superior innocence, but when in company with her new friends, many of whom had walked humbly and confidently in the footsteps of good parents, from youth to age, she retired to her closet oppressed with the consciousness of her inferiority, heightened by the thought, that she had had equal advantages, similar counsel, and parents, early lost, but not until their example had left its brightness on the path she had so readily forsaken. There was but one resting place for her troubled spirit, perfect submission to the chastisement of broken laws. It was with

the mind, as with her body, the latter had been shattered by an unnatural course of life, and only through obedience to its natural cravings could she hope for its restoration to health. Her mind had been deprived of its proper aliment, and fed to emaciation on poisonous husks, and retaliated its injuries by a long train of evils, only to be subdued by patience and a restitution of its rights. Thus has God wisely ordered that the erring should be punished with their own weapons, and be led to acknowledge Him more merciful to them, than they had been to themselves. With this belief, none need despair of attaining rest from the effects of past follies, although their sting may long endure.

“Every heart knows its own bitterness.” Often would this adage recur to her who had tested it so thoroughly. Even in her better life, she felt its truth. To all around her, she seemed so happy in her well regulated home, and in her useful, gentle duties, that few could refrain from speaking of her enviable position. At such seasons she most forcibly felt that she alone knew of the bitterness of a heart darkened by shadows of the past, and sustained only by the consciousness of doing all in her power to counteract the effects of her disobedience. The more thoroughly redeemed the heart, the keener is its remembrance of its fallen state. Perhaps it was peculiarly fortunate that she was thus led from all earthly supports, to lean humbly on the only true One. The heart is so treacherous, as to be sorely tempted even in the hour of repentance. Although the allurements of pleasure and fashion had lost their power over her, in a station so elevated as hers, there are always a host of semi-demons ready to assail a yielding heart. A life all sunshine outwardly and inwardly, is not favorable to true piety, which alone should give radiance and beauty to existence. Thus the shadows that flitted over her spirit subdued all feelings of self-righteousness, that most odious of errors, by constantly reminding it of its weakness, and liability to fall, and filled with resignation a heart conscious of deserving reproof and chastisement.

If at times her brow was slightly shaded, and her eye beamed less brightly, it was not that she repined at her destiny, but it was the thoughtful pause of her spirit in its every day career, to gaze up anew at the ray of grace, streaming through the benign, Shadows of the Past.

THE ROSE.

See Colored Engraving.

THIS beautiful flower and universal favorite, although each poet has made it the theme of his song, has never yet been described in language adequate to convey a full idea of its charms. It has been denominated the daughter of Heaven, the ornament of Earth, and the glory of the Spring. When it opens its delicate buds, the eye surveys its harmonious outlines with delight. But who can describe the delicate tints of its enchanting colors, or the sweet perfume which it exhales?—Behold the queen of flowers in the Spring, raising itself softly in the midst of its elegant foliage, surrounded by its numerous buds; she seems to sport with the air that fans her, to deck herself with the dew drops that impearl her, and smile under the reflection of those rays which cause the expansion of her form.

In producing the pride of Flora, nature seems to have exhausted all her stores of sweetness and beauty. The Rose is found every where; the most beautiful is the most common of flowers. It dies when it attains to the perfection of its beauty; but the returning season restores it to us lovely as ever. It is the emblem of all ages—the ornament of beauty—the image of youth, innocence and pleasure.

The Rose is the most beautiful piece of divine workmanship which adorns our garden. Under the similitude of the Rose, the surpassing beauty and loveliness of the Saviour is set forth. “I am the Rose of Sharon.”

BOTANICAL.

THE LILAC.

See Colored Engraving.

THIS is an ornamental deciduous shrub, bearing a bluish flower in May. Leaves ovate, cordate; branches, stiff, white-colored. It belongs to the natural order Oleina. Art. class,—Diandria; order,—Monogynia.

Nothing is more delightful, than the sensations produced by the first appearance of the Lilac on the return of Spring. Who that does not admire the freshness of its verdure, the pliancy of its tender branches, the abundance of its flowers,—their beauty, though brief and transient,—their delicate and varied colors! Nature seems to have aimed to have formed large bunches of the Lilac, every part of which should astonish by its delicacy and variety. Albano was unable to blend upon his palette colors sufficiently soft and delicate to give a true idea of the Lilac; and Van Spandock threw down his pencil in despair. The gradation of color, from the bud to the almost colorless flowers, is the least charm of these beautiful groupings, around which the light plays and produces a thousand shades, which, all blending together in the same tint, forms that matchless harmony which the painter despairs to imitate. What labor has the Creator bestowed to produce this fragile shrub, which seems only given for the gratification of the senses! What a union of perfume, of freshness, of grace and of delicacy! What variety in detail! What beauty as a whole! Every one must see the beauty and truth of Cowper's description,

The Lilac, various in array, now white
Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
With purple spikes pyramidal, as if,
Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
Which hue she most approved, she **CHOSE THEM ALL**

Original.

BUNYAN'S CHRISTIANA.

A MODEL FOR MOTHERS.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

WHILE every page of the progress of the immortal Pilgrim proves Bunyan's deep knowledge of the human heart, and of the operation of the Holy Spirit in renewing the soul, he never displays greater discrimination, than in those slight touches which mark the difference between the characters and the piety of his Christian and his Christiana—The father and the mother—Man in his strength and **HELPLESSNESS**—Woman in her weakness and her power.

There are characteristics common to both. They both felt their need of deliverance; they both exhibit a singleness of purpose, a steadfastness of resolution, and a willingness to forsake all; but Christian had deeper convictions of sin, greater distress of mind, more powerful temptations to overcome, than were placed in the way of Christiana. His horror and agony were such that he fled for his life, and left his family to perish in the city of Destruction; the overpowering sentiment absorbed him. He saw and felt all his guilt and all his danger, and he fled as one who felt that the avenger of blood was behind him.

The emotions of Christiana were more gentle and tender, and the affections of the woman mingled more with all the experience of the Christian. The tenderness and the devotedness of the mother were as manifest as the steadfastness and diligence of the pilgrim. Christian was driven by the fear of coming wrath, to flee from his native place. Love for her husband, led Christiana to follow him; grief for his loss awakened remorse for her neglect of his entreaties, and repentance for sins against the Holy One. The bur-

den of actual transgression might with great propriety be represented as much heavier upon the man exposed to all the temptations and sins of the world, than upon the woman, sheltered and guarded in the seclusion of domestic life. Yet, both needed to enter the wicket gate, and both found comfort at the Cross. Christian went out alone. Through all the dreariness of early pilgrimage, he was a solitary wayfarer, holding only occasional converse with others at the different stations appointed to direct him. Is it not often thus? Have not we all seen the strong man enter the Christian race, and with a firm step, and steadfast heart, tread his path alone, without either seeking or desiring human aid or sympathy. But as the pilgrim advances the man softens, and the Christian becomes more tender, and social, and loving, more alive to human sympathy, yet not less dependent on divine aid, and before the termination of his journey he gladly joins himself to some Hopeful or Faithful, and by the fellowship of the saints below, he learns something of the blessedness of the communion of the saints above.

But the AFFECTIONS are always strong in woman, and she can only live in an atmosphere of love and sympathy; and when Christiana turns her face to the Celestial City, Bunyan gives her a friend, kind, tender and sympathising, to attend her, and he inclines her children to go with her, so that instead of going out a solitary wayfarer, she leadeth forth her children like a flock, and they enter a little band upon their pilgrimage, and together share the joys and bear the burdens of the way.

Bunyan does not represent the father as forgetting his family. He was influenced by a desire to have them with him when he turned aside from THE way, to dwell in the pretty little town of Morality—yet HE left them and not one of them followed him. Not one thought of leaving her children, seems to have entered the mind of Christiana. What a mother, in earnest for the salvation of her own soul, yet consent to leave her children to perish in the city of

Destruction? Not so does the author of the Pilgrim's progress represent woman. He knew too well the value and the power of woman's love and woman's faithfulness. When Christiana resolved to flee from her native city, she prepared to take her children with her. Her first question to the messenger was, "Sir, will you carry me and my children with you—that we may go and worship the King?" And beautifully and naturally is she represented as drawing her children around her, as a penitent confessing her own transgressions; and with a mother's love and a mother's faithfulness, warning them of their danger, and entreating them to join her and follow their Father. And gladly did they comply with her entreaties and listen to the Heavenly visitor. Happy for them and for their mother that Christiana thus resolved before her children had left her side. Had they established themselves in the city of Destruction, and taken to themselves daughters of the land for wives, difficult if not impossible, had she found it to induce them to go with her to seek another, even a Heavenly country.

Is not this a beautiful picture and is it not true to life? Has not God for wise and gracious purposes, endowed woman with these deep and strong affections, and ordained that her influence shall arise from them. By simulating vicious women often, bend the strong and the mighty, and lead them captive at their will, but in a virtuous woman they are ever in constant exercise, and they are the source and spring of her influence on all around, and many a strong will and proud heart which would resist all other influence, has yielded to the power of maternal love, and listened to the invitations of Heaven when they have been repeated by a mother's lips.

In all the ensuing pilgrimage, the characters of the mother and the Christian are beautifully blended. There is a sweet mingling of Christian humility and maternal faithfulness, of maternal love and authority. Indeed, we judge that the authority of the parent had been well established even before the mother and her children turned their faces towards the

Celestial City ; yet Christiana still knew the need of constant care, and of a mother's oversight ; and although the whole party were provided with a guide, she never remitted her vigilance. She never started on her race and left her children, or sending them ahead slowly followed.

Side by side they still pursued their path, and although the children of Christiana were sons, they were ever near and with their mother, and she was the guide and companion of their way. Is there not encouragement and instruction for all mother's here ? Has Bunyan overrated and exaggerated the influence of a mother ? Has he ascribed more to his Christiana than is usually possessed by the devoted and pious mother ? We will not willingly think it.

All mothers may not exert the influence they possess. Not all are aware of the power entrusted to them. Had not Christiana herself, repeated and enforced by argument and entreaty the message of the celestial visitant, she had hardly seen her children the companions of her pilgrimage. And the mother who does not labor and pray for the conversion of her children, can hardly hope to witness it ; for while it is true that God alone changes the heart, we know, too, that he employs human instrumentality, and to the mother is entrusted an influence equal to the responsibility imposed upon her.

In her daily converse with her children, they imbibe her tastes and principles, and she forms their habits and moulds their characters, and stamps her own impress upon their souls ; and it seems hardly possible that a mother whose own heart is full of the peace and love and holiness of Heaven, should train a godless depraved family, unless she allows other occupations to separate her from her children, and other influences to rest upon their heart.

There may be mothers, how unlike Christiana, who do not attempt to induce their children to join them in their pilgrimage. Perhaps they deem them too young. It would be so trying to watch over them all the way. Perhaps the family have possessions in the city of Destruction, which the

parents wish the children to enjoy, though they themselves forsake them. Many a mother rather hopes that at some indefinite future her children will follow her, than desires that they may accompany her. And while the Christiana of Bunyan grieved that her children should pluck the fruit of the enemy which overhung the wall, many a modern Christiana seems to consider it as a thing allowable, that during the days of youth her children should recreate themselves in the pleasure grounds of the great destroyer.



THE INSTRUCTIVE DREAMER.

IN connection with the foregoing article, designed to illustrate some of the beauties of Bunyan's immortal work, the *Pilgrim's Progress*, we cannot but express our desire that this Guide to the Christian Pilgrim, may be more thoroughly studied and more widely circulated throughout our land. It is the most beautiful and instructive allegory in our language: we are of opinion moreover, that it is the best uninspired interpreter of the mind and will of God respecting the conduct and course of him who has entered upon the Christian life; in this respect, it is a most important auxiliary to the Bible, and should accompany it wherever it goes. Not that the Bible is not a safe and infallible guide, nor that it needs human authority to give weight to its doctrines, or add force to its decisions and sanctions; only so far as the interpretations of men serve to illustrate its truths and make them stand out, as it were, with greater prominence are they to be viewed in the light of humble auxiliaries. In these respects, probably no uninspired man has given greater evidence of being taught immediately of God, than the pious author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

It is known to the public, that we have published the *Pilgrim's Progress* in numbers in a cheap and elegant form, embellished with thirty steel and colored engravings, and

illustrated with five hundred luminous explanatory notes, mostly by Mason, a man well calculated by his eminent piety and learning for this delicate and difficult work. Some idea may be formed of the great demand for, and rapid sale of this work, when the reader is informed that, in less than two years it has passed through twelve editions of one thousand copies each. And yet what has been done to supply the people of this land, with this invaluable work, is but a drop in the bucket. Our object has been, if possible, to put the Pilgrim's Progress within the reach of all who may desire it. Knowing the tried and sterling value of the work, as a guide both to the Christian and the impenitent sinner, we have been anxious to scatter it broadcast over the land, and deposit it in every family of our nation.

Our Pilgrim's Progress was designed as a premium for the subscribers of the Family Circle. In this way a large number of the work have found their way into families which might otherwise have remained destitute of it. Thus we have accomplished the two-fold object, of promoting the circulation of our Family Circle, and also the wider diffusion of the Pilgrim's Progress. The inducement presented to the public, by the offer of our beautiful premium, to subscribe for our Magazine or to continue their subscriptions, will have lost none of its force when they see what great improvements we are making in the Magazine. If an individual or family may have a copy of the Pilgrim's Progress, free of cost, by aiding the circulation of the Family Circle, we can hardly think they will make light of the proffered boon and lose the benefit of both. We are confident the lovers of sound knowledge and evangelical religion, will not content themselves without the monthly visits of such a work as our Periodical; nor will they be willing to be without the light which the Spirit of God kindled up in Bedford Jail to illuminate the path of Christian from the moment of his leaving the city of Destruction to his arrival at the heavenly Jerusalem. Eds.

EPITAPHS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

CHAUCER'S.

Death is the repose of the weary.

ON JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

"I lived doubtful, not dissolute
I die unresolved, not unresigned.
Ignorance and error
Are incident to human nature;
I trust in Almighty and All-Good God;
O! thou Being of beings, have compassion on me."

ON GRACE, WIFE OF COL. THOMAS SCOTT.

"He that will give my Grace but what is hers, must say that her
death hath not only made her dear Scott, but virtue,
worth and sweetness, Widowers."

IN CHISWICK CHURCHYARD.

HOGARTH'S.

Farewell, great painter of mankind!
Who reach'd the noblest point of art
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind
And through the eye correct the heart.

If genius fire thee, Reader, stay;
If nature move thee, drop a tear;
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honor'd dust lies here.

By — GARRICK.

THE WAGES OF SIN.

THE wages that sin bargains for with the sinner are. lite. pleasure, and profit; but the wages it pays him with are. death, torment and destruction. He that would understand the falsehood and deceit of sin, must compare its promises and its payments together.

SENTIMENTS AND SIMILIES.

VIRTUE is the only true support of pleasure, which, when disjoined from it, is like a plant when its fibres are cut, which may still look gay and lovely for awhile, but soon decays and perishes.

OPPRESSION AND GENTLENESS.

THE human heart rises against oppression and is soothed by gentleness, as the wave of the ocean rises in proportion to the violence of the winds and sinks with the breeze into mildness and serenity.

PASSION AT WAR WITH REASON.

THE region of passion is a land of despotism, where reason exercises but a mock jurisdiction; and is continually forced to submit to an arbitrary tyrant, who rejecting her fixed and temperate laws, is guided only by the dangerous impulse of his own violent and uncontrolable wishes.

AVARICE.

AVARICE is a passion as despicable as it is hateful. It chooses the most insidious means for the attainment of its ends; it dares not pursue its means with the bold impetuosity of the soaring eagle, but skims the ground in narrow circles, like a swallow.

AN OLD MAN.

THE contemplation of a venerable old man sinking gently into the arms of death, supported by filial affection and animated by religious hope, excites a serious yet not unpleasing sensation. When the gay and busy scenes of life are past, and the years advance which have no pleasure in them, what is left for age to wish, but that its infirmities may be soothed by watchful solicitude of tenderness, and its darkness cheered by a ray of that love "which cometh from above!" To such persons, life even in its last stage, is still agreeable.

SIN AND FOLLY OF FRETTING.

THE religion of Jesus Christ has for its GREAT object the eternal happiness of man. It is, however, practically influential in the production of true, although IMPERFECT, happiness even in the present world. In too many cases, we confess, the religious spirit is tempered with much of the infirmity and sinfulness of our fallen humanity. It can seldom be affirmed of our charity that it "is not easily provoked." The mind even of the Christian is frequently fretted by the repetition of small troubles and vexations. Such being the case, it is important to consider the character and effects of fretfulness:—

IT IS A SIN AGAINST GOD.—It is evil and only evil, and that continually. David understood both human nature and the law of God. He says, "Fret not thyself in anywise to do evil." That is, never fret or scold, for it is always a sin. If you cannot speak without fretting and scolding, keep silence.

IT DESTROYS AFFECTION.—No one ever did, ever can, or ever will love an habitual fretter, fault-finder, or scolder. Husbands, wives, children, relatives and domestics, have no affection for your peevish, fretful fault-finder. Few tears are shed over the graves of such. Persons of high moral principle may tolerate them—may bear with them—but they cannot love them any more than they can love the sting of nettles, or the noise of mosquitoes. Many a man has been driven to the tavern, and to dissipation, by a peevish, fretful wife. Many a wife has been made miserable by a peevish, fretful husband. A complaining fault-finder in a family is like the continual chafing of an inflamed sore. Woe to the man, woman, or child, who is exposed to the influence of such a temper in another! Nine-tenths of all domestic trials and unhappiness spring from this source.

IT DEFEATS THE END OF FAMILY GOVERNMENT.—Good family government is the blending authority with affection, so as to secure respect and love. Indeed, this is the grand secret

of managing young persons. Now, your fretters may inspire fear, but they always make two faults where they correct one. Scolding a child, fretting at a child, sneering at a child, taunting a child, treating a child as though it had no feelings, inspires dread and dislike, and fosters those very dispositions from which many of the worst faults of childhood proceed.

IT MAKES HYPOCRITES.—As a fretter never receives confidence and affection, so no one likes to tell them any thing disagreeable, and thus procure for themselves a fretting. How children always conceal as much as they can from such persons. They cannot make up their minds to be frank and open-hearted. So husbands conceal from their wives, and wives from their husbands. For a man may brave a lion, but who likes to come in contact with nettles and mosquitoes?

IT DESTROYS ONE'S PEACE OF MIND.—The more one frets the more one may. A fretter will always have enough to fret at; specially if he or she has the bump of order and neatness largely developed. Something will always be out of place. There will always be something wrong somewhere. Others will not eat right, look right, sit right, talk right, act right; *i. e.* will not do these things so as to please them. And fretters are generally so selfish as to have no regard to any one's comfort but their own.

IT IS A MARK OF A VULGAR, SELFISH DISPOSITION.—Some persons have so much gall in their dispositions, are so selfish, that they seem to have no regard to the feelings of others. All things must be done to please them. They make their husbands, wives, children, domestics, the conductors by which their spleen and ill-nature are discharged. Woe to the children who are exposed to such influences! It makes them callous and unfeeling, and when they grow up they pursue the same course with their own children, or those entrusted to their management, and thus the race of fretters is perpetuated. Any person who is in the habit of fretting, sneering, or taunting a husband, wife, child, or domestic, shews either a bad disposition, or else ill-breeding. For it is generally your ignorant, low-bred people that are guilty of such things.

HINTS TO ALL.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

FORGIVENESS. A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindness begins on ours.

TALENTS. Dig them up—bring them to the light—turn them over, polish them, and they will give light to the world. You know not what you are capable of doing; you cannot sound the ocean of thought within you. You must labor, keep at it, and dig deep and long before you will begin to realize much. Be in-active—mourn because you were not created a giant in intellect, and you will die a fool.

THE YOUTHFUL MIND. A straw will make an impression on the virgin snow, but after a time a horse's hoof cannot penetrate it; so it is with the youthful mind. A trifling word may make an impression, but after a few years the most powerful appeals may cease to influence it. Think of this ye who have the training of the infant mind, and leave such impressions thereon as will be safe to carry amid the follies and temptations of the world.

TIME. God who is liberal in all other gifts, shows us, by his own wise economy, how circumspect we should be in the management of our time, for he never gives us two moments together. He only gives us the second when he takes away the first, and keeps the third in his own hands, leaving us in absolute uncertainty whether it shall ever become ours or not!

REPROOF. Never reprove any one when they are angry. But go in the cool of reason, and passion, when all is quiet within, for then you have the greatest probability of success.

LITTLE THINGS NO TRIFLES. The nerve of a tooth, not as large as the finest cambric needle, will sometimes drive a strong man to distraction. A musquito can make an elephant absolutely mad. The coral rock which causes a navy

to founder, is the work of an insect. The warrior that withstood death in a thousand forms, may be killed by an insect. The deepest wretchedness often results from a perpetual continuation of petty trials. The formation of character often depends on circumstances apparently the most trivial, an impulse, a casual conversation, a chance visit, or some things equally unimportant, has changed the whole destiny of life, and has resulted in virtue or vice—in weal or in woe!

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY. It is not the imposing majesty of a sumptuous mansion, nor the hollow glare of gaudy furniture, nor the obsequious attention of servants, that make the blessedness of home. No; it is the steady exercise of those holy charities, that soothes our sorrows, and that builds the nest of peace, love, and true enjoyment in our bosoms. It is mutual respect and attention, a kind consideration of each others feelings, under all circumstances—a sympathy in our cares, a regard to our interests, the exercise of a patient and forbearing, and forgiving temper, that makes home the “only Paradise that has survived the fall.” And let it never be forgotten, that even a smile or a frown may gild with brightness, or overcast with clouds, the whole horizon of that sacred spot—HOME.

AN UNSUBDUED TEMPER. Beware of that being, who indulges in an uncontrolled temper, if you desire peace and happiness. Many a lofty mind and noble genius, has by its influence become the bane of friendship, the curse of home, and the dread of society. It destroys the peace of families, poisons the fountains of happiness, and dries up the source of every pleasure. Beauty, wit, wealth, talents, fame and honor, can never be a substitute. This one gem outweighs them all, an AMIABLE TEMPER.

THE VALUE OF TIME. “I shall only be idle a minute.” A minute! in this time many a noble action has been performed. A minute! when resolutions have been made that have changed the after current of life. A minute! in the space which a tear reached the eye of the repentant prodigal.





THE LAST SUPPER.

And as they did eat he said fervently I say unto you that one of you shall betray me and they were exceedingly sorry.

DESCRIPTION OF THE LAST SUPPER.

JESUS CHRIST, the victim and priest of the great sacrifice, is seated at the centre of the table, where, his resplendent majesty, shines out among the Apostles, having declared the presence of the traitor. "And, as they did eat, he said, Verily I say unto you, that one of you shall betray me. And they were exceeding sorrowful, and began every one of them to say unto him, Lord, is it I?"

He has his eyes cast down as though they would shun the meeting with those of the betrayer. Behold depicted on his countenance such holy devotion, such grief, such greatness of soul, and so many other noble qualities, as the spectator may indeed discover, but no pen can describe. Behind the figure of Christ you see the luminous sky, and all pre-eminence is given to that divine head which Leonardo, though satisfied with himself, still declared to be imperfect.

1. Sweetness and purity are expressed in the downcast eyes of the beloved disciple, John, who is nearest to the Lord; absorb'd in the deepest sorrow, his head drooping on his shoulder, his arms relaxed, his crossed hands laid on the table, and the whole figure abandoned to grief.

2. The traitor, Judas, sits between John and Peter, leaning on the table with his right arm, and grasping the neck of the money bag in his hand.

3. Peter is seen full of ardor, and more agitated than the other Apostles; with his left hand he touches the shoulder of John, speaking at the same time in his ear, as if denouncing the traitor, and in his right holding a knife.

4. Andrew, the brother of Peter, has a dish of fish before

him, denoting he is a fisherman ; his hands are upraised and spread out, and his countenance expresses surprise and astonishment.

5. Next is seen James, the Greater, who resembles the Saviour, being also a Nazarene. He also appears to be amazed, and is touching the arm of Peter, as in the act of addressing him.

6. Philip is nobly dressed in the Roman costume ; he appears to be doubtful of having understood aright the saying of the Master, from being situated at the extreme end of the table, both hands are placed on the table, as he rises up, and, seems earnestly desirous to know who is the traitor.

7. The first on the left of the Saviour is Thomas, who exhibits much astonishment, and, by his sarcastic smile, seems to doubt the truth of what has just been said by the Divine Master.

8. Jude appears agitated with affliction ; with the most fervent action, his forefinger is raised upwards, and his countenance expresses the words of the Evangelist, " Lord, is it I ?"

9. Simon appears under great excitement ; he seems anxious to justify himself with the Master, and not to be considered as the traitor ; with both hands he is in the act of opening his vest, as if to demonstrate the innocence of his heart.

10. Matthew, as a publican, a man of the world, he appears to sustain the character of his former calling ; turning to his neighbors, and asking them if they have heard what has been said.

11. Bartholomew. This Apostle has the countenance of a sincere man, and openly shows his indignation while talking with James the Less on the subject of the treachery that has been disclosed.

12. The last is James, the Less, who exhibits the appearance of a good old man, and by the movement of his hands, as also by the expression of his face, appears to repeat and confirm the words spoken by the Saviour.

Original.

PRAYER FOR A DEAR FAMILY.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

Blessings oh Father ! shower
Rich blessings on this household from on high ;
May no dark cloud o'er cast their sunny sky,
Nor tempest lower---
But the sweet Dove of peace, a cherish'd guest,
In their home's hallowed ark take up her rest.

Oh ! bless them in the ties
The holy, tender ties of husband—wife---
Which Thou hast flung around them ; guard from strife
Earth's choicest prize,
Domestic love, unsullied by a fear
That aught but death can change the fond heart here.

Saviour ! Thou who did'st take
Young children in thy arms---oh ! look on these,
Who lisp sweet accents at their parents knees,
And ne'er forsake ;
But through life's wilderness direct their feet,
To the blest fold where all thy lambs shall meet.

And oh ! bless thou their store,
Reward their labors with a bounteous hand,
And may their hearts incline to thy command---
Think on the poor ;
May the blest charity their bosoms warm,
Which shields a brother from afflictions storm.

Not for the gifts alone
Which are of Earth, and pass with time away
For those I love with deep desire I pray---
But from thy throne
Bow down thine ear Most Holy ! and bestow,
The blessings which from thee alone can flow.

May peace, and heavenly joy
 That passeth human understanding, fill
 Their inmost souls, and grateful praises still
 Their tongues employ ;
 And aspirations of pure love arise,
 In clouds of spirit incense to the skies.

Yet one more boon I crave,
 For those ! Oh Father ! whom my soul holds dear ;
 When thy last solemn messenger draws near,
 And Jordan's wave,
 Lies just before them—be their stay and guide,
 Through death's dark vale—Thou Bless'd, thou Crucified !

I leave them in thy hand,
 Most Merciful ! now and forevermore
 Thy will be done ! and when on Heaven's bright shore
 With joy we stand,
 Our ransomed souls shall swell the sacred song,
 "Glory and honor to the Lamb belong."



WE ARE GROWING OLD.

BY B. F. ROMAINE.

We are growing old, but our feet may track
 The path to the upper life,
 And our thoughts ne'er go with the worldling's back
 To years of our former strife,
 For our eye on Heaven's resplendent morn
 May be fixed with undimmed gaze,
 'Till Earth from the spiritual vision is borne,
 And lost in the ancient of days :
 There's a youth of the soul that ne'er grows old,
 However the body decay,
 That flashes the brighter like purified gold,
 Its dross all melted away ;
 'Tis youth immortal---Christ is its source,
 Its hidden life to unfold ;
 He gives it---He keeps it---He follows its course--
 The spirit will ne'er grow old.

Original.

THE LOST SON.*

THE DESCENDING SCALE.

EDITORIAL.

Mr. Mansel seldom corrected his son, for he found that it did no good—it only raised a storm and made matters worse. In the course of the day, he spoke to Walter privately, and set forth the fearful enormity of his crime and the fatal consequences to which it might lead. But he was deaf to all he could say. Time wore away, but it brought no change for the better, Mrs. Mansel was gay and frivolous as ever—the son as reckless. Like his mother before him, Walter showed an early distaste for his books and could not endure the confinement of study. Never having realized the importance of education herself and not feeling her own deficiencies, Mrs. Mansel had no fear but that her brilliant son would happily make his way through the world, and make a very conspicuous figure among men, without worrying his life out of him to accumulate useless lumber. She could not see but that he had thus far, got along as well without study as others had with, and, at any rate, she did not doubt his genius would overcome all obstacles. And truly the boy possessed genius; but what is genius without mental discipline? He did indeed overcome a certain kind of obstacles, but they were such as he met in the way of sinful indulgence; He needed but little education to prepare him for a life of pleasure and crime, such as his mother and his own inclination suggested.

Other years rolled away, and now Walter had reached eighteen, the period when the boy begins to put on the airs

* Concluded from the 51st page.

of a man, and feels that he can no longer endure control. He was a bold, dashing blade. He was found less and less in his mother's society, but spent most of his time, in company of associates as unprincipled as himself. The year before he had commenced the career of fashionable amusements, by going to a BALL. This he knew was contrary to his father's wishes and commands. Often he had spoken to him of the danger from this quarter. His next step was the BILLIARD ROOM and the GAMING TABLE, where one evening he lost a large sum which he had abstracted from the drawer of his father's writing desk, by means of a false key. Next, he went to the THEATRE, the high road to perdition; from thence he passed to * * *. The course he now pursued even excited the fears of his mother; but still, so infatuated was she, whenever Mr. Mansel ventured to reprove him, she would apologise for him, by saying, "it was hard indeed if Walter could not enjoy the pleasures of which young men generally partake; she could not believe he was WORSE than others, nor that he would not be able to TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF." Thus did she tamper with his vices and counteract all the good effect of his father's counsels.

At length Walter reached the fourth step of the descending ladder—the PENALTY. To furnish himself with the means of indulgence, in concert with some of his associates, he waylaid a gentleman one evening, and robbed him of a considerable amount of money. Long after midnight a noise was heard at the front door and the bell hastily rung. On opening the door Mr. Mansel was accosted by an officer of the police, who inquired whether his son Walter was in, observing at the same time, that they had come to arrest him for a daring robbery. His son was called up, and Mr. Mansel accompanied him to the police office. A part of the money was found on him. The blow was heavy, but not wholly unexpected. Mr. Mansel returned in sorrow to his dwelling, and ere the sun rose, he was seized with a sickness which soon terminated his life and his misery. The fever raged and he sunk rapidly under his accumulated

woes. When Mrs. Mansel approached his dying bed, he looked up and with solemn emphasis observed, "Madam, THE FOURTH STEP OF THE LADDER IS REACHED—the PENALTY!" These were his last words. But dreadful to relate, instead of being stung with remorse, Mrs. Mansel reproached him with being the cause of his son's ruin. "Did I not tell you so? you taught him the way, and have no one to blame but yourself." She left him, and saw him no more until the spirit had left the body.

Owing to the powerful intercession of some of Mr. Mansel's friends, the affair of Walter was privately settled and hushed up, and this time he escaped the full penalty of the law. The mother and son were now the sole ruling powers of the gloomy mansion. They put on mourning, but shed no tears. Lucy alone sorrowed over her father's grave. After a short season the house was thrown open, and presented a scene of gaiety. Mr. Mansel was not rich, but he left enough to maintain his family comfortably, with prudence and economy. And now Walter had full scope. His father was no longer in his way. He became more and more dissipated and profligate. Night after night Mrs. Mansel was left alone. Sometimes Walter would come staggering in at two or three o'clock in the morning. At last her apprehensions began to be seriously awakened, and she ventured for the first time, to rally him for his nocturnal irregularities. But this only provoked a scornful sneer and a contemptuous retort. "What, are you going to take up the cudgels? you did not fear for me while the old man was alive, you need not trouble yourself about me now he is dead!—I can take care of myself."

By degrees Mrs. Mansel began to awake from her long dream, to see the dangers which thickened around the path of her son. But now it was too LATE. She had "sown to the wind, she must reap the whirlwind." Whatever might come, she saw that she could do nothing to save him. The picture of the descending ladder was ever before her, and her injured husband's last words rung perpetually in her

ears. "THE FOURTH STEP OF THE LADDER IS REACHED!" She lived now daily in the expectation of some new calamity. She became exceedingly nervous. Sleep forsook her pillow—She imagined a thousand things. Conscience no longer whispered, but spake in thunder tones; a cloud rested upon her—suddenly it burst upon her head.

While seated alone, one day, the door opened and the servant handed her a note. It was from the Cashier of the Bank, in which her husband had deposited the little all of money he had left her. He informed her, her son had drawn out the whole sum, one thousand dollars. Oh, the tortures of that moment! Her own, her darling son had robbed her! She raged like a maniac—the fountain of tears was broken up, and she wept BITTERLY and LONG. At one time she would accuse herself—then her wicked son. That night Walter did not return—nor till late next day, when he was brought home in a state of beastly intoxication, his face bloody, and his clothes torn. Mrs. Mansel passed a night of agony. The moaning of the wind mingled with her son's incoherent ravings; the broken sentences caught her ear. "A pin a—a penny, a p—ound! the money! the money! blast you! curse you! undone—LOST!" At ten o'clock next day, having recovered somewhat from his drunken fit, Walter came down and rudely said to his mother, "Give me some food?" Food was put upon the table, and while he ate in silence, Mrs. Mansel with a faltering tongue, inquired, "Walter, my son, what have you done with the thousand dollars you drew from the bank?" at first he made as though he did not hear her. She repeated the question. He then turned and in a somewhat subdued tone, said, "Mother, IT IS ALL GONE! the rascals have got it. It has turned out as Father said, A PIN, A PENNY, A POUND, A PENALTY!" What could the mother say? She saw the prediction fulfilled, but NOT ALL; the rest and the worst, she saw was to come, when he had filled up the measure of his iniquity. For the moment she lost the power of utterance. Then she broke forth; "O my

son! will you not, for my sake, abandon your vile associates and reform your life!" The appeal, alas, was made to a heart, in which long since, every virtuous sentiment and feeling had become extinct. The young man rose from his seat, and ere he left the room, said, "Mother, Father was right; but your warnings have come too late. I have descended the ladder, and it remains for me to fulfil my destiny!" He pulled the door hastily after him—she saw him no more until she met him at the gallows.

In a desperate encounter with the man who won his money, he killed him, was arrested, tried for murder, convicted and sentenced to an ignominious death. And now behold him on the fatal platform, waiting the moment of execution. That morning he sent for his mother, and now as the moments gloomily passed, he waited her arrival. She came—the crowd gave way; she stands before her son in speechless agony! She sunk down at his feet and earnestly implored his forgiveness, ere he left the world. Walter's eye flashed with terrible brightness, as for the last time, he fixed them on his terror stricken, wretched mother. Then in a tone of despair, and with a look of fiendish triumph, he said, "Woman, there is, there can be no forgiveness for guilt like yours. You have killed the best of husbands and fathers, and RUINED YOUR SON. Remember, 'A PIN, A PENNY, A POUND, A PENALTY, PERDITION!' you first taught me to descend the ladder, and now nought but perdition awaits us both!" She fainted—the drop fell, and the soul of Walter Mansel was in * * * *. A few weeks passed, and Mrs. Mansel was no more—the mother was with the son.

Reader, if you are a mother, and neglecting the religious education of your son, and preparing him by your example for a life of pleasure and crime, behold, as in a glass, your own picture in this narrative, and, before it be too late, repent and change your course. Too indulgent mother, see where you are leading your son. Let the gay and thoughtless wife who is daily counteracting the efforts and prayers

of a pious husband, think what misery she may entail upon her children and herself, by refusing her kind co-operation in the hallowed work, and let the son who has ventured upon the path of disobedience and crime, here contemplate its end. Let the words never be forgotten. A PIN, A PENNY, A POUND, A PENALTY, PERDITION!

WHAT DO WE ADMIRE IN WOMAN.

“Do you know,” says an ingenious writer, “what we must admire in you? It is not your dress; we could make a beast fine with trappings. It is not your abilities; it would not be your abilities, if you had such powers as angels have: for, indeed, what but a fine creature is Gabriel to us? a fine speculation, more beautiful than the rainbow to look at; but what is it to us? What we admire, and what we ought to admire, in man, is that collection of fine feelings which make him a human creature, social and useful. Sympathy and fellow feeling, tenderness of heart and pity for the wretched, compassion for your neighbors, and reverence for your God, the melting eye, the soothing tone, the silver features, the ingenious devices, the rapid actions of a soul all penetrated with reason and religion, these are the qualities we admire in you. O, I love the soul that must and will do good, the kind creature that runs to the sick bed, I might rather say bedstead, of a poor neighbor, wipes away the moisture of a fever, smooths the clothes, beats up the pillow, fills the pitcher, sets it within reach, administers only a cup of cold water; but in the true spirit of a disciple of Christ becomes a fellow worker with Christ in the administration of happiness to mankind. Peace be with that good soul! She also must come in due time into the condition of her neighbor, and then may the Lord strengthen her upon the bed of languishing, and, by some kind hand like her own, make all her bed in her sickness.”

Original.

THE INDIAN LOVER.

A TRUE TALE.

BY MRS. L. KINGMAN.

'Twas a delightful evening in September when I arrived at the little town of A——; the day had been very sultry, and the almost boundless prairies which extended themselves before me during the day, their beauties either seared by an untimely frost or burnt to blackness by the hunter or Indian for the accommodation of self, had wearied my vision and exhausted my spirits in a manner that I had almost sunk into a state of unconsciousness, when aroused by my companion to view the picturesque scenery before me. We had now began to descend the bluff of the Mississippi, and although the plain which intervened between the river and its bluff was six miles in its width, the noble river seemed to lie at our feet in all its breadth and beautiful windings; a little sluice was seen to put out from the river and running along like a truant child, until it had nearly reached the steep we were descending, gently turned its course toward its parent stream and disappeared. The little hamlet lying on the bank of the sluice wore an air of comfort and plenty seldom found in so newly settled a section of our country, the houses were neatly built of brick, the cottages of logs, but so completely enveloped in the vine of the honeysuckle and trumpet-flower, as to puzzle the beholder as to their construction, as well as giving them an air of comfort seldom found in the western wilds; it did indeed seem the work of some fairy hand. The taste of the Atlantic States was conspicuous in their farms, their houses, and their gardens. On our enquiry, we found as we anticipated, the place principally built and inhabited by New Englanders; being in

search of health as well as happiness, and somewhat fatigued with travelling, I concluded to become an inhabitant of that delightful village for a few weeks. I found its inhabitants a truly happy people ; each eve as the day declined and the breezes sprang up rendering the air inviting, we were wont to assemble at some one of the houses and hear from the first settlers, who in turn told tales of by-gone days, an adventure of their early settlement, a love story, a Wolf hunt, or a Panther's visit, our evening entertainment was concluded by partaking of a collation of fruit, and of wine, for that was before the good days of Washingtonianism, made from the native grape of the country. A tale given by the eldest of the settlers is indelibly impressed on my memory. "I," said the old gentleman, "fourteen years since, left my beloved New England, and emigrated to this place accompanied by my four brothers, each having families ; we sought out this spot which now so much interests you. Then was it nought but a vast wilderness, the sound of the woodman's axe had never been heard, and as we presume, the foot of the white man never before pressed the soil ; the Indian was often our visitor, and the Bear and the Panther, who had heretofore roamed undisturbed, would often frequent their accustomed walk, and pay us a visit. With a few hours labor we collected logs and erected a camp in which we placed our young families, the forest supplied us with meats of the most delicious kind, and the Indian would bring us corn and pumpkins from the upper settlements.

"The Autumn yielded us abundant crops, and the ensuing Winter was spent in much enjoyment. Spring again opened to us in all its beauty, surpassing if possible the former. We commenced building our houses which we now inhabit, our young friends, our children seemed more than ever to enjoy their rambles o'er the gay lawn ; Mary and Eliza in their walks were inseparable ; they were cousins, both at the interesting age of eighteen, both beautiful, or, so our village deemed them, Mary's form was of the most perfect symmetry, tall, erect and commanding, her long tresses of

dark brown hair, neatly braided and laid in folds over her brow, contrasting with its snowy whiteness, adding much to the beauty of her face. Eliza was much smaller than Mary, and was considered more beautiful; she was an only daughter and had been reared with much tenderness; an air of modest diffidence spread over her features, which rendered her an object of interest to every beholder. As we were engaged about our houses one day, we were alarmed by seeing the young ladies running toward us followed by an Indian. We immediately ran to meet them, when the Indian prostrated himself at our feet begging us to give him Mary to be his squaw. He stated, that he was a chief, or rather the son of a chief, was big-man, owned dogs, coonskins, and all the et cetera of an Indian wigwam; he perceived his entreaties to be unavailing, and left us. When the girls related their encounter with him, it appeared they had gone into an adjacent prairie to gather strawberries, and feeling in a frolicsome mood, they had displaced their combs, letting their long hair fall over their shoulders, and in imitation of the Indian, painted their faces with the berries they had gathered; in this situation, they sought the bank of the river, and unexpectedly came upon an encampment of Indians. Eliza's natural fearfulness of character made her immediately shrink from the gaze of the savage; she retired, but Mary stood fixed in astonishment, seemingly, without power to move until the young chief, before mentioned, had gradually stolen nearer and nearer to her, when he severed from her head one of the long braids, at the same time entreating her to become his squaw. Aroused to a sense of her perilous situation, she uttered one loud shriek and fled; the Indian followed, exclaiming, "pretty squaw, white squaw, pretty hair; she flew with the swiftness of a Rein-deer, her remaining tresses floating on the breeze. She soon gained her cousin who had nearly reached home; for many days did this young chief visit this settlement, pleading in all the earnestness and artlessness of his native character for the beauteous Mary to become his bride.

The tribe at length left our shores, but each successive Spring for five years brought the Indian lover bearing some little present to his beloved, and each time more earnestly pressing his suit ; although not congenial with her feelings, yet through fear, Mary was obliged to accept his presents and listen to his solicitation ; he believed the only obstacle to their union, was her dislike to leave her parents and her cousin Eliza. Spring again returned but brought not the Indian suitor, it was the Spring of —32 ; the tribe to which he belonged had declared war against the whites, several bloody skirmishes had ensued, the most remarkable of which was the second battle of bad axe ; the Indians were driven from the scene of action with much loss. Some of our neighbors, while in the act of interring the dead, recognized the well known features of Mary's lover, his long black glossy hair was tied on the top of his head, and unlike the rest of his tribe was un-ornamented, save with the long braid he had years before severed from the head of his Mary. Mary is still with us, and often boasts of having an offer, although not married, and that too, from one of the royal family, the son and heir of king BLACK HAWK.

THE HEART.

THE heart is a soil in which every ill weed will take root and spread itself. The thorns of worldly care, and the thistles of worldly vanity, will grow and flourish. As the husbandman watches his land, so should the Christian search and examine his heart, that he may cast out of it all those unprofitable weeds and roots of bitterness which will naturally get possession of it. If this work is rightly performed, the soil will be ready for the good seed of the word of God, which will spring up and prosper under the influence of divine grace, as the corn groweth by a blessing of rain and sunshine from the Heaven above.

THE EVIL HOLLOW.

AN INCIDENT OF REAL LIFE

IN the town of Catskill, on the Hudson river, there dwelt, some twenty years ago, an attorney of the name of Mason. He was in considerable practice, and had two clerks in his office, whose names were Mansell and Van Buren. In point of ability these young men were nearly on a par, but they differed widely in disposition. Van Buren was cold, close, and somewhat sullen in temper; but in business shrewd, active, and persevering. Mansell, although assiduous in his duties, was of a gayer temperament; open as the day, generous, confiding, and free.

Mason, without being absolutely dishonest, was what is called a keen lawyer, his practice being somewhat of the sharpest; and as the disposition of his elder clerk, Van Buren, assimilated, in many respects, to his own, he was a great favorite—more intimately in his confidence, and usually employed in those *delicate* matters which sometimes occur in an attorney's business, and in which the straightforward honesty of Mansell might rather hinder than help.

Mason had a niece who, he being a bachelor, lived with him in the capacity of housekeeper. She was a lively, sensitive, and clever girl—very pretty, if not positively handsome. She had the grace of a sylph, and the step of a fawn. It was quite natural that such a maiden should be an object of interest to two young men living under the same roof—and by no means a matter of astonishment that one or both of them should fall in love with her; and both of them did. But, as the young lady had but one heart, she could not return the love of each. It is scarcely necessary to say that, in making her election, the choice fell upon Edward Mansell, greatly to the chagrin of his rival, and to the annoyance of Mason, who would have been better pleased to have found Van Buren the favored suiter. How-

ever, Mansell was the chosen lover, and Mason could not alter the case by argument ; nor was he disposed to send away his niece, who was, in some measure, essential to his domestic comfort—and, moreover, he loved her as much as he could love anything. Matters went on in this way for some time ; a great deal of bitterness and rancor being displayed by Mason and Van Buren on the one hand ; while Kate and Edward Mansell found, in the interviews they occasionally enjoyed, more than compensation for the annoyance to which they were necessarily exposed.

It happened, at the time when Edward's engagement was within a month of its expiration, that Mason had received a sum of money, as agent for another party, amounting to nearly three thousand dollars, of which the greater portion was in gold coin. As the money could not conveniently be disposed of until the following day, it was deposited in a tin box in the iron safe, the key of which was always in the custody of Mansell. Soon after he received the charge, Van Buren quitted the office for a short time, and in the interim an application from a client rendered it necessary for Mansell to go up to the courthouse. Having despatched his business at the hall, he returned with all expedition, and in due time he took the key of the safe from his drawer to deposite therein as usual the valuable papers of the office over night—when, to his inconceivable horror, he discovered that the treasure was gone !

He rushed down stairs, and meeting Van Buren, communicated the unfortunate circumstance. He in turn expressed his astonishment in strong terms, and, indeed, exhibited something like sympathy in his brother clerk's misfortune. Every search was made about the premises, and information given to the nearest magistrate ; but, as Mason was from home, and would not return until the next day, little else could be done. Edward passed a night of intense agony—nor were the feelings of Kate more enviable. Mason returned some hours earlier than was expected, sent immediately for Van Buren, and was closeted with him for a long time.

Mansell, utterly incapacitated by the overwhelming calamity which had befallen him, from attending to his duties, was walking, ignorant of Mason's return, when Kate came, or rather flew toward him, and exclaimed, " Oh, Edward, my uncle has applied for a warrant to ap-



CAMELIA ANEMONEFOLIA



prehend you ; and, innocent though I know you to be, that fiend in human form, Van Buren, has wound such a web around you that I dread the worst. I have not time to explain ; fly instantly, and meet me, at nightfall, in the *Evil Hollow*, when I will tell you all."

Mansell, scarcely knowing what he did, rushed out of the garden, and through some fields ; nor did he stop until he found himself out of sight of the town, on the banks of the river. Then, for the first time, he repented of having listened to the well-meant but unwise counsel of his dear Kate. But the step was taken, and he could not retrace it now. He proceeded until he arrived at a thick grove, in the neighborhood of the *Evil Hollow*, where he lay hid until night closed upon him.

He then approached a dark opening in which was a deep hollow, which had acquired a celebrity from its having been the scene of a murder some years before, and hence was an object of such superstitious awe to the farmers of the vicinity, that he was considered a bold man who would venture there after nightfall. This, doubtless, had influenced Kate in her choice of such a place for their meeting, inasmuch as they would be secure from interruption.

Mansell returned and still lingered on the skirt of the grove, until the sound of a light footstep on the gravelled path which led to the place, announced the approach of the loved being whom he felt he was about to meet for the last time. The poor girl could not speak a word when they met, but, bowing her head upon his shoulder, burst into a flood of passionate tears. By degrees she became more calm, and then detailed to him a conversation that she had overheard between Van Buren and her uncle ; and gathered thence that the former had succeeded in convincing Mason of Edward's guilt, by an artful combination of facts, which would have made out a *prima facie* case against the accused—the most formidable one being the finding of a considerable sum, in specie, in Mansell's trunk. Knowing that he could not satisfactorily account for the possession of this money, without the evidence of a near relative who had departed for Europe a week before, and whose address was unknown, and return uncertain, Edward, to avoid the horror and disgrace of lying in the county prison in the intermediate time, resolved on evading the officers of

justice, until he could surrender himself, with the proofs of his innocence in his hands.

The moon had now risen above the hill which bounded the prospect, and warned the heart-broken lovers that it was time to separate. "And now," said he, "dearest, I leave you, with the brand of 'thief' upon my fair name, to be hunted like a beast of prey, from one hiding-place to another. But, oh, my Kate! I bear with me the blessed assurance that there is one being—and that being the best-beloved of my heart—who knows me to be innocent; and that thought shall comfort me."

"A remarkably pretty speech, and well delivered!" exclaimed a voice, which caused the youthful pair to start, and turn their eyes in the direction whence it proceeded, when, from behind a decayed and solitary tree that grew in the Hollow, a tall figure, wrapped in an ample cloak, advanced toward them. The place, as we have already noticed, had an evil reputation; and, although Edward and his companion were, of course, free from the superstitious fears which characterized the country people, an undefinable feeling stole over them, as they gazed upon the tall form before them.

Mansell, however, soon recovered himself, and told the stranger that, whoever he was, it ill became him to overhear conversation which was not intended for other ears than their own.

"Nay," was the rejoinder, "be not angry with me; perhaps you may have reason to rejoice in my presence, since, being in possession of the story of your grief, it may be in my power to alleviate it. I have assisted men in greater straits."

Edward did not like the last sentence, nor the tone in which it was uttered; but he said, "I see not how you can help me; you can not give me a clue by which to find the box."

"Yes, here is a *clue*!" replied the other, as he held forth about three yards of strong cord, "here is a line; go to the river at a point exactly opposite the old hollow oak; wade out in a straight line until you find the box; attach one end of the cord to the box and the other to a stout cork—but remove it not yet."

Mansell, whether he really believed himself to be in the presence of the Evil One, or that the word was merely expressive of surprise we know not, exclaimed, "The Evil One!"

The stranger took the compliment, and acknowledging it with a bow, said, "The tin box which you have been accused of stealing, is at the bottom of the river, and you will find that I have said no more than the truth."

Mansell hesitated no longer, but accompanied the stranger to the spot, and in a few minutes, the box, sealed as when he last saw it, was again in his possession. He looked from the treasure to the stranger, and at last said, "I owe you more than life; for, in regaining this, I shall recover my good name, which has been foully traduced."

He was proceeding toward the shore, when the other cried:

"Stop, young gentleman! not quite so fast; just fasten your cord to it, and replace it where you found it, if you please." Edward stared, but the stranger continued: "Were you to take that box back to your employer, think you that you would produce any other conviction on him than that, finding your delinquency discovered, you wished to secure impunity, by restoring the property? We must not only restore the treasure, but convict the thief. Hush! I hear a footfall." As he spoke, he took the box from Edward, who now saw his meaning, fastened the cord to it, and it was again lowered to the bottom of the river, and the cork on the other end of the cord was swinging down with the tide. "Now, follow me in silence," whispered the stranger, and the three retired and hid themselves behind the huge trunk of the tree, whence, by the light of the moon, they beheld a figure approach the water, looking cautiously around him.

"That is the thief," said the stranger, in a low voice, in Edward's ear. "I saw him, last night, throw something into the river, and, when he was gone, I took the liberty of raising it up; when, expecting that he would return and remove his booty, I replaced it, and had been unsuccessfully watching the place just before I met you in the Hollow."

By this time the man had reached the river's brink, and, after groping for some time through the water, he found the box, but started back in astonishment on seeing a long cord attached to it. His back was turned from the witnesses of the transaction, so that Edward and the stranger had got him securely by the collar before he could make any attempt to escape. The surprise of Mansell and

Kate may be more easily conceived than painted, when, as the moon-beam fell on the face of the culprit, they recognised the features of Van Buren, his fellow-clerk.

Our limits will not allow of our saying more than that Mansell's character was cleared ; while Van Buren, whom Mason, for reasons confined to his own bosom, refrained from prosecuting, quitted the town in merited disgrace. The stranger proved to be a gentleman of large landed property in the neighborhood, which he had now visited for the first time in many years, and, having been interested in the young pair whom he had so opportunely delivered from tribulation, he subsequently appointed Mansell his man of business, and thus laid the foundation of his prosperity. It is almost needless to add, that Kate, who had so long shared his heart, became his wife, and shared his good fortune.

ENVY AND CANDOR.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN TWO YOUNG LADIES.

ENVY. What do you think of this Miss H. that is come among us ?

CANDOR. I think her a very beautiful, elegant, and accomplished young woman.

ENVY. That I am convinced is precisely her own opinion.

CANDOR. I am at a loss to know how you come to be convinced, from her manner or conversation, that she thinks so highly of herself.

ENVY. O, it is quite evident the men have turned the girl's head ; they tell every woman, as you know very well, my dear, that she is elegant, beautiful, and accomplished.

CANDOR. It is not then surprising that they should hold the same language to Miss H., whom they must think so in the highest degree. Don't you remember how all the gentlemen were in her praise ?

ENVY. Well, for my part, I do not think the men half so good judges of female beauty as the women. Miss H. has too great a quantity of hair, considering how small her head is.

CANDOR. What fault do you find with her person ?

ENVY. She is too tall.

CANDOR. She is not above an inch taller than yourself.

ENVY. I do not pretend to say she is a *great deal* too tall.

CANDOR. Can you pretend to say she is too short ?

ENVY. She is neither one thing nor the other ; one does not know what to make of her.

CANDOR. That settles the point of her height ; let us now proceed to her face Do you not find something very engaging in her countenance ?

ENVY. Engaging, do you call it ?

CANDOR. Yes, I call it engaging. What do you call it ?

ENVY. She is apt, indeed, to smile ; but that is to show her teeth.

CANDOR. She would not smile for that purpose, however, unless she had good fine teeth ; and they are certainly the finest I ever saw.

ENVY. What signifies teeth ?

CANDOR. Well, let us come to her eyes. What do you think of them ?

ENVY. They are not black.

CANDOR. No ; but they are the sweetest blue in nature.

ENVY. Blue eyes have been long out of fashion ; black are now all the mode.

CANDOR. Blue ones are coming round again ; for those of Miss H. are much admired.

ENVY. Her fortune would procure her admirers among the men, although she had no eyes at all.

CANDOR. That stroke lights entirely on the men, and misses the person against whom it was aimed.

ENVY. Aimed ! I have no ill-will against Miss H.

CANDOR. I am glad to hear it.

ENVY. No ! not I ; why should I ?

CANDOR. I am sure I can not tell.

ENVY. She never did me any injury.

CANDOR. I was afraid she had.

ENVY. No, not in the least, that I know of. I dare say she is a good enough sort of a girl ; but as for beauty, her pretensions to that are very moderate indeed.

Original.

ANNIE WILBUR.

BY MISS LOUISA DOUGLASS.

It was Christmas eve, that season so full of festivity, but alas! in general not sufficiently fraught with a sense of thankfulness for the many religious privileges it confers upon us.

Busy crowds were hurrying to and fro, most of them intent upon preparations for the morrow.

The shops in Broadway, presented their gayest and most attractive appearance, and many a ragged urchin gazed wistfully at the toys, which might never be his.

But leaving these bright and dazzling scenes we will turn our steps towards one of those obscure streets which intersect the Bowery.

In an upper room of a wretched building, the very walls of which seemed tottering under their own weight, were two persons, a young girl, and a boy, whose delicacy of appearance was greatly at variance with the coarse and scanty, though perfectly neat furniture about them.

Annie Wilbur was twenty three, but her petit, though beautifully proportioned form, delicate complexion, and bright golden hair, made her appear scarcely more than eighteen. Her companion was her brother, a boy about thirteen years of age. The contour of his face was perfect. His complexion was equally delicate as his sisters, with dark eyes and hair of the exquisite chestnut hue, so rarely seen, lay clustering in rich curls on his broad white forehead.

On a more close observation, you might perceive that he was slightly deformed, and this it was, added to much early suffering, that cast that shade of sad thoughtfulness over his beautiful countenance.

Annie and Charles Wilbur, were the children of an English

gentleman, a physician of considerable talent and ability, who from various circumstances had been unable to realize much from his profession, until a trifling service afforded to Sir Morely Morton on the hunting ground near that nobleman's estate, was the means of bringing him into notice and increasing his practice considerably.

He was frequently invited to Morely House, and introduced to some of the most fashionable and dissipated men of the day, and here it was he first acquired that odious habit of gambling, so ruinous in its effects to himself and family. At first he played only to make up a deficiency in the game, but by degrees from inclination, until his passion for gaming grew so strong, that he staked everything he possessed, and all was lost. His plate, his furniture, and even his valuable library, all, all were gone, to satisfy the cravings of a passion as destructive as it is sinful.

One night after having lost everything, he fancied he saw his adversary play unfairly, he accused him of it; a challenge was given and accepted, and the next morning Dr. Wilbur was brought home a mangled and disfigured corpse; his antagonist's ball having carried away the lower part of his jaw, and otherwise injuring him mortally.

Mrs. Wilbur who had been in delicate health for many years, was unable to survive the shock, and three days after her husband was buried, she died also.

Ere Annie had recovered from the distress with which this double affliction o'erwhelmed her, she was ordered by her father's creditors to leave the house that had been her home for so many years. Rude hands were laid upon things rendered sacred by the memory of the "lost and loved," and as Annie took a last look of her mother's room, the window where she was wont to sit, and many other things which were inseparably connected with her memory, she burst into tears and felt as if she had indeed parted with her best friend. As she was leaving the room, she saw her mother's bible lying open under the table, she caught it up and kissed it, and as she was about closing it, her eye fell

upon these words of divine consolation—"Trust in me and I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." "I will trust in thee, O God," she exclaimed, and kneeling down she prayed long and fervently, and arose refreshed and comforted to seek her little brother. She found him surrounded by the servants who with tearful eyes were bidding him farewell.

Houseless and homeless, where were they to go?

During their parents lifetime they had lived estranged from their nearest relatives on account of some family disagreement, and they had not the slightest knowledge of any of their relations, with the exception of a distant relative of their mother in Ireland.

After all the creditor's had been satisfied, there remained nothing for the orphans but their mothers jewels, so that Annie determined for the present to accept the offer of an old man, who had lived with her father in the capacity of a butler, and who, unlike many others failed not in love and respect to the children of his former master. Old William now lived on a small farm, the fruits of his industry and frugality in his younger days, and to this farm Annie and her brother now accompanied him.

After remaining there several months, without being able to obtain employment suited to her education and former position in society, Annie determined upon selling her mother's jewels with the exception of a diamond ring, which when living her mother had always worn, and with the proceeds to go to America, where she hoped to be more successful, at least, if she was obliged to condescend, it would be among strangers.

She accordingly informed old William of her intentions, who anxiously inquired in what he had offended her.

No one has offended me, kind William; my only reason for leaving you is, that with my health and faculties I do not wish to be a burden to any one, replied Annie.

At length the old man consented to her going, and although very aged, insisted upon going with her and her brother to the port from which they were to sail.

Among the vessels that were about to sail, there was one, the captain of which had been slightly acquainted with Dr. Wilbur, and who, upon hearing the story of their misfortunes from old William, insisted upon Annie's acceptance of a free passage for herself and brother.

On their arrival in America, Captain Harden, with the true generosity of a sailor, engaged board for Annie and Charles, and paid for it for a short time in advance. She succeeded in getting a small supply of needlework, inadequate however to their wants, simple as they were.

Just as the time for which their board was paid had expired, Annie received the mournful intelligence that Captain Harden's vessel on the return voyage was wrecked and but one lived to tell the sad tale.

Annie now felt it her duty to reduce her expenses, and accordingly removed to the humble apartments where we first introduced her to the reader.

"Sister, dear Annie, do not exert yourself to finish that work," said Charles, as Annie with pale cheek and sunken eye bent still more closely over the work on which she was engaged.

"To-morrow is Christmas, as you know Charlie, and I hoped I should have finished it in time to buy you a Christmas box, inferior of course to those you received when our parents were alive, but presented in as true and affectionate a spirit I hope," replied Annie. "But there, I've finished it, and now I will go, the clock is just striking eight, and so saying, Annie put on her cloak and hat, and was about leaving the room when Charles exclaimed, "I wish I could go with you Annie, at the same time glancing mournfully at his shrunken limbs, and wiping away the tear that was ready to start down his cheek.

"O 'tis not very far, I can very well go alone," said his sister, as with a kind kiss, and a sweet smile she bade him good night.

On her arrival at the store with her work, the proprietor was not in, and the clerk informed Annie he would not be

there again that night, and he could not pay her for the work.

The next day would be Christmas, and consequently the store would be closed. How were they to exist? for she had given Charles the last morsel in the house at noon, and as for herself she had not tasted food since morning.

After a severe struggle with her feelings, she concluded upon selling her mother's ring, which since her arrival in America she had constantly worn about her neck. Painful as it was, she must part with it to sustain life, and hastily untying the ribbon which held it, she proceeded to a jewellers near by.

When she arrived there her courage failed, and she was several times about to go home without selling it, but the image of her patient suffering little brother arose before her, and she made one more effort and went in. When she presented the ring, the man glanced at her mean apparel which was in strong contrast to the size and brilliancy of the gem which she offered to sell, and in a harsh unfeeling voice demanded where she obtained it.

Her voice faltered and her heart seemed almost bursting as she replied "it was my mothers."

Her emotion was considered by the jeweller as a convincing proof of her guilt. He accused her of having stolen it, and threatened her with the police.

In the midst of her distress a gentleman and lady came into the store to make some purchases, and seeing her tears kindly inquired their cause.

Being thus encouraged, Annie told them her whole story and referred them to the lady with whom she formerly boarded for the truth of her assertion. Mr. Austen and his wife, being greatly interested by her modest and lady-like deportment, went with the jeweller to Mrs. Farlan, who corroborated the truth of her statement in every particular.

The jeweller being now convinced of her innocence apologized to her, and would willingly have bought the ring

which was very valuable, even more than Annie was aware of, but Mr. Austen persuaded her to keep it, and accept from him as a loan, if not as a gift a sum of money sufficient for their more pressing and immediate wants.

With a heart overflowing with gratitude Annie hastened home to her brother who she well knew would be anxiously expecting her. On her arrival she found him in a state almost of distraction, but his fears were soon allayed on finding her safe and unharmed.

In a few days after these occurrences, Mrs. Austen sent for Annie, and communicated the joyful intelligence that she had succeeded in obtaining for her the situation of teacher in a village school in the vicinity of New York, through the influence of the parish clergyman, who had been a college companion of Mr. Austen. Annie's joy may be easily imagined, though as she witnessed the flushed cheek and unnaturally bright eye of her unfortunate little brother, her happiness was greatly lessened by the fear that he would not long enjoy this happy change in their circumstances.

In a few days they removed to their new home, and the fresh air and quiet scenery seemed to have so beneficial an effect upon Charlie's health, that Annie began to think her fears had been groundless. But alas! it was only for a time; his deformity which had been caused by a fall when an infant, induced a debility which ended his life a short time after they came to live at B——.

Annie's genuine piety and Christian deportment, added to her personal attractions, excited the admiration of the parish clergyman who was a widower, and after a suitable time had elapsed from the death of her brother, Annie became his wife; and many a sick couch and dying bed was soothed by the kind attentions of the Pastor's Lady.



THERE is no readier way for a man to bring his own worth into question, than by endeavoring to detract from the worth of other men.

EULOGIUM.
WASHINGTON,

THE DEFENDER OF HIS COUNTRY, THE FOUNDER OF LIBERTY,
THE FRIEND OF MAN,

HISTORY AND TRADITION ARE EXPLORED IN VAIN
FOR A PARALLEL TO HIS CHARACTER.

IN THE ANNALS OF MODERN GREATNESS,

HE STANDS ALONE,

AND THE NOBLEST NAMES OF ANTIQUITY
LOSE THEIR LUSTRE IN HIS PRESENCE.

BORN THE BENEFACITOR OF MANKIND,
HE UNITED ALL THE QUALITIES NECESSARY
TO AN ILLUSTRIOUS CAREER.

NATURE MADE HIM GREAT ;

HE MADE HIMSELF VIRTUOUS.

CALLED BY HIS COUNTRY TO THE DEFENCE OF HER LIBERTIES,

HE TRIUMPHANTLY VINDICATED THE RIGHTS OF HUMANITY,

AND ON THE PILLARS OF NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE

LAID THE FOUNDATIONS OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

TWICE INVESTED WITH SUPREME MAGISTRACY,

BY THE UNANIMOUS VOICE OF A FREE PEOPLE,

HE SURPASSED IN THE CABINET

THE GLORIES OF THE FIELD,

AND VOLUNTARILY RESIGNING THE SCEPTRE AND THE SWORD,

RETIRED TO THE SHADES OF PRIVATE LIFE.

A SPECTACLE SO NEW AND SO SUBLIME

WAS CONTEMPLATED WITH THE PROFOUNDTEST ADMIRATION ;

AND THE NAME OF

WASHINGTON,

ADDING NEW LUSTRE TO HUMANITY,

RESOUNDED TO THE REMOTEST REGIONS OF THE EARTH,

MAGNANIMOUS IN YOUTH,

GLORIOUS THROUGH LIFE,

GREAT IN DEATH,

HIS HIGHEST AMBITION THE HAPPINESS OF MANKIND,

HIS NOBLEST VICTORY THE CONQUEST OF HIMSELF,

BEQUEATHING TO POSTERITY THE INHERITANCE OF HIS FAME,

AND BUILDING HIS MONUMENT IN THE HEARTS OF HIS COUNTRYMEN

HE LIVED THE ORNAMENT OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY,

AND DIED REGRETTED BY A MOURNING WORLD.

* The traveller who visits the venerable mansion of the Father of his country, will find there a likeness of Washington, on the reverse of which are the graphic lines given above—lines so simple and yet so classical, so laconic, and yet so comprehensive, so replete with lofty eulogy, without any exaggeration, that it may be doubted whether a more faultless portrait could be made of this truly great man.

In the different volumes of the Family Circle and Parlor Annual, we have furnished steel engravings of Washington's Residence and Tomb, and also of Washington in the act of private devotion, and written descriptions of his youthful and manly character, and now we record the most noble tribute to his memory in Capitals: a eulogy which should be printed in gold, embroidered on satin, embossed in silver, and hung up in every habitation in the land, to preserve the memory of this great and good man, fresh and green in the view of every American.

A U T U M N .

EDITORIAL.

EACH season of the revolving year, while it unfolds sights and scenes peculiar to itself, serves also to awaken correspondent emotions in the mind, which every month contributes to diversify and deepen. The unrivalled beauties of the Spring, the full glories of the Summer, the fading yet lovely scenes of Autumn, and the stern aspect of Winter, excite, each in their turn, pure and unalloyed pleasure, rising sometimes to rapture and extacy, and feelings of solemnity and dejection. Summer retires from us in the month of September. But the gloom of the falling year is enlivened by those intervening weeks and days, which adorn the Earth with a robe of more variegated beauty, and gradually prepares us for the stern aspect and utter desolation of Winter. The changes which the garden, the field and forest undergo to

“ Cheer the sober landscape in decay,

————— a thousand tints

Which Flora, dress'd in all her pride of bloom,

Could scarcely equal, decorate the groves.”

What a magnificent landscape is now presented to view ! Thompson has described it with matchless skill, and yet how does he sink below the reality. Let any indulge himself in a walk by the rivers bank or on the hill side, and look upon the fading, many-colored landscape, shade deepening over shade, and he will see beauties which even the pen of a Thompson could not describe. On the retina or visual canvass, nature paints more perfectly than art. For want of close attention and careful observation, we often pass over many of the beauties of nature which would otherwise fill us with delight.

The fall of the leaf is so striking, that this declining season of the year, is, in common language called FALL. The

emotions, which this vicissitude of nature is calculated to inspire, are more deep and lasting from the fact that man, with all his pride and towering hopes, is subject to the same law of decay and dissolution.

What pomp, what vast variety of hues
The woodland scenes adorn. The purple deep,
Orange and Opæ, and Carnation bright,
To the rapt eye their rich profusion spread.
Such is the common lot. The North winds soon
Their Sylvan spoils will strow along the vales.
The leaf incessant flutters to the ground
And, fluttering, startles such, who musing stray
Lonely and devious through the solemn shades,
Yet have these leafy ruins charms for me.

There is something extremely melancholy in that gradual process by which trees are stripped of all their beauty, and left so many monuments of decay and desolation. We often see the beauties of the waning year vanish in October : sometimes we see a fine Autumnal effect in the beginning of November, even later we trace the beauties of the declining year, and

“ Catch the last smile
Of Autumn beaming o’er the yellow woods.”

Even when the beauty of the landscape is gone, the charms of Autumn may retain. Before the rigors of Winter are felt, there are often days of such benign softness that every one must feel their effect. The Poet thus describes a day of this kind.

“ The morning shines
Serene in all its dewy beauties bright,
Unfolding fair the last Autumnal day.
O’er all the soul its sacred influence breathes,
Inflames imagination, through the breast
Infuses every tenderness and far
Beyond dim Earth exalts the swelling thought.”

It is commonly supposed that the Sun-sets of Autumn are richer than at any other season.



SCRIPTURE NATURAL HISTORY.

SYRIAN OX.

“THE ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master’s crib.” Why is the ox called by a name which signifies to search or seek? This question will be answered by Isodorus, as quoted by the learned Bochart. He says, “The love of these animals, for their companions is very remarkable, for those that have been yoke-fellows at the plough together, SEARCH AFTER EACH OTHER, hence the name *BACRE*, to search, and by frequent lowing testify their affections.” We consider the ox in our country as the emasculated male of horned cattle. As far as I can learn, the *BOS-BUBULUS*, or BUFFALO, must be the Syrian ox. In general appearance, it very much resembles the common ox. This animal has great indications of strength in the thickness of its trunk, the largeness of its limbs, and the prominence of its muscles. Two domestic buffalos are able to draw as much as four strong horses. The buffalo is originally a native of the warmer parts of Africa and India, while in Europe it is only one of its naturalized quadrupeds. As early as the seventh century, it was introduced into Italy.

Original.

BRISTOL. C. M.

T. HASTINGS.

CHORAL.

1. O what a - maz - ing words of grace Are

2. Come then, with all your wants and wounds, Your

3. This spring with liv - ing wa - ter flows, And

in the gos - pel found! Suit - ed to eve - ry

eve - ry bur - den bring; Here love, e - ter - nal

liv - ing joy im - parts; Come, thirs - ty souls, your

sin - ner's case, Who knows the joy - ful sound.

love a - bounds, A deep ce - les - tial spring.

wants dis - close, And drink with thank - ful hearts.





MISS TYNDAL.

The Copy is by P.

THE MOTHER'S TREASURE.

EDITORIAL.

With a Steel Engraving.

It is the misfortune of some that they are born heirs to great wealth. It is their misfortune, not their fault. It is the lot assigned them in Providence, in the determination of which they had no choice nor agency, and hence they are not accountable for the allotment, but only for the manner in which they conduct under it. It is the misfortune of some to be born rich, because thereby they are placed in a position extremely adverse to the production and growth of virtuous sentiments and habits, and exposed to temptations to which, if they do not readily yield, they offer but a feeble and ineffectual resistance. The rich are expected to move in what are called the first circles, to conform to the laws and customs of high life, to indulge in all the luxuries of the table, of dress, furniture and equipage, in a word, to live in a kind of state, and put on certain airs to distinguish them from all others. Wealth builds up a wall of separation around those who are born to that estate, so that they are a community by themselves; they affect to have little in common with those without their pale, as though they belonged to another race, or were humanity of a different sort. Few, indeed that are brought up in the midst of wealth and with the notions which wealth usually inspires, have strength of mind sufficient to overcome the almost omnipotent influence of custom and caste. The young heiress, on whose mind no conservative influence is brought to bear, is indulged and humored in every thing, hears little but the voice of flattery,

is commonly dressed like a doll kept for show, and sees nought but what ministers to the love of display, and the fostering of pride and vanity. The discipline of the mind, the acquisition of useful knowledge, and the implantation of the seeds of virtue, in a word a preparation for the sober duties of life and the solemn realities of eternity, are not among the objects or at least the prominent objects contemplated and sought in the education of the young heiress, but mainly the attainment of superficial and showy accomplishments and a preparation to figure in the circles of gaiety and fashion. Under such influences, we can easily see how the character would be moulded, and what direction would be given to the thoughts and movements of the mind.

We are happy to know that there are found in the circles of the rich, many honorable exceptions to these remarks. The Apostle, in Acts, ranks some honorable woman among the humble followers of Christ. The piety of Lady Huntington gave her a name and influence among the proud aristocracy of England which neither wealth nor beauty could confer. It gives us much pleasure to state, that a daughter of the richest man in America, was a lady of Dorcas like spirit, delighting to do good and to scatter blessings in her path. Mrs. Hinton, the beautiful female represented in the engraving of this number, is a conspicuous example of genuine piety and high mental endowments, united to great wealth and beauty. Humanity rarely furnishes a nobler specimen of womanhood. She was descended from an ancient and honorable family, and was a rich heiress. Her mother, Mrs. Wilmot, belonged to the old school of stern English matrons, or, to speak more intelligibly, belonged to that class of females of the Martha Washington stamp. Wealth was not used by her as the means of gratifying the pride of corrupt nature, and ministering to the unworthy purposes of ostentatious display, but as means to higher and nobler ends, such as are worthy the pursuit of rational and immortal beings.

The early training of her daughter Clara, was not committed to nurses, and French and Italian masters, but, from

the earliest dawn of reason she was her sole instructor and guide. She early taught her the fear of God, and led her in the ways of wisdom. Clara, was a beautiful child ; but she was taught to consider beauty, without virtue, but a false, deceitful light ; and hence, instead of being inflated with vanity, she was led the more to prize its noble counterparts and antitypes, mental excellence and moral worth. Instead of setting her heart upon wealth, she was led to seek durable riches. Mrs. Wilmot superintended the whole course of her daughters education, and when she had fulfilled all her plans and completed her work, Clara was all that she desired her to be, a sensible and accomplished female and a humble Christian.

This lovely flower bloomed and shed its fragrance under the spreading oaks and towering elms of the ancient and venerable seat of the Wilmot's, until transferred, by the hand of Mr. Hinton, a gentleman of rank and fortune, to his splendid suburban palace of London. Clara loved dearly the shades of retirement where she could study the works of God ; she had no ambition to shine among the stars of the fashionable world, and it was difficult to draw her from her sylvan retreat to mingle in the gay circles of the metropolis. Yet she had been taught to adapt herself to every situation ; and she was fitted as well to shine in courts as to grace her rural home. Her husband felt that he had found in her a priceless gem, and lavished upon her all the affections of a deeply devoted heart, and treated her as though she were a queen ; and she knew how to be grateful for such devotion and such attentions without becoming vain, and encreasing her exactions proportionably. Their united fortunes, gave them the means of boundless indulgence, but in nothing, perhaps, was Mr. H. prone to be so lavish in his expenditure, as in adorning the beautiful person of his wife, which needed not the aid of ornament to encrease her attractions or her influence over him. He took great delight and pride in arraying her in splendid attire, and he felt that it was not only befitting her rank and circumstances, but also becoming her

person, which was the perfection of beauty. This was an extremely delicate point to manage, and, few would have managed it with as much prudence and skill as did Mrs. Hinton. It must be admitted, that rich attire becomes a lady of great beauty ; like a diamond set in gold, there is a congruity between the person and the attire. Whereas, the more elegant the costume of a plain-looking and homely female is, the more evident is it, it is designed to supply the place of beauty, to conceal personal defects, and set off the person to advantage. But the artifice generally fails of its object, since the more ornamental and splendid the dress, the more glaring are the defects. The folly of such consists in their wishing to pass for what they are not ; and it is their unhappiness to know and feel that the admiration expressed for them centres not in their person, but in their dress ; or they receive credit for what they know and what others know they do not possess. A homely woman shining in jewels and rich attire, is like a common rough stone set in a circlet of diamonds. The truth is, plain comely dress becomes plain looking females, and vice versa. While it must be admitted beauty is not enhanced by glaring and superfluous ornaments, we cannot subscribe to the commonly received and oft-quoted sentiment of the poet, that "Beauty when unadorned is adorned the most." None will think for a moment that a beautiful female would look as well in a shilling calico or linsy woolsy, as in a splendid silk or satin dress. By common consent, a beautiful woman arrayed in elegant attire is one of the most lovely and attractive objects in the world.

In the article of dress Mrs. Hinton consulted the taste and humor of her husband, yet without displaying an extravagant love of finery, and going into the excesses which characterize the devotees of fashion. However costly the dress she wore, her husband saw plainly, as well from her occasional remarks, as from the general tenor of her life, that her thoughts were occupied with more important subjects than the decoration of her person, and the contemplation of her

charms : and hence he was insensibly and gradually led to think less of the attractions of personal beauty, and more of the enduring perfections of the mind, until at length he became happily assimilated to her in his spirit, desires and hopes.

Happy husband ! happy in the possession of a wife in whom is centred almost every human perfection. Look at that face radiant alike with beauty and intelligence, and that form of fine proportions and matchless symmetry ! Behold her seated on an elegant lounge, richly dressed, with her little daughter, the lovely reflection of her own image, reclining on her bosom, with a Bible open before her, out of which she has been instructing her in the knowledge of God and the ways of virtue. With such a mother, what fear can we have for the daughter. Night and day she will watch over the precious treasure and see that it is not lost through her carelessness and inattention. Who can fathom the depths of a mothers love ! It is a fountain which never fails. Let the daughters of wealth contemplate the character of Mrs. Hinton ; mark with what dignity and grace she fulfils all the relations of life, and study to imitate those virtues which invest her with such attractions and render her so happy.

SALMASIUS.

SALMASIUS was a man of most extraordinary abilities, his name resounded through Europe, and his presence was earnestly sought in different nations. When he arrived at the evening of life, he acknowledged that he had too much, and too earnestly, engaged in literary pursuits : " O ! " said he, " I have lost an immense portion of time ; time, that most precious thing in the World ! Had I but one year more, it should be spent in studying David's Psalms, and Paul's epistles. Oh ! Sirs," said he to those about him, " mind the World less and God more : ' The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom : and to depart from evil, that is understanding.' "

Original.

A SACRED SONG.

BY MARY S. B. DANA, NEW YORK.

WHEN the syren, Pleasure,
Woos me to her arms,
Sings in softest measure,
Lures with sweetest charms,
Then, Almighty Spirit,
O, remember me!
By thy dying merit,
Saviour, set me free!

When my steps are straying
Far from thee, my God!
And my feet, delaying,
Love the dang'rous road,
Then, Almighty Spirit,
O, remember me!
Saviour! by thy merit,
Lead me back to thee!

When my foes, prevailing,
Triumph and rejoice,
When my heart is failing,
Hushed my tuneful voice,
Then, Almighty Spirit,
O, remember me!
Saviour, by thy merit,
Let me rest in thee!

When my life is ending,
When I'm called to die,
When my soul, ascending,
Seeks her home on high,
Then, Almighty Spirit,
O, remember me!
Saviour, by thy merit,
Take my soul to thee!

Original.

FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENTS.

BY MRS. S. C. M'CABE.

"Caroline, have you received a card of invitation to attend the SOIREE to-morrow evening, at Mrs. D——s," said a young lady to her friend, as she reclined upon an ottoman, whiling away the weary hours of recovery from a dangerous illness, in the enchanting regions of fiction.—'Yes,' said Caroline, 'but my mother wishes me to decline the invitation: she frequently remarks since the death of Aurelius, that society has lost its charms, that Earth appears dark and cheerless, as if all was dead or dying except sorrow; and we are both convinced, that this world is an unsatisfying portion in the day of trouble, and are determined to seek else-where for happiness!

'Ah!' said Helen, 'my mother entertains very different views;' she says 'I had better go to Mrs. D——s to-morrow night, as gay company will relieve the tedium of low spirits, and have a favorable effect upon my health.' And so our young friend, at the earnest solicitation of her mother, went to mingle in the exciting throng of fashion, when the hectic glow upon the cheek, would have suggested to a more thoughtful observer, a quiet room, pure air, and careful nursing.

'Oh! my head aches to bursting! and the weight I feel upon my heart is insupportable,' was the ejaculation of Helen to her mother, upon the following morning, and the tears fell fast from her expressive eye.

'Oh! my dear, I hope you have not taken cold, perhaps the waltzing was too much of an effort, you should have entered some pleasant circle at quadrille, or joined in a game of écarte or eucré; this you could have endured without fatigue: your nervous system is deranged, your spirits

droop, but never yield to despondency, I have a few calls to make this morning, and then I will read for you some of the finished productions of De Israeli—Venitia—Vivian Gray, or the wondrous tales of Alroy, and these unpleasant nervous sensations will soon disappear.’ ‘Oh! my head aches!’ was the only response of Helen—and the mother withdrew, for her morning excursion.

Mrs. K——, was a woman evidently incorrect in all her views and perceptions of moral truth. Her visions of happiness were in festive halls amidst admiring crowds; while the frivolous demands of fashionable life, were a sufficient excuse at any time for the neglect of domestic duties. Her husband was a man of wealth and of the world, yet possessing more discernment and reflection; years before he had given up the search for abiding fruition amidst the heartlessness of fashionable display, while imagination pictured in glowing colors the purer and more enduring pleasures of domestic life. But alas! for him, these sunny illusions of hope, became dim shadows in his future path. Exquisitely painful, was Mrs. K——’s inconsiderate and unwearied pursuit of vanity, yet after years of disapproval, without any satisfactory change in her habits and sentiments, he determined to act the philosopher, to forget what might have been his, of bliss, with a different centre to his domestic circle, and to endure with a nerved spirit the actual, with its bitterness and clouds.

Helen K—— was a favorite child, the idol of her father; afflictive indeed to him, was the obvious influence of this misjudging mother, in stamping upon her young mind the defective outlines of her own character. Helen, was a girl of more than ordinary promise; if in the sanctuary of childhood, she had been nurtured with prayer, and taken her impressions for life from the controlling influences of sanctified parental example, she might now have been treading our Earth a communicating medium of light and blessedness to kindred hearts. But early in life she knelt in homage at the shrine of her mother’s idolatry: the gilded

haunts of fashionable pleasure presenting to her, the only sources of happiness; sources so dependent upon exterior contingencies, as to keep the heart forever feverish and anxious, at the expense of health, and every ray of consolation, that streams from a kindlier sphere, to light up the darkness of this. Her mind became the receptacle of all the sickly sentimentality of fiction in its most forbidding garb; her views of life were false; her ideal of loveliness and bliss found no counterpart in the actual. In this restless pursuit of shadows that elude the grasp, is it strange that the spirit sinks and murmurs, or that these airy dreams of fancy should end in chagrin and misanthropy? Such was the result, in the case of our young friend; a thick earthly covering of darkness and sorrow, spread like a pall over her youthful visions; and she became any thing else, save the mirthful creature that moved of late so gracefully at the sound of the harp and the viol. Retiring from the atmosphere of a crowded ball-room, clad in thin attire, upon a chill November morning, laid the foundation of disease from which she never but partially recovered. And however anxious she might have been, to attend the gay circles at Mrs. D——s, with all of former health and vivacity of spirit, we find she returns with a violent head-ache, and a sad heart.

Reader, are you in the bloom of youth, and do you bend in adoration at the same empty shrine? have you no apprehensions for the future? Pause! and ponder! Your transition from sanguine hope to painful certainty may be equally unexpected, with equal gloom in the prospect; to these untimely evening shadows over Earth's promised joys, may succeed a starless midnight that knows no coming morn.

Helen had been dangerously ill for many weeks; but the idea of death had never entered her mind: ministering affection laved the burning, throbbing temples, kissed away the starting tears, and watched the pulse decline, but in that darkened chamber, there was no sympathising action at the throne of the heavenly grace in behalf of the immortal spirit,

but a continual effort to pre-occupy the attention with sunny prospects of health and happiness.

To the enquiry's of her friend Caroline, during her mother's absence upon the morning referred to, it was evident that Helen had become painfully apprehensive of threatening danger: trembling with excitement, said she 'I have taken an additional cold, I feel very much worse,' and in a despairing tone she added 'the terrible thought has presented itself for the first time, that it is possible I may not recover.' This was the weight upon her heart of which she complained as insupportable; this it was that unsealed the fountain of her tears.

Caroline L——, ever kind and affectionate, had become familiar with human suffering, and painfully conscious that earthly props are broken spears, when God speaks to us in adversity, bids us look into the grave, and forward to the judgment and its eternal retributions. The previous Autumn came hand and hand with death—the noble form of her blooming and only brother had been muffled in the winding sheet and consigned to the companionship of worms. The result was, parents and daughter turned an eye to Heaven,

“ They bid the world its pomp and show
With all its glittering snares adieu.”

Works of fiction were displaced; the Bible was no longer a neglected book, while through the Divine teachings they were led ultimately to recognize in all a Father's hand.

Caroline became deeply interested for her friend; her frequent remonstrances hitherto, had been met by indifference and unconcern, with a marked aversion on the part of the mother, to every thing of a serious nature; and in answer to these fearful forebodings of coming ill, Caroline, said, “I know your mother will be angry with me, Helen, but I do intreat you, in this your time of distress, turn away from the treacherous charms of the world, and seek consolation from a higher and better source; whatever is for us in

the future we must meet ; is it not better to prepare for the worst than to be taken by surprise ? You already know my dear girl, that—

“ It is not all of life to live
Nor all of death to die.”

Here the entrance of Mrs. K——, prevented further remarks ; but all future endeavors to interest her in the pictures of romance and tragedy, which the mother vainly supposed would serve as a quietus, were fruitless and ineffectual.

* * * * *

“ Throw aside those curtains, that I may inhale the balmy breath of this pleasant evening,” said Helen, after a day of exquisite suffering, during which physicians had been all the time in attendance ; her pulse, one hundred and twenty, while her short irregular respiration, and the hectic upon each cheek, told a fearful tale. By the aid of a Stethoscope, every hope of recovery had been crushed ; all that remained, was so to administer to the suffering patient, as to render her descent to the grave as easy as possible. During an intermission of suffering, she asked to sit upon the sofa, they raised her gently from the couch, the departing sun-light streaming through the damask crimson at the windows, gave something like the hue of health, to her Grecian cast of features ; her eyes, ever expressive, were lit up with a double brilliancy, as she said with a deep agitation of manner, “ Doctor, tell me that I shall certainly recover. It must be so. I cannot die ! Death is but another name for all that is horrible of which I have ever conceived, and I feel that it will be so. I am much better to-night ; I feel almost well ; am I not better Doctor ?” “ Yes, Helen, you are better, but ——.” “ Oh ! yes,” rejoined the mother, “ my darling will certainly get well, it cannot be otherwise.”

Six weeks elapsed and Helen yet lay upon her couch, wasting and weakening by disease ; while the most skeptical could no longer resist the evidence, that she was fast sinking into the deep slumbers of the grave. The morning was her

time for exhaustion, the evening generally found her revived and more self possessed.

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The day had been sultry, but was succeeded by a beautiful sun-set, cloudless—while the fragrant zephyrs circulating through the apartment, seemed to revive the latent energies of the languishing invalid. All was breathless silence, while she seemed to gaze with interest upon the scenery without ; when suddenly and distinctly she exclaimed, “Oh ! I am most wretched ! Mother, you have ever encouraged me to believe that I would recover ; something tells me that I never shall ; and my mind dwells continually upon the fearful lines repeated to me by Caroline L——,

“ It is not all of LIFE to LIVE,
Nor all of DEATH to DIE.

Oh ! my mother, why did you not speak to me of THIS, and not bid me seek relief in gay assemblies and novels. Now, it is too late. I cannot breathe a prayer to Heaven, I have never been taught to pray, I could not if I would.” “Oh !” she continued, “I am afraid of death ; it is not yielding up my breath, and becoming forever insensible to all here, from which I shrink. No ! it is the terrible hereafter, the something beyond the grave at which I shudder and recoil ! Mother, is there not a passage of scripture something like this, ‘having no hope and without God in the world ?’ I feel its meaning ! Oh ! we have been treasuring up dust, pursuing shadows, but the spell is broken, the enchantment is dissolved ; a veil is thrown over all that once delighted this poor, fainting, sinking heart, and now where shall I go for co— comfort, for re— relief ;” here she sunk back exhausted ; again, revived ; every heart was moved to tears. “Ah !” said she, “well may you weep, for me it is too late ! The door is shut, the returning season is past, on me no ray of mercy e’er will shine,” and swooned upon her pillow. The street door-bell gave intimation of the arrival of the attending physician. “Oh ! God of mercy ! exclaimed

the mother "Doctor can you do nothing to save her, must she die?" "Madam, her case is a hopeless one, I can do nothing more; she might have recovered from her first attack, had she not ventured out through the chill night air, to attend Mrs. D——s soiree, when too ill to be out of bed," said the Doctor reprovingly. "Ah! my God! exclaimed the father, "my daughter is another victim upon the CRIMSONED ALTAR OF FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENTS.

To be concluded.

PRACTICAL HINTS.

NEGLIGENCE.—There is a carelessness about some young persons that is manifest in almost every thing they do. Regardless of the future, or the opinions of others, they rush forward in some new project, and before they see their error, it is impossible to retrace their steps. If they attempt to study, it is done superficially. If they work, it is often performed unfaithfully. When anything new is presented to their minds, they enter into it with all their hearts, to the neglect of what may be of greater importance, and by frequently changing their plans and pursuits, fail of success. Minds capable of high efforts—of splendid achievements, of extensive usefulness have been paralyzed by its influence.

DISCONTENT.—A man of discontented mind and ungovernable passions, can scarcely find a situation where he will be happy. Give him wealth, honor, luxury, ease, and all the comfort which Earth can afford, still his own irritable spirit, superinduced by his own lack of moral and mental culture, will poison all.

TRUTH.—The heaviest fetter that ever weighed down the limbs of a captive, is as the web of the gossamer, compared with the pledge of a man of honor. The wall of stone, and the bar of iron may be broken, but his plighted word NEVER.

KINDNESS.—Help others and you relieve yourself. Go out and drive away the cloud from that friend's brow, and you will return with a lighter heart. A word may blight the brightest hope; a word may revive the dying. A frown may crush a gentle heart. The smile of love, or forgiveness may relieve from torture.

GRATITUDE.—Be careful to teach your children gratitude. Lead them to acknowledge every favor that they receive; to speak often of their benefactors, and to ask blessings for them. Accustom them to treat with marked attention their instructors, and those who have aided them in the attainment of knowledge or piety. Gratitude is one of our first duties to God, and should not be forgotten when due to man.

TEMPER.—No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a good temper. HOME can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstrations; patience and forbearance are the sentinels within. Study to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold—it captivates more than beauty, and to the close of life retains its freshness and power.

POLITENESS.—Good breeding is both sanctioned, and suggested by enlightened reason. Its principles are founded in a love of virtue and a just appreciation of the rights of others. It is by discipline and effort that we attain to that elevation of character which enables, and inclines us to practice self-denial and consult the honor and happiness of others. Let no one think it of little consequence whether he has the manners of a clown or a gentleman. Politeness is a passport to the respect and friendship of the refined and intelligent, and wins favor even from the vulgar. It is benevolence and kindness carried into the details of life, and throws a charm around its most common scenes. Let it be cultivated, and its beauties will daily unfold; with time and patience the leaf of the mulberry tree becomes satin.

Original.

LINES

WRITTEN WHILE CROSSING THE GREEN MOUNTAINS.

BY CLAUDIUS E. WEBSTER, M. D.

Good bye Old Granite State, good bye,
For twenty years have you and I
Cast in our lot together,
But many a mile must part awhile,
Ere you and I exchange a smile,
And ah ! perhaps, forever !

Your hills look blue in the distant view,
And rivers roll 'twixt me and you,
 Their courses on to Ocean—
Deepning their pathway, shock by shock,
Traced by God's finger in the rock—
 In ever restless motion.

There was a spot I once called home,
In thee——in sight of ocean's foam,
In hearing of its thunder ;
But now, among thy vales and hills,
Thy roaring streams or rippling rills,
There's home for me no longer.

'Tis true thou art my mother dear,
And all the world looked gay and clear,
 When I with thee began it.
But ah ! so cold and hard your heart,
That you and I are forced to part.
 'Tis made of ice and granite !

Yet though thy hills are rough and bleak,
And few there are thy praise to speak,
Or only faults discover,
Yet here and there's a lovely spot,
Never in life to be forgot,
Where memory loves to hover.

There's here and there a noble heart,
 True as the the steel, unmixed with art,
 Whose love is worth possessing—
 Which from the right will ne'er be turned,
 For all that baseness ever earned,
 By fawning or caressing.

A MOTHER'S LOVE.

See Steel Engraving.

A MOTHER'S LOVE! Ah, what can be
 Of Earth's affections half so holy,
 From sin and selfishness so free,
 So little tinged with human folly?

Look on that face, so calm, so mild!
 What love beams forth in every feature!
 Ah, thou shouldst treasure, lovely child,
 The lessons of thy gentle teacher

From her thou mayest learn to shun
 The paths that lead to sin and sorrow;
 And through the course thou hast to run,
 Her bright example may'st thou borrow.

May peace upon ye both attend,
 Fair gentle child and lovely mother;
 When in this world your course shall end,
 May ye be blessed in another!

SCRAP.

ABOUT eighty years ago, a motion was made in Parliament for raising and embodying the Militia, and, for the purpose of saving time, to exercise them on Sundays. When the motion was likely to pass, an old gentleman stood up and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have one objection to this,—I believe in an old book called the Bible." The members looked at one another, and the motion was dropped.



STRAWBERRIES AND CURRANTS.



Original.

GEM OF HISTORY.

ROMAN VIRTUE.

GENEROSITY does not consist in doing justice where it is due, nor in obeying every impulse of humanity in a lavish or wasteful distribution of favors. The character of an action is to be determined by the motive or disposition which prompts it. Thus, generosity is the fruit of a liberal and magnanimous disposition, and exhibits itself in noble disinterested acts of kindness.

The conduct of the war against the Falisci, having been committed to Camillus, the Roman dictator, he besieged Falerii, their capital city, and drew around it the lines of circumvallation; these, however, were so distant from the walls that the besieged had ample room for exercise, to take the air without danger. The Falisci had a custom of entrusting the education of all their children to one man, whose business it was to direct their studies and recreations, to instruct them in all the branches of polite literature, to take them out, walking with him, and accustoming them to those bodily exercises which were proper for their age, and necessary to promote their health. The children of the Falisci had been in the habit of walking with their master without the walls of the city, before the siege; and now that the enemy was at such a distance and kept so quiet, their fears did not induce them to discontinue these delightful exercises.

It was not long, however, ere a most distressing calamity befel this interesting band of trusting youths. The man who, at that time, had the charge of their education proved a traitor, and violated his solemn trust. At first he led the youth along the walls; then he ventured a little farther. At length, when a favorable opportunity presented, he led them through the guards of the Roman camp, quite to the

general's tent. As the interesting group contained the children of the first families of the place, the treacherous leader, when he came into Camillus' presence, addressed him thus ; " With these children, I deliver the besieged city into your hands ; they were committed to my care and tuition, but I prefer the friendship of Rome to my employment at Falerii."

Our young readers and especially parents, may form some idea of the sudden gloom which overspread the inhabitants of Falerii, when the sad and affecting tale was told that their children had thus been betrayed into the hands of the Romans, to be held as prisoners and hostages until they were willing to submit to whatever terms might be imposed upon them. Americans are wont to rank Benedict Arnold as the first on the list of traitors, but here is one who takes precedence of him in baseness ; the perjured instructor, who sought to purchase the favor of an enemy at the sacrifice of the hope and flower of a people. But our readers are anxious to know what success the infamous plot met with, and how the Roman general was affected by the surrender of so precious and unexpected a hostage. Camillus was struck with horror at so base an act, and looking at the man with a menacing air, thus addressed him ; " Traitor, you do not address yourself with your impious present, either to a general or a people that resemble you ; we have, indeed, no express and formal alliance with the Falisci, but that which nature has established between all men, both does and shall subsist between us. War has its rights as well as peace, and we have learned to make it with no less justice than valor. We are not in arms against an age which is spared, even in cities taken by assault, but against men armed like yourselves ; men who, without any previous injury from us, attacked the Roman camp at Veii. Thou, to the utmost of thy power, hast succeeded them by a new and different kind of crime ; but for me, I shall conquer as at Veii, by Roman arts, by valor and perseverance."

How must the traitor have stood aghast at hearing this

noble speech ! How wide the contrast between the sentiments of this noble Roman and the principles of this unblushing traitor ! But Camillus did not stop here ; he did not dismiss him with this reprimand only ; he caused him to be stripped and to have his hands tied behind him. Then, arming the young scholars with rods, he ordered them to drive him back into the city, and to scourge him all the way ; which they did, doubtless, with good will. Never did a teacher so richly merit such chastisement at the hand of his scholars as in this case ! never was punishment more appropriate or just ! The Falisci, who had been inconsolable for the loss of their children, beholding them enter the city thus, raised a shout of joy ; and it would not be strange, if peals of laughter mingled with those joyful shouts. Charmed beyond measure with so uncommon an example of justice and exalted virtue, the Falisci resolved at once to be at peace with such generous enemies, and accordingly sent deputies to the camp, and afterwards to Rome, where in the audience of the people they thus spake ; “ Illustrious Fathers, conquered by you and your general in a manner that can give no offence to the gods and men, we are come to surrender ourselves to you, assuring ourselves that we shall live happier under your government than under our own laws. The event of this war has furnished mankind with two excellent examples. First, you fathers, have preferred justice to immediate conquest ; and we, influenced by that justice which we admire, voluntarily award you the victory.

Few of our readers will forget the story of the school-master of Falerii ; but the illustrious example of disinterested kindness and generosity left us by the noble Camillus, should be viewed as a light shining from remote ages, to direct us in the path of virtue and true glory. Scarcely does the history of modern warfare furnish such an instance of magnanimity. O how rare are such examples ! What an influence it would give a man amongst us, if it were known he possessed such a spirit as this virtuous Roman ! When men have got their enemies in their power, they

generally use that power with rigor. Alas, how eagerly will they seize an opportunity to satiate their revenge, or subserve their selfish or ambitious purposes. During the thirty years we have narrowly observed the ways of men, we have seen little that resembles the lofty and disinterested virtue of the Roman leader.

CANARY BIRDS.

CANARIES are not naturally so delicate as they are thought to be, but become so for want of proper care. They excel most other birds in their good qualities, the sweetness of their song, which continues most of the year, except the time of moulting, when they are generally silent, though some in spite of this annual illness do not even then lose their song. Their plumage is delicate and sometimes beautiful, which is displayed in different colors most commonly in a bright yellow or straw color. They are very docile and will learn a variety of pleasing little tricks, such as coming at the call and pronouncing words distinctly. They will also learn airs and keep time like a musician. As to the time of pairing, it generally commences about the middle or latter end of March, or perhaps a better criterion would be when the frosts disappear, and the Sun sheds an enlivening warmth. Put the pair you intend to match into a small cage, and although they may at first be quarrelsome, they will soon become reconciled which will be known by their feeding each other, billing, etc. Feed them at the time with the following. Boil an egg very hard, chop and grate it fine, add bread crumbled equally fine, a little maw seed, mix this well, and give them a tablespoonful twice a day. In ten days they will be paired. Place the cage in a room that enjoys the morning sun, and not where it shines hot in the afternoon, as the excessive heat will produce sickness, breed mites, etc. Place in the cage a little hay and cows hair, the latter after serving once, may be washed and dried for

future use in building nests. The nest boxes are composed of wicker, or wire bottoms, so that the dust falls through, and there should be but one in a cage at a time or until the hen has hatched, then put in another and make the nest for them as it saves them much fatigue, if it does not please them they will soon adapt it to their fancy. The following food must be given when they have young : Boil an egg and grate it—take as much bread as the size of an egg and grate and mix well together, and feed them a spoonful three times a day. For a change soak a piece of stale sweet-bread in water—squeeze it out and add a little sweet milk and feed them—also give them a little cabbage in its season. This and chickweed, and salad, may be given in their season three times a day. But if they are given early in the year before the bitterness has passed away they are hurtful. The hen sits thirteen but more generally fourteen days. Clean the perches, fill one fountain with water and the other with seed, so that they shall not be disturbed for two or three days after they hatch. When your young ones can feed themselves, you may cage them off, and give them egg and bread as before stated, with a little maw seed, with some ground or bruised rape, till they are seven weeks old ; when they will be able to crack hard seed which should be given them before that time. If you wish to make one very tame you can bring it up by hand, taking it from the old ones as soon as they are fledged, or feathered, which will be in eleven or twelve days. When taken from the hen, it should be placed in a warm box, and placed in rather a dark situation to make it forget the old ones.

Sometimes you will be obliged to remove them. If the hen should be ill, they should be taken from her, for she cannot feed them ; and when she leaves them to the care of the male bird or if she plucks the feathers from her young they should be removed, as in that case she will kill them in two or three days.

The following paste may be given, which will keep good fifteen days. Bruise in a mortar or on a table with a rolling

pin a quart of rape seed in such a manner, that you can blow the chaff away, and a piece of bread, reducing them to powder. Put it in a dry box and keep it from the sun. Give a teaspoonful of this, and a little hard egg grated with a few drops of water. This will become unfit for them after twenty days, as then it will be sour. It may be given without harm to the old birds if necessary, but it must be given dry. Or if preferred you may give for the first three days, grated egg and sponge biscuit made fine and mixed with a little water to make it like paste. Then add a small quantity of scalded rape seed, as then they are strong enough to digest it. They may also have a small quantity of chickweed seed, and a sweet almond peeled and chopped fine. The chickweed may be given twice a day in very hot weather.

Birds brought up by hand require to be fed once in two hours. To feed them, sharpen a little stick of wood and give them at each feeding four or five mouthfuls, or until they refuse to open their mouths voluntarily. At a month old you may cease feeding them with a stick, as they will then begin to feed alone. You must put them in a cage without perches first and have a little bird seed in a box or glass, and in about seven weeks take the soft food by degrees away, and leave only the hard seed. It will be well occasionally to give a little bruised hempseed especially in winter. If they are ill when young, treat them as follows. Bruise some hempseed and soak it a little in water, then squeeze it through a cloth which forms what is called the milk of hempseed. This will strengthen and nourish young birds very much, but you must take the water glass away when you give this medicine.

SCRAP.

THE only disturber of men, of families, cities, kingdoms, worlds, is sin; there is no such troubler, no such traitor to any state, as the wilfully wicked man; no such enemy to the public as the enemy of God.

Original.

THREE SCENES.

I SAW them before the altar. Early love had brought its offering to be presented in the fulness of faith and the fervency of feeling. The vows were soon uttered, the tokens exchanged, the prayer breathed, and the solemn union announced. It was a wedding-scene of deep interest. First of all, thoughts clustered around the altar, and I realized the fitness of the place for such an event. If the altar be the memorial of divine love to us, what better spot for the pledge of our affections to the chosen of the heart! If we owe to Christianity the sacredness of marriage-ties, how proper, that amid its selectest emblems, we should unite the hands, that are henceforth to thrill with one pulse!

I saw that lovely woman trembling on the brink of the grave. She was far away in the South, hoping to recover strength amid its pleasant Winter-scenes. Her husband was soon called to attend her. I marked her failing vigor, and as I traced the progress of disease, wept that sin and death should be united. If it were death alone, if the eye closed and the brow grew cold as natural occurrences, it would not be so terrible. But sin darkens and deepens the shadow. The beautiful light expires in the gloom of the corse, and the farewell words die in the groans of dissolution. I prayed with the sinking sufferer. There were low whisperings of hope and love, that had gone upward and anticipated the promised heritage. There were simple tokens of heart-resignation. The heavenly priestess prepared the last sacrifice, and as the sacred act proceeded and the incense rose upward, the dying one raised her feeble hand and dropped a parting-gift to her stricken husband. "OPEN IT WHEN YOU LAY ME IN THE EARTH," were her only words. It was the last day of Winter; with it, her wintry-time ended. It was the day before the Sabbath; that Sabbath opened the history of her immortality.

I saw her borne to the grave. The last ritual performed. She was committed to its guardianship. The stillness of the Sabbath descended on the scene, and the sanctity of its blessing seemed to hallow it. We left the spot. The mourner and myself returned home; and there beside the couch, where she died, the death-gift was examined. It was the marriage-ring with these words in her hand-writing;

“WE HAVE BEEN ONE UPON EARTH; LET US BE ONE IN HEAVEN!”

And then came the earnest response of the spirit—the choral language of all prayer and praise—“AMEN!” I had often heard that word. I had heard it from the lips of penitence; I had heard it as the strain of triumph; but now it came to my heart, with a higher import, for it sealed a covenant for Eternity.

The bereaved husband entered again upon the duties of life, but there was a strange feebleness in his purposes, and the desolateness of his bosom seemed to be spread over every thing. Temptation finally succeeded in leading him from the close embrace of the Cross. Another power acquired the control. The better fellowship was forgotten and meaner companionships encouraged. Still there were moments of thoughtfulness. Driven from every other refuge—the shrined fulness of the heart denied it—the throned supremacy of conscience destroyed—the sentiments of better days retired to memory, always lasts to yield to the tempter, always cherishing, until utterly overthrown, some germ of the higher life.

The solitary man was called away from home. A long journey was before him. Days had passed and nights had succeeded; the brightness of the one bringing no joy, the gloom of the other blending with sympathetic sorrow.

The travel had nearly ended. Evening shades, resigning man to himself and bringing nature nearer to God, closed around him, and the weary traveller began to weep. How often are tears prophetic! How frequently the heart is led into some converse, of which the intellect takes no observa-

tion, and ere it is aware, startles it into active thought, by the quickened blood and moistened eye ! Another moment, and a low voice was heard singing the beautiful lines—

Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever ;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain,
Round us forever ;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes,
Our songs of praise shall close
Never, no, never !

And as they echoed among the forest trees, his own spirit seemed to struggle to take up the tones and prolong them. Then came the outgushing emotions. Then followed the scene after the burial of the glorified wife, in greater vividness. Feeling had responded to it partially before, but now the touching history, look, form and shape amid the night-shadows, and the love-motto glowed before him,—“WE HAVE BEEN ONE UPON EARTH ; LET US BE ONE IN HEAVEN !”

The estranged heart mourned over its forgetfulness and repented. The next “AMEN” was not only answered on Earth, but we hope, realized by the mourner in Heaven.

A. A. L.

WILL OF GOD.

It is the strongest and most binding reason that can be used to a Christian mind, which hath resigned itself to be governed by that rule, to have “the will of God” for its law. Whatsoever is required of it upon that warrant, it cannot refuse. Although it cross a man’s own humor, or his private interest, yet if his heart be subjected to the will of God, he will not stand with him in anything. One word from God, “I will have it so,” silences all, and carries it against all opposition.

THE GRAVES OF THOSE WE LOVE.

BY W. IRVING.

THE grave is the ordeal of true affection. It is there that the divine passion of the soul manifests its superiority to the instinctive impulse of mere animal attachment. The latter must be continually refreshed and kept alive by the presence of its object; but the love that is seated in the soul can live on long remembrance. The mere inclinations of sense languish and decline with the charms which excited them, and turn with shuddering and disgust from the dismal precincts of the tomb; but it is thence that truly spiritual affection rises purified from every sensual desire, and returns, like a holy flame, to illumine and sanctify the heart of the survivor.

The sorrow for the dead is the only sorrow from which we refuse to be divorced. Every other wound we seek to heal—every other affliction to forget; but this wound we consider it a duty to keep open—this affliction we cherish and brood over in solitude. Where is the mother who would willingly forget the infant that perished like a blossom from her arms, though every recollection is a pang? Where is the child that would willingly forget the most tender of parents, though to remember be but to lament? Who, even in the hour of agony, would forget the friend over whom he mourns? Who, even when the tomb is closing upon the remains of her he most loved, when he feels his heart, as it were, crushed, in the closing of its portal; would accept of consolation that must be bought by forgetfulness?—No, the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul. If it has woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is calmed into the gentle tear of recollection—when the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony over the present ruins of all that we most loved, is softened away into pensive meditation on all that it was in the days of its loveliness—who would root out

such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hour of gloom; yet who would exchange it even for the song of pleasure, or the burst of revelry? No, there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song. There is a remembrance of the dead, to which we turn even from the charms of the living. Oh, the grave!—the grave!—It buries every error—covers every defect—extinguishes every resentment! From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections. Who can look down upon the grave even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb, that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?

But the grave of those we loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up in long review the whole history of virtue and gentleness, and the thousand endearments lavished upon us almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy;—there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness, the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene. The bed of death! with all its stifled griefs! its noiseless attendance! its mute, watchful assiduities! The last testimonies of expiring love! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling, oh! how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning upon us even from the threshold of existence! The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection!

Ay, go to the grave of buried love and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited, every past endearment unregarded, of that departed being, who can never—never—never return to be soothed by thy contrition!

If thou art a child, and hast ever added a sorrow to the soul, or a furrow to the silvered brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and hast ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy truth—if thou art

a friend, and hast ever wronged, in thought, or word, or deed, the spirit that generously confided in thee—if, thou art a lover, and hast ever given one unmerited pang to that true heart which now lies cold and still beneath thy feet, then be sure that every unkind look, every ungracious word, every ungentle action, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheard groan, and pour the unavailing tear—more deep, more bitter, because unheard and unavailing.

Then weave thy chaplet of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave ; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile tributes of regret ;—but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duties to the living.

SUMMER IS GONE.

BY H. A. B.

Summer is gone, the fair young flowers
Have faded in their bloom,
And the music of the fairy bowers
Is hush'd 'mid Autumn's gloom.

And yet the trees all gloriously,
Have put her mantle on---
Of gold and scarlet gorgeously,
Like banners proudly borne.

Oh ! Autumn---thou'rt beautiful,
For the Frost-King in his might---
Hath robed the Earth all fanciful
With hues of rosy light.

Our Summer life, hath Autumn too,
And 'mid its waning bloom,
We wait that Spring, whose fadeless hues
E'er glows beyond the tomb.

HINTS;

TO YOUNG HOUSEWIVES AND DAUGHTERS.

EXCELLENCE is providentially placed beyond the reach of indolence, that success may be the reward of industry, and that idleness may be punished with obscurity and disgrace.

TRAINING THE MIND. A sound moral discipline, and a well regulated mind, can under God, carry a man through life so that he will not be the sport and victim of every change that flits across the scene. And it cannot be too anxiously borne in mind, that this great attainment is in a remarkable degree under the influence of habit.

Every day that passes, and every step that we take, without making it the object of earnest attention, renders the acquirement more difficult and uncertain, until a period at length arrives when no power exists in the mind capable of correcting the disorder which habit has fixed. The frivolous mind may then continue frivolous to the last, amusing itself with trifles, or creating for itself fictions of the fancy, no better than dreams. The distorted mind may continue to the last eagerly pursuing its speculations, departing further from the truth; and the vitiated mind may continue to the last, the slave of its impure and degrading passions. Such is the power, and such the result of mental habits. We cannot determine how many acts of frivolity may constitute the permanently frivolous mind; how many trains of impure thought, may constitute the corrupted mind; or what degrees of inattention to the diligent culture of the powers within may be fatal to our best interests. In early life, aim at the mastery of the mind; give earnest attention to the trains of thought encouraged, as habits may be thus unconsciously formed, the influence of which may be permanent and irremediable, and peril the happiness of life and the immortal interests of the soul.

RESOLUTION. There is nothing in man so potential for

weal or woe, as firmness of purpose. Resolution is almost omnipotent. Sheridan was at first timid, and was obliged to sit down in the midst of a speech. Confounded, and mortified at the cause of his failure, he said one day to a friend, "It is in me, and it shall come out." From that moment, he rose, and shone, and triumphed in consummate eloquence. Here was true moral courage. It was well observed by a heathen moralist, that it is not because things are difficult that we dare not undertake them. Be then bold in spirit. Indulge no doubts, for doubts are traitors. In the practical pursuit of our high aim, let us not lose sight of it in the slightest instance; for it is more by a disregard of SMALL THINGS, than by open and flagrant offences that men come short of excellence. There is always a right and a wrong, and if you ever doubt, be sure you take not the wrong. Observe this rule, and every experience will be to you a means of advancement.

PUNCTUALITY. Method is the very hinge of business; and there is no method without punctuality. A want of this virtue, would throw the whole world into a state of confusion and disorder. Punctuality is important, because it is not only the golden chain of the universe, but because it promotes the peace, order, good temper, and happiness of a family. The want of it, not only infringes on necessary duty, but sometimes excludes it. The calmness of mind which it produces is another advantage of punctuality. A disorderly person is always in a hurry, and has no time. Punctuality gives weight to character, and like other virtues, it propagates itself. Servants and children will be punctual where their leader is so.

PATIENCE. As the bee extracts sweets from the bitterest plants, so the patient and resigned spirit derives instruction and even happiness from the severest misfortunes and the sorest trials.

FOR CURING BEEF. Six pounds of Turk Island salt, four pounds sugar, four ounces salt petre. Pack as close as possible,—per 100 pounds Beef.

THE FATAL SECRET.

How many such secrets are locked up in the minds of those who move about from day to day, and mingle with the crowd in the busy haunts of men :

Many years since, in a large and flourishing village that stood on the banks of one of the beautiful Western lakes, resided a merchant of high standing, and great influence. He had been one of the early settlers in that Western world, and was supposed to possess immense wealth. His property had been acquired by persevering toil, and unwearied industry. And still, though to all appearance he was rolling in affluence, he rose early, and sat up late, and toiled incessantly to amass earthly treasure. As I have already remarked, this man was reputed to be immensely wealthy. As his pecuniary means increased, he extended his business. This circumstance, although it was ultimately the cause of his ruin, at the time increased public confidence: for it was supposed that one so prudent and calculating as he would run no risk, nor engage in any Quixotic enterprise.

So high did he stand in the public esteem, as a man of wealth, and incorruptible probity, that the more prudent farmers around him, who had small sums of money to loan—widows who had just a little pittance left them on which to subsist, and many of the laboring class of people, who, by their industry and economy, had laid aside a little for a day of future want, instead of depositing their money in the bank, or investing it in stock, put it into his hands as a place beyond the reach of accident. Vast sums of money had thus been committed to him in trust.

But all this time he was a bankrupt! No one knew it but himself, and he would not permit himself to think of it for a single moment. It was a painful subject, and he kept it constantly in abeyance.

Though causes were at work which must infallibly dis-

close the fatal secret, and wrest from him all his possessions, he would never suffer himself to dwell upon this thought a moment. He kept on, calmly prosecuting his plans, but steadily averting his eye from events, which he knew must inevitably involve him in irrecoverable disaster. Had he looked the danger in the face, and been willing to have surrendered his property at an earlier period, he might have avoided a final shipwreck. But from the commencement, the subject was a painful one, and he instinctively shrunk from examining it. His wish was to put off as far as possible the evil day, hoping that some happy occurrence in the meantime might extricate him from the embarrassment in which he was involved. But this was absolutely hoping against hope. Every movement he made, involved him deeper in difficulty.

The widow and the fatherless still came to him to deposit their little all in his hands. Though conscience stung him, he had not moral courage, or moral honesty enough to tell them, TO KEEP THEIR MONEY, FOR THEY WERE CASTING IT INTO A GREAT MAELSTROM, which would swallow it all up, and they would never see it more.

The evil day at length came ! His house fell, and great was the fall of it ! Himself and hundreds of others were crushed beneath its ruins ; and all this because he was not willing to meet the difficulty in its incipient stages—before it was forever too late.

The unconverted sinner is acting just such a part. HE is a bankrupt. He owes an immense debt to Jehovah, and has nothing to pay. God is calling him to a settlement, but he turns away and utterly refuses to look at the state of his affairs. Though he knows things are now very bad, and are growing worse and worse every hour, yet he turns away his thoughts from the subject, and fixes them upon something else. Like that conscious bankrupt, he puts off the evil day ! But the evil day will come, and then he will find himself ruined forever.





Painted by R. L. Harris

Engraved by J. W. Smith

THE WIDOW.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF ENGLAND AND THE ENGLISH.

BY THE EDITOR.

Years of severe and uninterrupted toil and the consequent waste of nervous energy and loss of health induced the writer to try the benefit of a tour to England. We took passage in the noble Packet, the Queen of the West, and had a pleasant voyage. The great ocean, bounded alone by the arching heavens is a sublime object; and when no storms arise to endanger the safety of the frail barque, the contemplative mind cannot fail to see much, even in its monotonous scenery to enhance his pleasure and exalt his conceptions of the Deity. After traversing the silent waste, meeting only now and then a solitary sail, whose heart does not leap for joy on coming in sight of land and beholding, once more, in the dim and distant horizon, the marks of civilization and the homes of a happy people? After a passage of twenty days, wafted by gentle breezes and fair winds, the Queen of the West was safely lodged in her birth at Liverpool.

We will not venture to describe our feelings at first setting foot on the shores of England. It is sufficient to say the impression made on our minds was such as we shall love to recall in all their original brightness in future years. Although many things conspired to remind us that we were among strangers, yet not once were we depressed with that homeless feeling of which some have so sadly complained while sojourning in other quarters of the Globe. If, in any part of the old world, an American can find much to make him forget that he is from home and among strangers, it is in

England, the land of his ancestors, whence he has derived his language, and those noble institutions which have made his country the seat of intelligence and piety.

Liverpool is the second great commercial city of England, and may at some distant period, rival the metropolis itself in commercial importance. There is little particularly striking in its external features, to distinguish it from New York and other American cities, except its magnificent Docks and Basins, compared with which the Docks of London, are an inconsiderable affair. These stupendous works of Art are constructed of solid masonry, and occupy 120 acres. At low water, the walls constituting the quays are grand objects of artificial structure. The solidity, beauty and perfection of the masonry present a striking contrast to the wooden, perishable docks and wharves of our American Ports.

From Liverpool we proceeded to London. The distance is 212 miles and is ordinarily passed over, by the express trains in four or five hours. In passing through almost any part of England, an American cannot fail to be impressed with the idea that he is in the old world. There is much that is antique and staid looking; every where is seen the foot prints of past generations,—the works of a great and mighty people who have carried the various useful arts to high perfection. Every thing wears the appearance of venerable, yet vigorous old age. The decayed old Towns the quaint forms of many of the dwellings—the arched, antique gateways, the Gothic structures, the time honored sanctuaries which our fore-fathers left, to find a home and an altar in “the depths of the deserts gloom”—the ancient Castles, once the abode of powerful Barons, now forsaken and frowning in ruin;—these things remind us that we have entered the time hallowed precincts of the Old World, where the monuments of by gone days stand thick around us; every where the ashes of past generations mingle with the soil on which the stranger treads and bids him tread softly as one who sprung from a portion of that once animated, dust.

At length, the object of our cherished desires is accomplished—we are in London, the great city!—the world in miniature—the pride of Earth! look which way we will, the scene surpasses, immeasurably, in magnificence and beauty, every idea we had formed of the most renowned cities of ancient or modern times. We tarried here but a few weeks—in that time, the vast assemblage of grand and interesting objects, the numerous monuments of past-ages and the memorials of individual greatness which crowded the mighty canvass presented a picture of sublimity and beauty which surpassed every thing my imagination had yet conceived. The pleasure we enjoyed in contemplating such a scene makes us desirous that the younger portion of our readers should, in some way, participate in it. A few hasty sketches is all that we can give at the present time.

‘London may be considered, not merely as the CAPITAL OF ENGLAND or the British Empire, but as the METROPOLIS OF THE WORLD; not merely as the abode of intelligence and industry, the grand centre of trade and commerce, and the resort of the learned of every nation, but as being without a rival in every means of aggrandizement and enjoyment, in every thing that can render life sweet and man happy. We can give our readers no adequate idea of the extent or magnificence of London. We despair even of being able to transcribe our own impressions. Within a circumference, the radius of which does not exceed six miles, there are never probably less than two millions of human beings; and if the great bell of St. Paul were swung to the full pitch of its tocsin sound, more ears would hear it than could, the loudest roar of Etna or Vesuvius. If you were to take your station in the ball or upper gallery of that great edificè, the wide horizon, surrounded as it is with men and their dwellings, would form a panorama of industry and life more astonishing than could be seen from any other point in the universe. Is it any wonder that one coming from a country yet in its infancy, should be amazed at the extent of London, its magnificent Palaces and Parks and

warehouses and the endless details of convenience and comfort, and its aggregate of untold wealth?—How natural it is to conclude the City is the work of ages; yes, millions of minds and hands have been here at work 2000 years. What may not New York, or Cincinnati become in that space of time?

But we must dismiss London for the present and conclude this article, by alluding to a topic in which every Englishman takes a peculiar pride. We were struck, as it is impossible not to be, with the immense POPULARITY OF THE QUEEN. But one feeling seems to pervade the great mass of the British Nation and that is a feeling of enthusiastic, idolatrous attachment and devotion to VICTORIA.

The Dedication of Lincoln Inns, a magnificent edifice endowed for the great Barristers of London presented a fine opportunity for the manifestation of the popular feeling. It was known that the Queen and members of the Royal family were to be present. All London seemed in motion. Long before the time the Dedication was to commence, the tide of living beings began to flow from all directions; the gathering and still increasing multitudes seemed like the unnumbered, waves of the ocean when agitated by a storm. But few, however of the vast crowds, came to witness the Dedication. The desire of seeing the Queen, drew them together. Though they had probably, most of them seen her at different times, their curiosity seemed as great as though they had seen her not. We tried to get a glimpse of her majesty, BUT IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE, yet, the occasion was not lost to us, since, in the midst of this mighty confluence of Britons, we could, in a sense see and feel the strong pulsations of a nation's heart. Long may Victoria live to bless the people in whose hearts, as well as over whom externally, she Reigns a Sovereign.

To be Continued.

"THE MAN OF SORROWS."

BY MISS AIRD.

"Who is He that purple wearing,
 All the taunts of malice bearing—
 Silent 'neath the mocker's scorn;
 As a lamb to slaughter leading,
 Bound and wounded, faint and bleeding,
 Pale and weary—sorrow-worn;
 Scourged and smitten, uncomplaining,
 Dust and gore his garments staining—
 See! they pierce with thorns his brow;
 Fainting 'neath the cross now bending,
 Tears with Salem's daughters blending:
 "Son of Man! 'tis Thou! 'tis Thou?"

* * * *

Hark! he prays, while agonizing,
 For the murderers who despise him!
 Sinners! whence that anguished cry?
 "Sore reproach my heart is breaking,
 My God! My God! hast thou forsaken
 Thy beloved—why? oh! why?"
 Sin alone could thus accuse him,
 Though it pleased the Lord to bruise him,
 All our sins were on him laid;
 For transgression was he stricken,
 For "the sheep the Shepherd smitten"—
 Thus the full atonement made.

"It is finished!" hear him crying—
 Meekly bows his head, and dying,—
 Thus he justice satisfies;
 With his blood each promise sealing,
 Wondrous love to man revealing,
 God his covenant ratifies,
 Trembling nature quails in thunder,—
 Heaven, ashamed, grows black with wonder:
 See! the sun hath veiled his face!
 Hear the awe-struck heathen crying,

“Is the God of nature dying?”
Hath the Eternal left his place? °

* * * *

Arch apostate! though you slay him,
In the dust of death you lay him,
Thou hast bruised his heel at length!
See his garments! O! how glorious!
Travelling in his might victorious—
Edom! He hath spoiled thy strength.
Father—God! oh! what could move him,
“Sons of Adam” thus to love them,
Thus to give the son to death?
’Tis his will, and thou hast done it,
Take “the kingdom, thou has won it,—
Even so,” the Father saith.

Salem! see thy waning glory,—
Clouds of doom are gathering o’er thee—
Now thy fallen shrine grows dark;
Stars on Zion-hill declining,
Tell the promised Sun is shining!
Hark! they echo—“we depart!”
See, the Temple veil is rending!
See, the rising God ascending!
“King of glory enter in.”
Thou the gates of brass hast riven,
Paved a way from earth to heaven—
Pardon’s won for darkest sin.

To the inner shrine returning,
With unceasing incense burning,
Blood-bought mercy to proclaim;
Lift the sceptre, reign for ever—
Worthy is the Lamb for ever—
Worthy is the Lamb once slain.
Sacrifice, by God appointed,
Rich with gifts for men anointed,
Shadows melt in perfect day;
Prophet, Priest, and Mediator,
Man-Redeemer, God, Creator—
Aaron, cast thy robes away.

* * * *

Original

FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENTS.*

BY MRS. S. C. M'CABE.

A few days afterward—a long and mournful procession were seen moving with “solemn steps and slow,” toward the cemetery of the dead. That evening it was rumored through the spacious Assembly rooms in H—— street, by the votaries of fashionable life—that the once beautiful and fascinating Miss K——, had been bourne to her LAST and LONELY DWELLING.

It is far from pleasant to give such gloomy coloring to a sketch from real life. And it is truth stranger than fiction, that such instances occur of defective and injudicious training so melancholy in their results.

Is it true that nothing can neutralize a Mother's love? that when every elevating principle is darkened and defaced by actual crime, still with the mother—“my child” is but another name for “self.”

With views extending to the judgement, how can we reconcile this depth of affection, with that example which leads the budding faculties of the young and ardent mind to regard the attractive BEAU-MONDE as the SUMMUM BONUM?

To the honor of humanity it can be spoken—that the adornments of the christian character may be found in all the walks of life; those who are good for the sake of goodness—who reflect sunshine upon the adverse clouds that gather over life's prospects, while firm in their allegiance to high and holy principles, and “choose rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.” At the same time we can cross the

vestibule of the church, and find persons who enter the Saloon of fashionable pleasure, with more animation, and a deeper interest, than they enter the praying circle or the sanctuary of God. Is not an attachment to any evangelical branch of the church, a virtual renouncement of the "poms and vanities" of the world? and can any thus pledged, attend the dancing party, visit the theatre—play cards etc.,—regarding these amusements innocent, and such a course of conduct, in no wise reprehensible? Reader are you of this opinion? dwell for a moment upon the history of Hellen K——, and ask yourself what it was that planted her dying pillow thick with thorns? what but an intense devotion to fashionable amusements; being a "lover of pleasure more than a lover of God."

Is it not a plain positive injunction, "abstain from all appearance of evil?" and where is the evil in such amusements? Did you ever return at the morning hour, from the dancing COTERIE with conscience for an approver? Did you ever trim the lamps till the noon of night, in poring over works of fiction, per-chance the last by Bulwer or some of the French school, without realizing in some degree the evil effects of such reading upon the mind and heart? impairing the moral sense, and weakening the noblest springs of action. In addition to this—on those who stand upon the high ground of Christian profession, the eye of the world is fixed either for good or evil; while their influence upon those with whom they stand connected and associated, is as it were, an indellible signet for WEAL or WO. Hence, if those who have long been members of the church, can participate in these amusements, feeling no condemnation, those who have more recently commenced a religious course will be induced from their example, to lay their offerings upon the same altar, to meet and mingle with the world in pursuit of pleasures, which to their cost, they find but receding phantoms, while the enemies of religion are left to exult and triumph! Is this in keeping with the requisitions of the Gospel? is it letting

our "light shine?" "coming out from the world? taking up the cross? bearing the reproach of Christ?" Our consciences will give the response; if not before—when our heads shall press a dying pillow, and these hearts are throbbing with the last pulsations of life.

It may be, some of my readers have never considered this subject in relation to its connected influences, and are really of the opinion that playing cards by one's own fire-side is a harmless diversion.

You already know my dear reader how much depends upon parental example, and the profound meaning there is expressed in that one word MOTHER.

'Tis possible, at some future period a son may enter the busy world to brave for himself its stormy deeps; a mother's prayers may follow him. He looks out upon life with high expectations of a blissful future. At every turning point in his course he meets with new attractions—until he is ready to exclaim 'this world of ours, is a bright and joyous world, a garden of enchantment.' He courts the society of the gay: enters the circles of fashion and beauty. CARDS are introduced—his first impression is, to resist the temptation: but no! he remembers that his mother, his own dear mother, a professor of religion, does not consider it dangerous or tending to evil—to play only for amusement! The spell is broken, he becomes one of the number, charmed, and CHAINED as it were, he plays night after night, for mere pastime, then for a small amount, then for a larger sum. The wine-cup sparkles on the board; he approaches—he drinks! and thus he is led on step by step in a descending scale until he feels no disposition to retract; whereas with a different and more decided example of moral right from that mother, that son might have become an honorable and useful member of community—perhaps a flaming herald of the cross, instrumental in the conversion of hundreds, the joy and support of hearts now sad and desolate. This is no picture of fancy, such things have been, such things may be—and with this view of the subject, not to refer to other very important

considerations, can it be conscientiously affirmed that there is nothing wrong in playing cards for amusement. We might cite from the pious and the learned of this our day and generations past—but we only make one or two quotations, from a letter of advice, by the great and good Leigh Richmond, to his daughters.

Under the head of amusements, he mentions “plays, balls; cards, private dances etc.” He then observes serious consistent christians must be against these things, because the dangerous spirit of the world and the flesh is in them all. They are the “pumps and vanities of this wicked world,” so solemnly renounced at baptism. To be conformed to these seductive and more than frivolous scenes, is to be conformed to this world, or to be opposed to the character and precepts of Christ. They that see no harm in these things are spiritually blind, and they who will not hear admonition against them are spiritually deaf. Shun then my daughters the pleasures of sin, and seek those which are at God’s right hand forever more. You cannot love both.

Reader, you and I are one of different, and it may be distant family circles. It must needs be, the cords are strong that bind us to some HOUSE-HOLD BAND. Are we “lovers of pleasure?” let us seek henceforth to be “lovers of God.” That in those seasons of trial, to which all are subject, the severance of life’s dearest ties, the consignment of our comforts to the dust, we may know by blessed experience, how firmly sustained is the spirit that leans upon HIM: that when these EYES shall fix their LAST DIM GAZE upon all below—and we ourselves pass to a disembodied state, we may carry with us the animating assurance, that through the mediation of our gracious SAVIOR—the boon of immortality to us will be—the EVERLASTING GIFT OF UNSULLIED FRUITION.

CANARY BIRDS—SICKNESS.

Outward signs are absolutely necessary to judge of their diseases, and when ill they exhibit strong symptoms. The first spoken of, is the swelling of the stomach, which attacks them at a month or six weeks old, in consequence of over feeding on soft food such as salad and chickweed. The extremity of the body becomes swollen, of a dark red colour, and very hard, full of small red veins. For this, put in a small piece of alum in the water and renew it every day, for three or four days at least. This will frequently be found to answer. Another remedy is to put a rusty nail into the water, which should be changed twice a week leaving the nail in it. Boiled bread and milk with canary seed boiled in it, is sometimes effectual. Put it inside the cage for five or six mornings and at twelve o'clock you may give the usual food. Another remedy is, to put the bird in lukewarm milk for six or eight minutes that a portion of it may be absorbed by the pores, then put him in warm spring water, after which wipe him with a soft muslin before the fire until dry. Then put him in his cage and place it before the fire a short distance or in the hot sun in the room. After putting him in his place giving him lettuce seed and letting him rest the next day, repeat this on the third day, and if necessary three or four times with the interval of a day each time—as much for the repose of the bird as for the remedy to operate. This gives relief if faithfully applied.

The moult or renewal of the feathers, is also a dangerous time, it occasions sometimes death. Very few die if the autumn is fine, and temperate. It generally attacks young birds when about six weeks old, and lasts two months. They appear melancholy and often sleep in the day with their head under their wing. The cage will be full of small feathers as young birds do not cast the wing or tail feathers the first year, but the second they moult throughout. At

this time they eat but little and only such as they like best, they require a variety of nourishing food and require to be kept warm. The least cold at this time will prove fatal. If they are bad you may give them a piece of sponge cake or biscuit soaked in white wine; sherry is best, if they eat this it will do them much good, and it is good to sprinkle a little over them and place them before the fire. A little refined liquorice in the water is good. A few grits makes them cast their feathers while moulting. If they should have a small pimple on the extremity of the body and appear rather dull, cut off the top of it with a pair of scissors and put on a little salt and sugar, and if the pimple is not well formed put on sweet oil.

They sometimes have red mites if the cage is not kept clean. It may be discovered by their frequent plucking and feathering themselves. But it may be avoided by cleaning the cage twice a week.

Canaries are subject to other diseases, which may be cured without much trouble. If they are attacked with diarrhea, pull a few feathers out of the tail, and rub on the oil of sweet almonds on the lower part of the body. Give them hard yolk of egg, grated sponge cake, scalded lettuce, and melon seed, for food.

If they throw their seed about the cage without eating, it is an indication that they need purging. Give them rape seed with a lettuce leaf or a little chickweed seed which will soon relieve.

When paired, the hen is sometimes "eggbound," and falls off the perch on her back, and if not helped dies. For this take her out of the cage and rub on the oil of sweet almonds gently on the lower part of the body, which enables them to discharge the egg. A piece of mortar laid in the cage will also relieve. This should be kept in, to prevent this difficulty.

If they break a leg take out the perches and put soft hay at the bottom of the cage, also their food. Their cage should be covered that they may not be disturbed.

LADY JANE GREY.

BY THE EDITOR.

With a Steel Engraving.

THE love of power is the ruling passion of men. The possession of a crown and a kingdom, by means of which this passion is gratified to its fullest extent, is hence considered the highest object of human ambition. Men have sought to possess themselves of this dazzling prize, by intrigue and falsehood, by promises and threats, by flattery, violence and murder. Through years of toil and mortification, through the blood of friends and foes, they have at length reached the dizzy, dangerous height, where, after all their sacrifices and sufferings, they could find no firm footing, no permanent rest. In the words of Seneca, they "compass with great labor what they possess with greater, and hold with anxiety what they acquire with trouble." Who would covet the glory of Napoleon Le Grande at the price he paid for it? Who that is in easy circumstances and feels secure as mortal can in the enjoyment of life, would wish to exchange situations with Louis Phillipe, who can scarcely leave his Palace and appear in public, without the fear of assassination? The fears, the cares and troubles, the envy, hatred and malice to which monarchs are ordinarily exposed, and which render their position so precarious, teach us how little there is to envy and covet in their lot, and how worthless those honors are which are balanced against such trials.

The lot of empire has more frequently fallen to the fool than the wise man. What a pitiful sight it is to see a poor frail creature whom birth or accident has raised to empire, vainly boasting of his strength and resources, as though he originated all the great movements around him; like "the fly which sat upon the axle-tree of the chariot-wheel, and said, 'What a dust do I raise!'"—Some, guided by superior

strength and wisdom, and aided by surrounding circumstances and a propitious providence, have long held the reins of power; instance Elizabeth of England, Maria Theresa of Austria, George III and Lewis XIV. While others have scarce had the crown placed on their heads ere they have been precipitated from the proud height. We are presented with a most affecting example of such inconstancy in human affairs in the case of Lady Jane Grey, whose virtues shone with resplendant lustre in the midst of the greatest trials.

The story of this illustrious person is brief, but touching. The picture of the amiable sufferer has often been drawn, but it has lost none of its attractions. It is no picture of romance which owes its charms to the magic power of fiction, and the soft and delicate pencilings of a refined and chaste imagination, but it is the beautiful embodiment of truth and virtue, the perfect reflection of a mind all pure and glowing with intelligence. History no where presents us with a more faultless character.

Lady Jane Grey was born in the year 1537. Her mother Frances Grey, the Dutchess of Suffolk, was the grand-daughter of Henry 7th. Being of the Blood Royal, the Dutchess of Suffolk had been nominated in the will of Henry VIII, next to his two daughters Mary and Elizabeth, to succeed to the crown. Her eldest daughter, the Lady Jane, whom King Edward highly esteemed for her piety and learning, had been married to Lord Guildford Dudley, one of the sons of the Duke of Northumberland. This union was brought about by the intriguing and ambitious old Duke, to mount the Northumberland Family on the throne of England. And now as Edward's health was rapidly failing and he was supposed to be near his end, the Duke, under the pretence of zeal for the True Religion, and the fear of its subversion in case Mary, A RESOLUTE BIGOTED PAPIST, should succeed to the crown, persuaded that excellent Prince, to settle by letters patent the succession on Lady Jane.

But the Lady Jane had no thirst for Royalty; her ambition was of a nobler and purer kind. Had she been of

the number of those who are captivated only with the objects of sight and sense, Earth could have presented to her young imagination no more dazzling and attractive object than was now offered to her. But in her the sensual had given place to the spiritual, the ideal to the real; and things seen to those that are unseen. The heart which had been won by Heaven, could not be made to coalesce in schemes of earthly aggrandizement. From childhood, the active and vigorous mind of the Lady Jane had been ever on the stretch in the sublime pursuit of knowledge and virtue. She had been educated with King Edward, and it is thought surpassed him in the measure of her attainments. To the knowledge of the Greek and Roman languages, she added that of several modern tongues. The usual employments and amusements of her sex had in them little to interest a mind so assiduously and steadily engaged in mental exercises, and so sublimated by sober thought and pious aspirations. On a visit which Roger Ascham, the tutor of Elizabeth, paid to Lady Jane, he found her reading Plato, while the rest of the family were engaged in the sports of the field. In speaking of the ladies of rank, who were distinguished for their scholarship in that age, Ascham remarks that Mildred, the wife of Lord Burleigh, was the best Greek scholar in England, with the exception of LADY JANE GREY. A mind so completely absorbed in literary pursuits, and so devoted to her noble young husband, could have but little room for the entertainment of ambitious views and projects.

Such was the being whom Northumberland proposed to use as the instrument of setting aside the claims of the rightful heirs to the crown, and securing it in his own family. Lady Jane's youth and inexperience should have exempted her from the exorbitant demands of pride, and prevented her from being placed in the false position of a rival claimant without the shadow of a title. In the desperate game the unprincipled Northumberland was playing for empire, he disregarded alike the claims of Justice and mercy, and was reckless of his own as of the safety of his friends. Edward

died on the 6th of July. On the 9th the Duke of Northumberland with the Duke of Suffolk, announced to the Lady Jane the high honor to which she was heir by the demise of the King. At first she firmly refused the crown. But who can resist the pressing and earnest entreaties of dearly loved and venerated relatives? This could scarcely be expected from one so young and so little conversant with political affairs as Lady Jane. How could she resist the strong united solicitations of her husband, father and father-in-law, especially when assured the succession had been settled by the highest authorities of the kingdom, and all things had been done according to law? At length she yielded to their united importunities, and the following day was proclaimed Queen, having previously withdrawn to the Tower accompanied by the council.

Although the people had an exalted opinion of Lady Jane on account of her great piety and learning, yet regarding her pretensions to the crown as utterly untenable, they generally sided with Mary. Lady Jane prized the crown too little to make any strenuous efforts to retain it, and she cheerfully acquiesced in the Justice of the Nation's decision as soon as made known. An ineffectual effort was made to counteract the force and change the course of popular sentiment. Mary appealed to the justice and magnanimity of the Nation and every where met with a favorable response; particularly a large body of Suffolk men, all Protestants, rallied round her, to whom she solemnly vowed that she would NEVER ALTER THE RELIGION THAT HAD BEEN SET UP IN HER BROTHER'S DAYS AND WAS THEN ESTABLISHED BY LAW, BUT CONTENT HERSELF WITH PRIVATE EXERCISE OF HER RELIGION.

The Duke of Northumberland made a desperate effort to quell the spirit of revolt, but the hatred the people bore to him, and their knowledge of his ambitious designs, left him but small hope of success. He advanced as far as Cambridge with some forces, but there, being informed that the majority of the council and the Mayor of London had proclaimed Mary Queen, he followed their example, flinging



CORNUS CANADENSIS.

TRADESCANTIA VIRGINICA.



Staphylea trifolia

Staphylea trifolia

up his cap and crying with the loudest of the rabble, "GOD SAVE QUEEN MARY!" By this act of cringing hypocrisy the crest fallen Duke probably hoped to lay the fierce storm he had raised. Vain hope! He was immediately apprehended and sent to the Tower, which he found the Lady Jane occupying as a Prison, which but the other day was her Palace. On the 18th of August, the Duke was tried and condemned, and on the 22d executed; he died unpitied and unlamented. On the 13th of November, Lady Jane and her husband were attainted of High Treason. Instead however of being immediately executed, they were remanded to prison, and no further steps taken till after the suppression of the insurrection headed by Sir. Francis Wyatt, in the following February.

The causes of this insurrection were the measures taken by Mary, in direct violation of her OPEN DECLARATIONS AND PROMISES, TO RE-ESTABLISH POPERY IN ENGLAND. These things taken in connection with the proposed union of Mary with Philip of Spain, a bigoted Catholic, every where produced discontent and led to the formation of a powerful conspiracy, which however, was soon suppressed and its leaders brought to the block.

The failure of this insurrection served to strengthen the Queen's authority, and to furnish her with a pretence for her subsequent cruelties, which gave to her the unglorious title of the BLOODY MARY. The flames of persecution were lighted up all over the kingdom. But among all who perished in this horrid carnage, there was none whose fate was so much lamented as that of the beautiful and accomplished Lady Jane Grey. Had Mary possessed a spark of magnanimity, she would have excepted this lovely innocent creature from her bloody edicts. The nation did not require such a sacrifice; neither did Honor, Justice or Religion require it. The axe had fallen on the prime mover of the mischief, and on most of the coactors; blood enough had been shed for the wrong intended her. But alas bigotry had frozen the heart of Mary, and jealousy rendered her implacable. Neither the

blood of Northumberland, nor of Suffolk, nor of many a gallant knight or godly minister could quiet her apprehensions or abate her cruel demands. A purer and more unearthly sacrifice was called for to teach the nation how little was to be expected from her clemency. Among all the fair daughters of England, the loveliest had been selected. Mary despatched a messenger to the Tower to warn the Lady Jane, to prepare for death, an event for which she had been long prepared, and to which she was amply reconciled. Under a show of sympathy and regard for her soul, priests were sent to labor to effect her conversion to Popery. But she was too well established in the truth to be moved by their arts or arguments.

Her husband, Lord Guilford Dudley, was first led forth to execution. She had previously declined an invitation to a parting interview with him, lest it should shake their fortitude in the trying hour. From her window she saw him led forth to Tower Hill and testified her great affection for him by a FLOOD OF TEARS; she saw also his headless trunk carried back to the chapel. Considering that she was immediately to follow in the same bloody path, she recollected herself and instantly recovered her composure. Soon after she was led forth to the same bloody death on the green in front of the chapel. She advanced with a book in her hand and a countenance beaming with a serenity which nought but the Christians' could impart. She ascended the scaffold and made a speech, in which she cast no reflections upon the Queen, but took all the blame to herself. In conclusion she requested the people's prayers, and repeated the li. Psalm. Her eyes being bound, and bidding the executioner to despatch her quickly, she exclaimed, "Lord, into thy hands I commend my spirit," and received the fatal blade. Her demeanor was throughout touchingly resigned and beautiful, and in harmony with the gentle tenor of her whole life. Thus fell the Lady Jane, not having completed her 17th year. Where was the generous and chivalric spirit of England, when such worth and beauty was immolated on

the altar of Bigotry? The death of the lovely creature had such an influence upon the Judge that condemned her, that he became insane, and in his ravings, cried out, "Take away the Lady Jane, O take away the Lady Jane!" Why should we wonder that such a perversion of Queenly power should alienate the heart of a gallant nation! We need not wonder that a woman whose heart was the seat of jealousy and cruelty, should remain a stranger to domestic happiness,—that all her projects for the public good should fail—that her husband should ultimately become disgusted with her and leave her—that she should abandon herself to grief and despair, and after a short and inglorious reign, die unlamented! Such was the life of Mary! How different from that of Lady Jane! How different their character and their end!

FIRM TRUST IN GOD.

To our own safety, our own sedulity is required. And then blessed forever be that mother's child, whose faith hath made him the child of God. The Earth may shake, the pillars of the World may tremble under us; the countenance of the heavens may be appalled, the sun may lose his light, the moon her beauty, the stars their glory; but concerning the man that trusteth in God, if the fire have proclaimed itself unable so much as to singe a hair of his head; if lions, beasts, ravenous by nature, and keen with hunger, being set to devour, have, as it were, religiously adored the very flesh of the faithful man; what is there in the world that shall change his heart, overthrow his faith, alter his affection towards God, or the affection of God to him? If I be of this note, who shall make a separation between me and my God.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

BY E. CURTISS HINE, ESQ. U. S. N.

I'm gazing on the Evening Star,
The star of Joy, and Hope, and Love ;
Which, in its radiant home afar,
Through Heaven's veil looks, from above,
Upon a world below it spread,
Where sin, and care, and grief are rife,
And myriads roam with thoughtless tread,
Along the dusty road of life.

Bright orb ! how oft I've seen thy light
Enkindled in the eastern sky,
When life to me was young and bright,
And all was fair before my eye.
Thou wert the guardian natal star
That shone upon my hour of birth,
And when in glowing lands afar,
I've hailed with joy thy glance of mirth.

When Time was young, ere Sorrow came,
And seamed his fair and sunny brow,
Thy quenchless, pure and glowing flame,
Shone brightly on the Earth as now.
Beside his flock the Chaldean,
Gazed wistful on thy distant glow,
And sought thy mystic lore to scan,
Thousands of weary years ago.

A host swept o'er the Alpine heights,
Its leader cast his eagle eye
Upon the myriad burning lights,
Suspended from the circling sky,
But thou did'st claim his fondest glance,
A smile passed o'er his brow of gloom,
Thou sawest him on the throne of France,
But now art shining on his tomb !

Thy burning glance is mirror'd now,
Within the wild and lonely main,
As swift our sharp relentless prow,
Cuts the blue watery field in twain.
Bright gem of Heaven ! still mayest thou shine
To light the path before my eye,
I hail thee as a glorious sign,
That brighter lands before me lie !

A NEW FLOWER GARDEN IN PARIS.

THE fashionables of Paris have been thrown into an ecstasy of delight by the opening of a flower garden on a new plan, in the Champs Elysees. It is called *Le Jardin d'Hiver*, the Winter Garden, and is a veritable floral palace. A perpetual summer reigns under its vast glass roof, with an atmosphere as fragrant as the spicy vales of the Indies. Here are found the treasures of all seasons and all climates ; the most modest and most superb plants, flowers of the mountains, and flowers of the valley. Beautiful promenades are laid out, bordered with trees and fringed with evergreens. After threading the pretty labyrinths of the garden, you enter the saloon, carpeted with green and furnished with ottomans, where the flowers are arranged with such exquisite elegance and art, as only the hands of a Parisian can arrange these delicate creations. The court in front of the garden is always filled with the carriages of those rich votaries of pleasure, who come here to select from two hundred thousand plants, the most beautiful flowers with which to decorate their persons for the ball or the opera, and, as a matter of course, drawing all the dandies and idle fashionables of the capital to this enchanting retreat, so that the proprietor is likely to reap a golden harvest from his happy thought of a Winter Flower Garden.

NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE are, along the stream of time, certain places which may serve the voyagers thereon, as points from which to take a retrospective view of the past, and enable them from that to lay down the course they are to pursue in the future.

The exit of the Old and the entry of a New Year places us, as it were, on an eminence from which we are naturally led to look back and survey the ground we have gone over, and forward to the dim and distant future, all unknown, and yet perhaps pregnant with the most soul stirring events. In taking these retrospective and prospective views of life, and especially in fondly anticipating the purer and more satisfactory joys of the future, we are prone to overlook the amazing brevity and fleetness of human life, which every stroke of the pulse is calculated to impress upon us. Hence that saying of the moralising Young—"the man is yet unborn who duly weighs an hour." Trite as this subject has become, we propose to make it the topic of our New Year's Reflections.

The Latins expressed this subject in two words, "*Tempus Fugit*"—time flies. The rapidity of time is represented in Scripture by the shooting of an arrow, passing vapor and the flying cloud—the fading flower, the flying sail. True, time does not always seem to fly, but has apparently a variety of motions. He can walk, run and creep. If he travel with a merry companion, no arrow is so swift; if with one that is borne down with heavy burdens, not a snail so slow; if with a wise man, he moves at an even and moderate pace; if with the fool, he seems like one leaping and dancing at the

sound of wild and extatic music. Thus time seems to adapt his motions to the different pursuits and passions of men. Not distinguishing between this real and apparent motion of time, many are deceived, and discover their error when it is too late to rectify it. Time may be said to be always on the wing,—ever in motion: on—on—on! through clouds and darkness, amid sunshine and showers, marking the bounds of every habitation, and numbering the moments of every living being. It seems but a brief hour since we mingled in the sports of childhood, or were occupied in youthful studies, and began to pluck the flowers that grew along the path of life. But a few short months seem to have elapsed since we first entered upon the active business of life, full of hope and courage! Intervening years now seem but as an hand breadth, and the whole period of active effort to dwindle to a point. If the instructions of the great Teacher, Time, for the past, have left no good impression upon the mind, let us take heed to those which distill like the gentle dew from the future.

“Swiftly see each moment flies,
See and learn! be timely wise,
Every moment shortens day:
Every pulse beats time away.
Thus thy every rising breath,
Wafts thee on to certain death.
Seize the moments as they fly,
Know to live, and learn to die.”

Cicero, in his first book of Tusculan Questions, exposes the false judgment we are prone to form of the duration of human life compared with Eternity. He illustrates the subject by a passage from the Natural History of Aristotle, in which he describes a species of insect found on the banks of the Hypanis, that never outlives the day of its birth. The great moralist represents one of the most robust and long lived of these insects, whose existence was, in a manner, coeval with time, who began to exist at the break of day, and through superior strength of constitution, lived through the hours of a long and active life, even to the setting of the

Sun ;—he represents this Nestor of Hypanis as assembling his acquaintances, friends and relatives, under the shelter of an umbrageous mushroom, and thus giving them his parting instructions. The orator dwells with solemn emphasis upon the shortness and uncertainty of life ; on the misfortunes, losses and privations to which all are exposed—the multitudes of every age who had perished since he began life—the whole broods of infants which had perished in a moment by one rude blast—of the shoals of youth that had been swept into the waves by a sudden breeze—and of the wasteful deluges wrought by a sudden shower, the strongest holds being not proof against a storm of hail. He tells of having lived in the first ages, and of having conversed with insects of a larger size and greater virtue ; finally he speaks of the flattering hopes he once indulged of abiding here forever, of the magnificent cells he had hollowed out for himself—of the confidence he had reposed in the firmness of his joints, and the strength of his pinions. But, now alas ! his end is come : he warns all to avoid the snares into which he had fallen—bids them farewell, and closes his eyes forever on Earth.

Thus much for the beautiful fiction of Aristotle, employed by Cicero to correct the errors of men respecting the tenor of human life. Solomon sends the sluggard to the ant for instruction. We also may if we will, learn wisdom from the insects of Hypanis ; like the ephemeris, we have, at the utmost, our day to live. Many perish in the very dawn, and the man who, out of a million, lingers on to the evening twilight is not counted happy. We flutter, as it were, a day in the sunbeam of existence ; the shades of evening speedily close around, and we are found only with the things that were. Man drops the masque of mortality, and retires unheeded by his fellow mortals, from life's great drama. The petty distinctions of life attend him no further. Moral worth takes the precedency of every thing else. The Summer's Sun will shine brightly on the spot where he lies low and forgotten ; but its beams will give neither light nor heat to the lowly tenant of the grave. The leaves of Autumn

will fall, rustling on the clod sad emblem of his fate, who once trod the dust which now covers him. Winter's snowy mantle shall veil the neglected spot, and nourish only the green herb which springs from his ashes. Spring too shall return, but he who slumbers beneath shall no more wake to its beauty, nor shall the hopes he was wont to cherish ever germinate anew. Such is the frailty of man, the futility and termination of every Earth-born hope.

Man is a creature designed for two different states of being or rather for two different lives. His first life is short and transient; his second permanent and lasting. Which, now shall we endeavor to secure, the pleasures and gratifications of a short and precarious life, or the happiness of a life which never ends. Not a moment is needed, one would think, for a rational being to decide this question. Yet though almost all are right in theory, many sadly err in practice. They make provision for this life, as if it were never to have an end, and act as though there was no such thing as another life. An inhabitant from a distant world wholly ignorant of the history of our race, would, in observing the conduct of the mass of mankind, naturally conclude that we were made for purposes entirely different from what we really are; that we were placed here merely to pursue the shadowy forms of earthly good. But what would be his astonishment to learn that mankind were made for another state of being, which should never have an end, and that they were placed here to make preparation for that state. The shortness and uncertainty of life most affectingly teach us the vanity of that hope which is misemployed on temporal objects. The grave lies between us and the object after which we seek. Where one lives to enjoy the good he has in view, thousands, nay millions are cut off in the pursuit of it. And yet the lessons of experience are unheeded; one hope no sooner dies than another rises in its stead and forward the eager aspirant presses to imaginary points of life; grasps at impossibilities and disquiets himself in vain. Seeing the bulk of mankind live only "to eat and drink and

waste the whole of life in the pursuits of low and unworthy objects, it is not surprising that they should leave behind them only the memorials of their folly. Other than these they leave behind them, no traces of their existence, but are forgotten as though they had never been. They are neither wanted by the poor, nor regretted by the rich: They are neither missed in the commonwealth, nor often lamented in the family circle.

Alas! who can contemplate the ordinary course and termination of human life, without a sigh! Surely man is but a shadow and life a dream! How is he given up to folly, tortured in life and swallowed up in death! This subject is strikingly illustrated in one of the visions of Mirza. From a rocky pinnacle of vast height, Mirza is presented with the view of an immense valley, with a mighty river rolling through it, in the midst of which a bridge consisting of three score and ten arches, is seen standing. This bridge originally consisted of 1000 arches; a great flood had swept away all the rest. Multitudes were seen passing over this bridge which was covered with invisible trap doors through which several were seen dropping into the tide beneath and immediately disappeared. Mirza gazed at this wonderful structure with astonishment, mingled with sorrow. His heart was filled with melancholy to see some dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity and catching at every thing to save themselves. Some who in thoughtful mood, looking up towards heaven, stumbled and fell. Multitudes were busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered and danced before them; but when just about to grasp them, their footing failed and down they sank. This mysterious bridge is HUMAN LIFE: over this bridge we are now passing, and soon, perhaps this year, we may drop into the tide below which will carry us to a brighter world and fairer climes, or to a region of unending pain and sorrow. Who among the numerous readers of our Annual will look beyond this vale of tears and this fleeting life, for the enduring objects of hope?

The labors and trials of the past year are at an end, and the curtain of the New-Year is beginning to rise. Millions of throbbing hearts, with hopes more or less raised, anxiously look for the revelations of the future. Nevertheless we may be assured that the course of events will be much as they have been: the same causes will produce the same effects. Those who seek for happiness in the fading objects and transitory pleasures of this world, will find themselves as far from the object of their wish at the end of the year, as they were in the commencement. Those who indulge in an indolent, procrastinating spirit will accomplish nothing important for God or humanity. The timid and unbelieving will turn aside from the high and holy path of self-denying duty. To all but the firm believers in revelation, the future will probably be but as the reprint of the past—but the repetition of its errors, its follies, and its vices. There is, within the boundaries of our rapidly extending, happy Republic, no good citizen, but feels a deep solicitude to see the Nation abounding in knowledge and virtue; but all experience teaches us that little can be expected on this subject, without the aid of individual effort and example. Neither associated effort, nor the collective wisdom of a Country, aided by brilliant assemblies, and strains of impassioned eloquence, can form a substitute for PERSONAL piety, or affect any lasting and salutary change in the national character, without it.

To the young men, then, residing in every State in the Union, and exercising more or less influence, we say, weigh well your responsibility, and set your standard of action high. Young ladies, look at the important position you occupy, and fail not to exert that conservative influence which you are pre-eminently fitted to exercise. Parents and teachers, awake to a deeper sense of your responsibility, and so fulfill the duties of your important stations, that not only yourselves, but also those under your guardian care, may hail each returning anniversary of this day as a **HAPPY NEW-YEAR.**

GEMS OF SENTIMENT.

SPIRITUAL MINDEDNESS.—There is not an earthly beauty that I look upon, that has not something in it spiritual to me. And when my mind is clear and open and my soul is right, there is not a flower I see, that does not move my heart to feel towards it, as a child of God. It is but a type of what shall be, and my own being and soul seem as if linked with eternity.

DIVERSITY OF SECTS.—The many sects which compose the Church of Christ, may be compared to the rainbow, of which the various but blended tints form one celestial arch of beauty ; or we may liken to a well ordered band of musicians, who, though playing separate parts, unite in producing one harmonious WHOLE.

FASTIDIOUS SENSIBILITY.—In matters which are not immediately subject to religion or morality, it is absurd to be critically nice. Sensibility may, by undue attention to little things, be quickened to a degree wholly inconsistent with our allotted condition, and, in this frame of mind we are alike vulnerable to the gentlest touch and irritable at the slightest asperity.

WORKS OF GOD.—It is wonderful to behold the operations of God's hand in Creation, in giving life to the meanest insects, more wonderful to behold the instinct of animals ; most wonderful to contemplate a reasonable creature ; but how inexpressibly wonderful and lovely appears a SPIRITUAL, intellectual, moral creature, born of God, trusting, loving and serving HIM in the beauty of holiness.

VIRTUE.—Virtue is the conformity of our affections with the public good ; it is the highest exercise and improvement of reason—the connection, harmony and just balance of the affections and passions ; the health, strength and beauty of the mind. Aristotle, taught that virtue was necessary to the young, comfortable to age, serviceable to the poor, and an ornament to the rich.

THE GRAND DUKE AND THE JEW.

THE following singular story, which was current among the English residents in St. Petersburg at the coronation of the present Emperor of Russia, has been narrated to us by a person newly arrived from that part of the continent.

In the early part of the year 1816, an English gentleman from Akmetch in the Crimea, having occasion to travel to France on business of importance, directed his course by way of Warsaw in Poland. About an hour after his arrival in that city, he quitted the tavern in which he had been taking a refreshment, to take a walk through the streets. While sauntering in front of one of the public buildings, he met an elderly gentleman of a grave aspect and courteous demeanor. After mutual exchange of civilities they got into conversation during which, with the characteristic frankness of an Englishman, he told the stranger who he was, where from, and whither he was going. The other, in the most friendly manner, invited him to share the hospitalities of his house till such times as he found it convenient to resume his journey—adding, with a smile, that it was not improbable that he might visit the Crimea himself in the course of that year, when, perhaps, he might require a similar return: the invitation was accepted, and he was conducted to a splendid mansion, elegant without and commodious within.

Unbounded liberality on the part of the Pole, produced confidence on the part of the Englishman. The latter had a small box of jewels of great value, which he had carried about his person from the time of his leaving home—finding that mode of conveyance both hazardous and inconvenient in a town, he requested his munificent host to deposit it in a place of security till he should be ready to go away. At the expiration of three days he prepared for his departure, and in asking for his box, how was he amazed when the old gentleman, with a countenance exhibiting the utmost surprise, replied,

"What box?"

"Why, the small box of jewels which I gave to you to keep for me."

"My dear sir, you must surely be mistaken: I never, really, saw or heard of such a box."

The Englishman was petrified. After recovering himself a little, he requested that he would call his wife, she having been present when he received it. She came, and on being questioned, answered in exact unison with her husband, expressed the same surprise, and benevolently endeavored to persuade her distracted guest that it was a mere hallucination. With mingled feelings of horror, astonishment and despair, he walked out of the house and went to the tavern at which he had put up on his arrival in Warsaw. There he related his mysterious story, and learned that his iniquitous host was the richest Jew in Poland. He was advised, without delay, to state the case to the grand duke, who fortunately happened at that time to be in Warsaw.

He accordingly waited upon him, and with little ceremony was admitted to an audience. He briefly laid down his case, and Constantine "with a greedy ear devoured up his discourse." Constantine expressed his astonishment—told him he knew the Jew, having had extensive money transactions with him—that he had always been respectable, and of an unblemished character. "However," he added, "I will use every legitimate means to unveil the mystery." So saying he called on some gentlemen who were to dine with him that day; and despatched a messenger with a note to the Jew, requesting his presence. Aaron obeyed the summons.

"Have you no recollection of having received a box of jewels from the hand of this gentleman?" said the duke.

"Never, my Lord," was the reply.

"Strange, indeed. Are you perfectly conscious," turning to the Englishman, "that you gave the box as stated?"

"Quite certain my lord."

Then addressing himself to the Jew, "This is a very

singular case, and I feel it my duty to use singular means to ascertain the truth. Is your wife at home?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Then," continued Constantine, "there is a sheet of paper and here is a pen; proceed to write a note to your wife in such terms as I shall dictate."

Aaron lifted the pen.

"Now," said the second Solomon, "commence by saying, All is discovered! There is no resource left but to deliver up the box. I have owned the fact in the presence of the grand duke."

A tremor shook the frame of the Israelite, and the pen dropped from his fingers. But instantly recovering himself he exclaimed,

"That is impossible, my lord. That would be directly implicating myself."

"I give you my word and honor," said Constantine, "in presence of every one in the room, that what you write shall never be used as an instrument against you, farther than the effect it produces on your wife. If you are innocent you have nothing to fear; but if you persist in not writing it, I will hold it as a proof of your guilt."

With a trembling hand the terrified Jew wrote out the note, folded it up, and as he was desired, sealed it with his own signet. Two officers were despatched with it to his house, and when Sarah glanced over its contents, she swooned and sunk to the ground. The box was delivered up and restored to its owner—and the Jew suffered the punishment his villany deserved. He was sent to Siberia.

A SELECTED GEM.

It is no small commendation to manage a little well. He is a good coachman that can turn in a little room. To live well in abundance, is the praise of the estate, not of the person. I will study more how to give a good account of my little, than how to make it more.

Original.

SABBATH MORN. C. M. T. HASTINGS.

1. A - gain the Lord of life and light A -
wakes the kind - ling ray, - Dis - pels the dark - ness
of the night, And pours un - ceas - ing day.

2.
O what a night was that which wrapp'd
A sinful world in gloom!
O what a Sun that broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb.

3.
This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

4.
Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.





Original .

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY SARAH C. M'GABE.

With a Steel Engraving.

LEMIRA Carlton was an only daughter; the pride and joy of a father's heart, and the object of a mother's tenderest affection and care. Judge Carlton, was a man of somewhat eccentric habits, highly respectable. At the time this narrative commences he was only in moderate circumstances. It was during one of those exciting periods, that so frequently characterize the American people, when an intense desire pervaded all classes to become suddenly rich, that he entered upon the broad sea of speculation. After being driven by opposing winds and tides for some years, with very little success, in one of those freaks of fortune, by which some are made rich, and others poor, very unexpectedly to him, in the short space of six months, he realized a princely fortune. And thus by the mere pressure of surrounding circumstances, by the power and influence that wealth imparts to its possessor, he found himself encircled by hosts of admiring friends, in an elevated sphere of society, destitute of the accomplishments requisite to render that sphere agreeable or even desirable. He was a man of good practical sense and business habits, with somewhat of a pleasing exterior, yet entirely wanting in what the ELITE would term, a literary and fashionable education: knowing nothing and caring nothing about the rules that govern fashionable society.

His wife, too, was a plain unsophisticated woman, with

a moderate share of intellect. Had she, at this time, been thrown into a class of society more correct in principle, the impulse then given to her aspirations, might have resulted in a more correct course of action. The hollow-hearted flatteries that poured in upon her from every quarter, exerted a very unhappy influence upon her unsuspecting mind. The plain neatly furnished dwelling immediately gave place to a superb modern residence, filled with rich and gorgeous furniture; to this must be added the necessary requisites of servants and equipage, with other things considered indispensable to that sphere in which they were called, by fortune's smiles, to move.

Had these been the only important changes it would have been well; but there was one still more so, and more to be regretted. Hitherto, the object of their concentrated affection and interest, the lovely and artless Lemira had, by devotion to study, been laying the foundation of a solid and useful education in one of the city schools, under the supervision of a very worthy Clergyman, who adopted every measure within his power to inspire her with correct feelings and sound principles. To Lemira had been given more than ordinary impressibility of character, and an intense love for the good and the beautiful; and it need not be said that she was an object of interest, professedly so at least, to the many gay and fastidious friends of Mrs. Carlton, in whose welfare, spiritual and temporal, they became so suddenly and so very deeply interested.

"Dear Mrs. Carlton," say they, "you must send this little FAIRY to a more fashionable school; she is the child of Opulence, her education must correspond with the sphere in which she is destined to move." Her education is finished! The world pronounces her beautiful—highly accomplished, and the parents scan her charms with approving eye. She mingles in gay and festive scenes; the Theatre, the Ball Chamber to her are an ideal paradise; and to dress and be admired her ruling passion.

But an unexpected change passes over her volatile and

proud spirit; she becomes more thoughtful—while at times, the sadness in that soft blue eye seems to speak of a troubled fountain within. But the cause, whatever it may be, is yet shrouded in the deep stillness of her own heart; she affects gayety amid the adulation and excitement of the glittering throng. But, ah! the smile that plays on the lip, is but the mockery of joy! The change becomes more apparent, while concealment is no longer possible. Even the impressive anthem from the distant chapel, as it falls upon the ear so full of pathos, moves her not; the world has lost its power to charm—its life-like visions of happiness have fled! Her reason and her better judgment begin to assert their supremacy.

May we not believe that the angels watch over childhood? The five years of faithful training under the superintendence of that kind Clergyman, no doubt gave a correct bias to the budding intellect of Lemira. For years these generous impulses were smouldering beneath a ruinous load of sophistry; yet they were not extinguished; and being acted upon by influences of a similar character, became a link in the chain of Providence, to arrest her footsteps when rapidly verging a precipice, as fatal, morally speaking, as that upon which the lovely Sappho stood, when she sang her last song, broke her lyre, and disappeared beneath the oblivious wave that washes far-famed Leucadia. And now methinks I hear the reader inquiring for these more immediate influences, productive of so important a change.

At the close of an evening service, dispirited and heart-sickened, Lemira returned home: she found lying upon her music book a letter sealed with black; she read it hastily over, and exquisitely painful was the sad intelligence it contained. She retired, but not to sleep. At nine o'clock coffee was announced—upon every countenance there was a shade of sadness. Said Lemira to her mother, "I cannot see company to day, excuse me to all who ask my presence." Lemira has sought her room. Sitting by the lattice, as seen in the engraving, in pensive attitude, with an expression of

features indicative of a heart capable of the most acute feeling, she becomes absorbed in meditation; her thoughts cannot be suppressed, they are uttered in soliloquy. "It is even so, my charming cousin is dead! Adelaide, with her sweet expressive countenance, her winning manners, I shall see no more! We differed upon many points, yet how gentle her spirit under provocation, how mild her reproof. I did not think of it at the time; but now that her bright eye is dark in death, how sorry am I that I ever wounded her deeply sensitive spirit, by repeated waywardness and opposition to her requests."

Did not IRVING speak the heart's universal language when he said "strew the beauties of nature around the grave! for it buries every error, extinguishes every resentment. From its peaceful bosom spring none but fond regrets and tender recollections!" How often does our heavenly Father lead the living to reflection beside the peaceful death-couch of some loving heart; as with firm trust in God, the disembodied soul plumes its wing for an ethereal flight! 'Twas even so at this time. For two years previous, the gentle Adelaide had been an inmate of her uncle's dwelling. She was a devoted Christian; unwearied had been her endeavors to bring her thoughtless but beloved cousin to tread with her the path of self-denial and devotion to God. These efforts gave rise to aversions and preferences, approved by reason and conscience, but in which the proud heart of Lemira was unwilling to acquiesce.

By the exercise of moral courage, the frown, the scornful smile, the cold neglect, were met with sweetness and forbearance, or the silent eloquence of a tear. The thrilling contents of that letter brought back the impressive glance, the tone of tenderness, with singular power blending them in living lines upon the record of memory. She learned how full of hope and comfort was that death-bed scene—how impassioned the prayers that ascended in her behalf; and the superiority of that system over every other, that enables the young spirit to look back without regret upon a bright but

receding world, and forward to the grave with silent ecstasy, as victor over all its terrors, through Him "that hath the power of death!" And in that moment of heartfelt gratitude, in the hidden recesses of her better feelings, she made a voluntary relinquishment of the splendid vanities of life, and determined, by the aid of Heaven, to devote herself to its claims and service. Weeks and months rolled on—and from that hour Lemira was a changed being—changed in all her views and feelings. For in the depths of her once dark spirit light had arisen! that same light that caused the spirit's smile to linger upon the marble features of the departed Adelaide, whom she loved in life and mourned in death.

Lemira became an example worthy of imitation; active and self-sacrificing, her ambition was to do good; and it was not in vain. Her parents were led to feel the weight of an offended Maker's wrath, and fly to the CROSS for refuge. The grave has opened since then, and has received these beloved parents; but they died in full assurance of a blissful life, beyond the range of death. Most acutely did Lemira feel this bereavement, while she became more deeply than ever impressed, that it was her imperious duty to make an entire consecration of her ALL to God: her influence, powers of mind, acquisitions, and her AMPLE FORTUNE. She did so—and God accepted the offering. She was addressed by a devoted and able Minister of the Gospel, who was about to embark for a foreign land, with a message of mercy to the benighted heathen. They were congenial in spirit, and they became ONE in heart. Lemira, said the devoted missionary, "the allurements of this world are not mine to offer you; this hand, and this loving heart are all my store; will you accept them? and in accepting them, relinquish all beside? home and friends and country! to cheer me in exile, for the love you bear to me, and to our common Savior?" Lemira was deeply affected; for some moments, silence was the only response; recovering her self-possession, she commenced singing in a calm sweet voice, accompanied by the piano, the following stanzas of a well known and beautiful hymn:—

“Home ! thy joys are passing lovely,
 Joys no stranger heart can tell ;
 Happy home ! as I have proved thee,
 Can I, can I say—farewell ?

Can I leave thee—
 Far in heathen lands to dwell ?

“Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
 From the scenes I love so well,
 Far away, ye billows, bear me ;
 Lovely, native land farewell !

Pleased I leave thee—
 Far in heathen lands to dwell.”

And now, my DEAR READER, are you in the spring-time of being, a member of Christ's kingdom ? What have been your efforts for its universal triumph. Are you ambitious to be useful ? Or have you, like a stray lamb, wandered far from the fold ? and do you blend with religion the amusements of the world ?

The darkened wanderer from God may find a refuge beneath the CROSS ! One of these two, kind reader, you can certainly imitate. Does the world charm you, and are you disposed to listen to its SIREN VOICE, and leave thoughts like these, to dwell upon in the shade of coming years ? Do it not !

“Love may write his name upon thy marble brow,
 And linger in thy curls of jet ;
 The light spring-flower may scarcely bow,
 Beneath thy tread ; and yet—
 Without the SPIRIT'S MEEKER GRACE, thou art
 A LIGHTER THING THAN VANITY.”

OUR BODIES.

We cannot keep our bodies long here, they are corruptible bodies, and will tumble into dust ; we must part with them for a while, and if ever we expect and desire a happy meeting again, we must use them with modesty and reverence now. Our bodies are the temples of the soul.

THE FLOWERS AMID THE CORN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

At the time when the harvest was near, a father and his children walked by a cornfield. The ears crowded closely together, were bent to the earth from the weight of the grain, and the sweet blue flowers that grew between them alone held their heads erect.

The children had asked and been answered many questions, when William who for some time had walked on in silence, drew nearer to his father and said. "It is singular, and why is it, that God has placed these flowers here amid the corn? I have tried to think, but with all my pains I cannot find it out."

"And still the question is not a very difficult one" replied the father; but upon observing that the boy was grieved at being unable to comprehend it, he continued. "The ears, sprouting as you know, from little grains, which the farmer strewed upon the Earth in the autumn, have grown, until they have become tall and lusty like a wood, and when, after much care and labor, they are gathered into the barns, they are then manufactured into nourishment for man. Now, man, when he sees them stand in such pomp upon the field, might easily imagine that all this was the work of his hands, and that he stood in need of no assistance from any other source. This would be erroneous, nay sinful indeed. Therefore God, who by a thousand signs and emblems, is ever ready to remind us of him, and of his kindness and love, has clothed these sweet flowers with the vesture of the blue heavens, and placed them among the corn, that we mortals may remember that all our blessings come to us from above, from his paternal hand. He who can read this emblem will never pass a field of corn, without lifting his eyes in gratitude to Heaven, and without saying in his

heart. " Ah, all the labor and device of man's hand would never attain its end without a blessing from above !"

Thus spoke the father to his children, and they glanced joyfully from the sweet blue flowers toward heaven, and from heaven down again upon the flowers ; and they plucked many of them to bring them to their mother, in order to repeat to her the instructive lesson.

RUTH GLEANING.

She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweet-heart of the Sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened :—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell ;
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim ;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks
Praising God with sweetest looks :—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou should'st but glean ;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

Hood.

Original

INFLUENCE OF TEACHERS.

BY REV. A. WALKER.

"TAKE your seat and learn the rules," says Mr. P. to a sprightly intelligent looking boy, who had come to him with his slate in hand and arithmetic open at simple addition, with the request, "will you show me how to do this sum?"

Little John had never carried a slate to school before, and there were in those days no "children's arithmetics." He had made rapid progress in the studies he had undertaken—uniformly stood at the head of his class in spelling—had learned "Cumming's Geography" almost by heart, and had made considerable progress in learning to write. After repeated solicitations, he at length prevailed upon his father to allow him to commence a new study; and a full half hour before school-time, he might have been seen with his new slate and arithmetic under his arm, walking towards the school-house as proudly as a militia captain, who, for the first time sees a sword dangling by his side, and feels the pressure of a Bonaparte hat upon his head.

As soon as school commences, and he has read with his class, he begins to examine his new book in earnest. But at the very outset, he is puzzled with language that he cannot comprehend.

He sets down the figures of the first sum in addition, but not knowing what further to do, he goes to his instructor to be "showed," and received the reply above given in a harsh and peremptory tone, "Take your seat, and learn the rules."

Mr. P. was by no means a cross or a crabbed man; but just at this time he was otherwise engaged, and besides he had been irritated by some misconduct of the other scholars; and thinking little of the effect of such a repulse upon the mind of the boy, he spoke as he did, because it was the most ready way to get rid of him.

John's countenance fell at once. He returns to his seat sad and disheartened. He again looks at the rules of addition laid down, but not understanding them, he becomes discouraged, and throws by his arithmetic for something which he can understand. He has acquired a distaste for the study which he will not soon overcome. Years pass on, and his parents are often heard to lament that "John," though bright enough in every thing else, "is very dull in figures."

Their other son James commenced the study of arithmetic a few years after under a different instructor.

Mr. R., who had been employed to teach the district school, loved his business, and loved to see the eyes of his pupils sparkle with delight as they acquired a new idea, or succeeded in overcoming a difficulty. When he saw James looking at his new book, he went, sat down by his side, and in a few words explained to him the mode of operation under the first rule, and set him to work.

James with the light he had received, found that he was able to understand his new study. He could not only work out the sums given, but could see the reason of the various steps in the operation. He was delighted with it, and of course made rapid progress. And it soon began to be acknowledged by all that James had a "genius for mathematics."

Probably these parents never even surmised that the instructors of their school had any thing to do with forming the intellectual tastes and habits of their children; and yet it was owing mainly to the first impressions received from the different conduct of these instructors, that one of their children loved and made rapid progress in the science of numbers, while the other, from his youth up, hated the sight of anything that looked like a mathematical problem. The feelings of youth with respect to any other study, and the progress they make in it, may be affected in the same way.

Did the parents of our country know how powerful and lasting the influence exerted upon children by their teachers,

there would not be that apathy which now exists in respect to the intellectual and moral character of those who are employed as instructors of our common schools. Parents would wish to know something of the man who was to have the care of their children, and would demand one who was not only competent as to knowledge, but who was "apt to teach," who loved the employment, and withal had a sweetness of disposition that would gain the affection of youth, and a temper that would be unruffled by any of the little vexations of a school-room.

And Teachers, with right views of this subject, would feel that there is a responsibility attached to their calling, of which very few seem to have any adequate idea.

REMARKS.—The influence of well qualified teachers is not only deep, but often lasting as life. Never shall I forget the influence which one of my early teachers had over me—indeed to this day, although it is thirty years since I was his pupil, I have a most profound respect for him. He was amply qualified for his place as a good scholar. He was a gentleman and a Christian. He spared no pains to make the pupil all that was reasonably expected by his parents. He seldom punished, and when he did, the school saw that the teacher suffered more, in his feelings, than did the chastised scholar himself.

I remember on one occasion his calling up a BAD BOY, and after he had talked with him and found that the feelings of the little offender had yielded, he said, "my dear little friend I thought I must punish you, but I cannot do so now, as I am sure you mean to be good;" as he said this, tears fell from his eyes, and many of the scholars wept. This manifestation of paternal kindness and sympathy had more influence over the whole school than all the rods in the world. He soon became so much beloved that his scholars felt gratified to have it in their power to do him any service. We want such teachers as this, for the 5,000,000 of our rising generation, that are taking an impression for life, if not for eternity, from the example and influence of their teachers.—Ed.

A BEAUTIFUL EPITAPH.

IN Trinity Church-yard there is an inscription on a tomb so singularly beautiful, that we cannot forbear recording it, and the emotions it awakened in our bosoms. The tomb is an oblong pile of masonry, surmounted by a slab stone, on which are deeply cut the following words :

MY MOTHER,

“THE TRUMPET SHALL SOUND, AND THE DEAD SHALL RISE.”

There are no other letters or characters to be found on the pile. If there is one inscription in the thousand languages that are, or have been, of earth, fitted to retain its sublime meaning through every period of time, up to the resurrection morning, it is this. The writer seemed aware that names would be forgotten, and titles fade from the memory of the world; he therefore engraved the name by which he first knew her who gave him birth, on the stone, and the dearest of all names, that of mother, shall sound a thrill through the heart of every one who may lean over that monumental pile. If any shall wish to know more of her who had a child to engrave her most endearing name upon a rock, he is sublimely referred to the sounding of the trumpet and the rising of the dead, when he may know all.

Naught but this affectionate appellative, and this sublime scripture truth, is inscribed upon the monumental stone. No name is recorded there—only the endearing appellation of Mother—which touches a chord in every heart associated with the sublime and impressive scenes of the Resurrection, meets the eye of the observer as he leans over the venerable pile. The son who consecrated this touching memorial of his affection and his hopes, joyfully points the reader to the Archangel's trump for the solution of the mystery of the nameless epitaph.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

DURING my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose,—such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

“Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky !”

I cannot lay claim to the merit of being a devout man ; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else ; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday, than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world, by the frigidity of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived a love, all friendship, all society ; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer, habitually conning her prayer-book, which the palsied hand and failing eyes could not permit her to

read, but which she evidently knew by heart, I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far above the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches; and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard, where, by the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of wordly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride has nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe, but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some of the children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with

prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mumery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged twenty-six years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped as if in prayer; but I could perceive, by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir, which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection: directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her, took her by her arm, endeavored to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation,—“Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart.” She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cord seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich? They have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine around new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after growth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years;—these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

W. I.

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN.

Despise the vanities of that pride which seeks its gratification in a contempt of moral decorum.

Be content to keep within your station, and adorn it by the virtues which its duties require.

Never look above you until you are secure of the ground on which you move.

Let not the specious professions of those, who are too great in their own eyes to take any trouble of being good in the eyes of others, deceive you out of that humble mindedness which is the main spring of every just feeling and worthy action.



THE MOSS-ROSE.

Suspect the friendship of every one whose advice tends to alienate you from those obligations, in the fulfilling of which are all moral and social excellence : and shun the company of all from whose lips you hear that excellence ridiculed and set at naught.

Make your heart your happiest home, and you will always be in the BEST company ; for your thoughts will never drive you into dissipation, by self-reproach.

Consider the wise as the most honorable part of society, and the virtuous as the wisest.

Never be ashamed of showing that you are a Christian, if you would not be ashamed of yourselves as men ; and remember that the plain dress of unaffected piety, is more to be prized than the tinsel glitter of worldly show.

A GEM OF HISTORY.

FRATERNAL LOVE.

WHEN Silurus, king of Scythia, perceived himself to be near his end, he ordered a bundle of rods to be brought to him ; and then presenting it to his eight sons, bade each of them try their utmost to break it, without separating the sticks. But when they all replied, that it was beyond their strength, the old monarch took the bundle himself, and, unbinding it in their presence, broke all the rods before them, one after the other, with the greatest ease in the world ; thus instructing them in the most familiar and obvious manner, that the greatest security lay in their mutual harmony and affection ; and that they could never be destroyed by their enemies, till they furnished an opportunity themselves by their own discord and animosity.

REMARKS.—Union is strength. Nothing can be more beautiful or morally sublime than to see the hearts of brothers cemented in love, united to promote each other's interest and honor. "Behold," says the Psalmist, "what a joyful sight when brethren dwell together in unity ! It is like the fruitful dew of Hermon, whose pearly drops overspread the hill of Zion."

Original.

A FLOWER'S LIFE AND LESSONS.

BY J. H. BIXBY.

"A Life well spent is like a Flower."

MAN lives to learn,
And he who will, from humblest things may gain
Instruction rich Let us to Nature turn,
It will not be in vain.

Let us go forth
To fields and woods, where she alone holds sway.
Such scenes to me have richer, greater worth
Than cities, proud and gay—

There wealth may dwell
In marble palaces, adorned by art,
And Luxury o'er all may cast her spell—
It reaches not my heart.

But let me go
Where but a simple flower meets my gaze,
Its meek eye lifting up, though bending low,
It seems a NOTE of praise

In which a mind
In unison with Nature's joyfulness—
Awake to kindly influences may find
Much, both to glad and bless.

To such a heart
It teaches wholesome lore—Love, Faith and Trust;
Have had, and each well done their fitting part,
To raise it from the dust.

In FAITH a grain
Of seed I placed within the mellow earth;
The warm Sun shone, and fell the early rain,
And soon it sprouted forth.

I saw, each noon,
How bud by bud it gained and grew apace—
Leaf after leaf came forth and spread, till soon
It wore a form of grace.

I saw outburst
A stem whose buds contained the swelling flower;
It flourished well,—I watched it from the first
Unfolding more each hour.

My eyes at last
Were gladdened by the sight so long delayed—
Rich perfume 'round the beauteous flower cast
And all its sweets displayed.

Alone to me
Breathed not its fragrance,—but the dewy air,
And bee, and butterfly made CALLS to see
What sweets were hidden there.

But ah! “as fleet
As it was fair” the being of my flower,
For scarce did I enjoy its odor sweet,
For one swift-pinioned hour.

Soon it was gone,
Its fair leaves shaken from the parent stem
Lay scattered low,—sacredly, one by one
Did I up-gather them.

Since then to earth
Have crumbled stalk and leaf in dust away,
From which fair flowers yet may have their birth
And live their little day.

Its WORK was done—
Earth had been gladdened by the flower fair,
And man was taught that He who gave it sun
And dew, o'er all has care.

I saw all this,
As daily walked I forth, at noon, when free
From toil, with books to have an hour's bliss
Beneath a spreading tree.

And thus I thought—

Let me from this learn still to be content—

Whate'er on Earth may be my present lot,
'Tis that which God hath sent.

Let me fulfil

The end for which He has my life designed,
E'er ready be to work his RIGHT-WISE will,
With heart, and soul, and mind.

Though, flower! like thine

Brief be my life's day—let its work be done,
That "perfect as a star" its deeds may shine
A light, perhaps, to one.

Such thoughts as these

Rise, when I look at evening's hallowed hour,
Upon the withered, but yet fragrant leaves
Of that leaf-lessoned flower.



THE YOUTH OF NATIONS.

IN the old age and degeneracy of nations, there is a coming decrepitude of mind, of energy, of genius, of all that constitutes worth and character in nations. MAN is a different being then. His very blood seems tainted. If mind is not perished, it is devoted to trifling and not to utility. If genius lives, it is exercised for little else than the purposes of luxury and indolence. Rome, Egypt, all Asia, are examples. Hopeless, then, almost hopeless, is any attempt to help man in his decline, and arrest the downward progress of a nation which has reached its summit, and commenced the downward and dreadful march of degeneracy. History lacks example of the resurrection of a nation once gone down to the tomb of its glory. Other nations come in upon its soil, perhaps—plant their standards—commence their upward work—catch something of the inspiration of greatness from the grandeur and glory and refinement of the very temples and tombs which they despoil; and rise to commendable manliness on the ashes of departed glory. This is common. But the downhill course of blood is never arrested. Such is history. Its tale may be sad, but its lesson is deeply instructive.

MAMMOTH WEALTH.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.

THE following is given in the estimate of Mr. Astor's immense wealth in the book of the 'Rich Men of New York.' It says that those knowing his affairs best, place it at \$30,000,000, and some as high even as \$50,000,000. His income on a moderate estimate, must be \$2,000,000 a year, or \$166,000 a month, which is about \$45,000 a week, \$5,790 a day, \$240 an hour, and \$4 a minute. Mr. Astor has made a donation of \$350,000 for a library in New York, the interest of which is to be expended in employing agents to purchase books, and in the erection of a building. Mr. Cogswell, late editor of the New York Review, is the agent and librarian.

We do not believe Mr. Astor's wealth to be overstated in the above paragraph. Since the death of Arkwright, in England, Mr. Astor has been the richest commoner living in the Christian world. He was richer than Girard several years before the demise of the latter. When Girard died, Mr. Astor inquired "How much did he leave?" "Seventeen millions," was the reply. "That won't do—that won't do," said Mr. Astor, shaking his head and referring doubtless to the comparison, which had been instituted between Girard and himself.

Mr. Astor's wealth has increased enormously of late years. The leases on his real estate in different parts of New York City, (the lots having been originally bought by him, subject to leases, for different terms of years,) are expiring every day, and his income thereby enlarged by thousands. Mr. Astor is not that niggard of his property, which he is sometimes represented. He bestows a great deal in charities. He is the benefactor of several benevolent societies. He gives away several considerable sums of money privately.

He is most generous and liberal to the members of his own family. He is fond of literary men. Washington Irving is his intimate friend, and has been, we learn, named as one of his executors. To be the executor of such an estate as that of Mr. Astor is the next thing to being an heir. When Mr. Irving went away as Minister to the Court of Madrid, he could not have expected to find Mr. Astor living on his return. But the venerable old gentleman still survives to greet the author of "Astoria," when he once more comes back to the city of the Knickerbockers. Mr. Irving will arrive during the coming summer. Upon him will doubtless devolve the task of writing Mr. Astor's life; a most instructive and interesting volume would it be.

Fitz-Greene Halleck, the poet—most worthy is he of the name!—has been for many years employed by John Jacob Astor, and he is still in William B. Astor's office.

Mr. Cogswell, whose name is mentioned in the foregoing paragraph, is also a close friend of Mr. Astor. He is one of the most learned men in the country, and eminently capable of taking charge of the magnificent library, for the establishment of which the testator has appropriated \$350,000. It is to be hoped that the donation will be increased to half a million. With this sum a collection of rare and valuable books can be made, which will do honor to the metropolis. Mr. Astor has very judiciously limited the expenditure on the edifice for the library at sixty thousand dollars; so that there is no danger of the bequest being perverted from its original intention, as in the case of the Girard College.

It may be of infinite use to establish in our minds a strong and habitual sense of that first and great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength." This passion, operative and vigorous in its very nature, like a master spring, would set in motion, and maintain in action all the complicated movements of the human soul.

Original.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PILGRIMAGE IN THE NIGHT,
AND HIS REST IN THE DAY.

BY M. S. BULLIONS.

THIS world is the Christian's sojourning-place, and the time he spends here is a dark and dismal night. When this night is the brightest, it is illumined only by a few scattered stars.

Let us place ourselves on yonder lofty eminence, and look down upon that Christian Pilgrim, as he wends his way along the narrow path beneath us. First, take a survey of the path itself—See!—it is dark and narrow and full of thorns, and observe the numerous by-paths, so smooth and so delightful to the eye, and see how they all lead downward, and at last vanish from our sight.

The stars are shining brightly, and amidst the gloom he can clearly see the path. Nor, does he commence his pilgrimage ALONE. Two white-robed forms are beside him, ready to guide him amid all the darkness. The one is FAITH, the other HOPE. Now, with his companions, he starts in his course, eager and full of expectation, and dreaming of no impediment. But see that dark cloud rising beneath our feet, and spreading its black curtain quite over the head of our Pilgrim. It is the cloud of AFFLICTION, sent from God to try his confidence in his guides. He falters not, however, and although the path is entirely hidden from his view, he grasps his companions more firmly by the hands, and soon he emerges, his step more elastic, his eye brighter, and his voice clearer as he goes on, singing "Glory to God, for he hath delivered me out of all mine afflictions."

But now he comes to one of those smooth by-paths: he stops as he approaches it. He looks upon the guide-board,

and reads the announcement, "THE ROAD TO HAPPINESS," and thus he soliloquises with himself. "Surely THIS is the road to happiness: how smooth and delightful is the path! how fragrant are the flowers that bloom on its borders; how delightfully yonder stream murmurs, and how beautifully those birds sing. Yes! this is the road to bliss. Farewell ye rocks and thorns and briars, which have hitherto obstructed my course. I shall be happy now, for I have found a pleasant way." Thus he speaks and moves on, his guides in vain solicit him to return. They tell him it is the way by which Satan allures to ruin, but he heeds them not, all his thoughts are on the PRESENT beauties of the way.

The path is pleasant for a while: there are no obstructions and no difficulties, but soon darkness thickens around, and there is no guide with him. He gropes along, and soon finds himself on the verge of an awful precipice. One step forward will plunge him into a dark abyss. He cannot go back, for there is no one to direct his footsteps. Alone, he sits down and mourns over his sad fate; but lo! in his deepest despair, he sees through the thick gloom his guides approaching. THEY have not deserted HIM, although HE would fain have deserted them. He seizes joyfully their hands, and eagerly follows as they lead him back to the same old rugged pathway.

But we cannot follow our Christian through all his journey, to describe all the clouds which envelop him, and to point out all the by-paths at which he hesitates. But let us look forward to the end of his journey. The doubts and misgivings of his own heart, the taunts and jeers and mockeries of the world, the sufferings and afflictions and disasters of life, have all beclouded his way; but, with a firm trust in his guides, he has emerged from them all with brighter hopes, and has found that "these light afflictions have been working out for him a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." The allurements of the world, and the temptations of Satan, under all their varied forms, would have led him away from the narrow path, but he has found out by bitter

experience, that the ways of sin, however pleasant and delightful, are but attractive roads to Death.

And now he is fast approaching a dark and dismal valley. Clouds are hanging over it, heavy and black, and almost impenetrable; and although he has passed through much darkness, he dreads its DEEPER shades, and clings tremblingly and with fear to his faithful guides. FAITH bids him trust in God. HOPE tells him his pilgrimage is nearly over, and that the darkest night will be succeeded by the brightest day.

He descends into the dark valley. As he approaches its extremity, O, see the light which bursts upon his vision! hear the celestial strains of melting music! See the King all-glorious, and all-gracious with the crown of life in his hand. The Pilgrim's eye brightens with joy—he rushes on—he enters the Celestial city—he receives the crown of glory—he puts on the garb of immortality. From a sinful worm he has become a pure saint. From a companion of sinners he has become a companion of angels,—he has entered into his REST in the heavens. How light do his trials appear when compared with the glories which are now revealed to him. Eternal REST with the Father, O, what a thought! No more sorrow, nor suffering, nor temptation, nor sin, but all joy and peace, and happiness and purity; no more cries of pain and groanings of anguish, but shouts of praise, and songs of gratitude to the King of Glory. No more darkness and no more night, but one eternal day with the glory of God for a never setting-sun. Christian Pilgrim through this barren waste—be patient under all your sufferings and trials, for there remaineth a REST for the people of God eternal in the heavens. Wandering sinner, behold the path of life, and enter it, ere it is too late. The longer you delay entering upon a religious course, the more difficulties will accumulate, and the less will be the probability that you will enter upon it at all.

Original.

AN INFIDEL TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

THE Hon. S. H. L. was an eminent Lawyer of a new and flourishing county of a Western State. Reared and educated by Christian parents, blessed with a New-England ancestry, and early Christian instruction, he broke from the endearments and wholesome restraints of home at an early age, and was borne by the strong impulses of ambition and enterprise, to one of the remotest and newest settlements of the Far West. An unconquerable purpose to be first in his profession, and attain to the highest political distinction, fired his bosom with undying enthusiasm, and impelled him to untiring industry. And when victory placed her laurel wreath upon his brow, and he saw his competitors vanquished upon the arena of political contest, proud satisfaction thrilled his bosom. A mother's tender solicitude—a father's solemn counsels—the voice of God, in his holy word, and all the restraining force of early moral impressions, were now gradually losing their sway over his mind, and I marked his rapid strides in insensibility, wickedness, and final infidelity. At one time, his sabbaths are spent in political electioneering, at another, in the ordinary labors of his office. Seldom or never did he lend the weight of his example to sustain the worship of the sanctuary, or foster the institutions of Christianity, though policy would sometimes dictate a show of sympathy for the weak and struggling band of Christians. Yet uninterrupted prosperity smiles upon him—the suffrages of his fellow-citizens place him among the Senators of the State. Competency—a cheerful home—an amiable companion, blooming children, and whatever goes to fill up the measure of felicity, implied in the phrase DOMESTIC COMFORT, all are his.

But this bright picture—this successful career of ambition hath a counterpart shaded with tender melancholy tints of

sorrow. And as we look at the sequel, let us fear to drown the voice of God in an enlightened conscience, and bid defiance to the pious counsels and restraints of early years. As this implies a high degree of guilt, so it is often visited with signal punishment. To such lengths in moral insensibility had Mr. L. now proceeded, that a few weeks previous to his death, in utter disregard of the incipient and feeble efforts of the friends of Temperance, he invested capital in sustaining a grocery of the very worst grade, and calmly contemplated its deadly ravages upon the community.

But mark the result. There is a limit, beyond which even a Saviour's deep compassion seem to cease—injured, abused mercy pleads no longer, and stern justice unsheaths her glittering sword for retribution. And when the hardened offender is thus overtaken with signal punishment, who shall impeach the character of Him, with whom judgment is his strange work!

A few days previous to his awful end, Mr. L., in the presence of by-standers, as he was descanting recklessly and abusively against Christianity, and its friends, was heard to utter this language. "When I die, I wish to have a fair day for it, and go quick."

Little did the unhappy Father and Husband think that his prayer would be so speedily and so literally accomplished.

The vernal sun was shedding its mellowest beams over the Earth. Not a cloud obscured its effulgence. Balmy breezes wafted the fragrance of myriads of wild flowers, as they appeared in vast variety, spread over the surface of the boundless prairie.

A ride of pleasure is proposed, and how tempting the delight under such circumstances! With his two little children, he seats himself in his carriage, and is soon lost to view in the rapidity of his motion. Little did his wife think that she had now heard the shrill cheerful accents of his voice for the last time. Little did he think that God was now about to answer the prayer that he so impiously and thoughtlessly uttered a few days before. His horse, a young

and fractious animal, taking fright, fully gained his liberty, and Mr. L. in attempting to save his children by leaping from the carriage, with one in each hand, struck his head upon the ground, and from that instant never spoke a word, nor had a lucid moment of sensation and reason till his death. After lingering three or four days, he expired in the most awful agonies.

Gentle Reader! this is no fiction; and before you divert your eye from this brief chapter of events in real life, let me ask you to pause and imprint upon the tablet of your heart the lesson it teaches. Never trample beneath your feet, the precious pearls of parental love, instruction and counsel, nor use efforts to blunt and destroy your purest sensibilities and your reason, by doing violence to early moral and religious impressions, by shutting the portals of your heart against sacred truth, and extinguishing the light of God's monitor in the Soul—a tender conscience. "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him, for the reward of his hands shall be given him: but wo unto the wicked, it shall be ill with him, for he shall eat of the fruit of his own doings."

PAGAN MORALITY.

A pagan moralist hath represented the folly of an attachment to this world, almost as strongly as a Christian could express it. "Thou art a passenger," says he, "and thy ship put into harbor for a few hours. The tide and the wind serve, and the pilot calls thee to depart, and thou art amusing thyself, and gathering shells and pebbles on the shore, till they set sail without thee." So is every Christian, who being upon his voyage to a happy eternity, delays, and loiters, and thinks, and acts, as if he were to dwell here for ever.

Original

DOOM OF THE LOST SOUL.

BY REV. A. LIPSCOMB.

WE stand amid the ruins of ancient architecture. The fallen columns lie in the dust, and the ivy covers them, as if to hide their mournful aspects. A thoughtful man must feel solemn in the contemplation of such a scene. Why is it? The mere recurrence of the past cannot produce it. The world is full of the memorials of other days; books and places call up their history; but yet, no such painful impression is produced. The idea of ruin explains the philosophy of the sentiment, as the eye beholds the mouldering walls, it presents to the intellect images of tender association. The patient toil of artist and workman is remembered. The gathering crowd within its ample halls is seen; their voices are heard, their fulness of life witnessed. Then comes the melancholy contrast. Desertion is succeeded by desolation.

We look upon a case of insanity. The mind still shows itself, but in what fearful forms! Imagination has no beauty—reason, no argument—faith, no anchor—hope, no promise. The storm collects, and departs without the sign of the rainbow. We shrink from such an object. A wrecked human being excites the same emotions. If we meet with one whom vice has destroyed, quivering over the grave with the curse on him, and binding around himself the cords that are to fasten him on the altar of vengeance, we shudder at the enormity, and weep at the approaching destiny. No one can resist the conclusion, that these things are not necessary. It all might have been otherwise. A wise and merciful plan has been violated, and wretchedness has ensued. Sin has

been determined to execute its schemes. It has been permitted. The terrible result is disclosed.

The doctrine of eternal punishment is the most awful form of truth that the human mind has been called to consider; but yet, it is found in the most benign system of moral science that the world has ever known. Whatever difficulty the mere philosopher may have to reconcile the threatened vengeance with the general import of grace, the enlightened student of Revelation appreciates their harmony, and admits their mutual influence. A destruction so signal, so momentous, so immeasurable, gives the highest significancy to the death of Christ, and the struggles of sincere piety. Jehovah has pledged his wisdom and power to avert it, if we acknowledge his claims and obey his laws. The institutions of Christianity stand in the path of rebellion, and obstruct the progress of iniquity. If they are all annulled, and the blood of the covenant trampled under foot, the judgment cannot be averted. It is the last resort of injured right. It is the final refuge of despised benevolence.

Inspiration does not propose an adequate picture of this horrible destiny. A clear annunciation of its certainty, a few most impressive figures, and repeated entreaties to shun it, constitute the sum of its details. How affecting is its restraint! The tears of Jesus, over Jerusalem, express more than words can embody. The sacrifices of Apostles, to save men from everlasting sorrow, convey their perceptions of its infinite wretchedness. How much our own hearts teach us on this subject! Let the process of imagining its dreadfulfulness be carried on, in any well-balanced intellect—let the affections, properly-directed, assist the conceptions—let the relations of life aid it, and into what magnitude do the ideas of Revelation swell! The limited exhibitions of the Scriptures in respect of this fact, are thus brought near to every man, and his own nature is enlisted in the interpretation of its tremendous accumulation of terrors. Transfer the declarations of Jehovah into your own bosom, associate them with conscience and feeling—look upon home and friends—

look upon sky and earth—look upon the unfolded glory of Heaven—look upon immortality, and all belonging to it, and tell us if the idea of Hell does not assume an overwhelming power? The scenery of the Universe may refuse its emblematic representations, but from the depths of the awakened and trembling heart, there arise images, on which guilt cannot fix its eye. No doctrine is introduced so near to our tenderest sympathies, our strongest instincts, our firmest convictions, as this doctrine of future punishment. Men cannot fly from it. The aid of eloquence is not needed to impart pungency to it. Only let the truth enter the mind, and Omnipotence attends its reception. If it were less palpably disclosed, if the heart were less capable of blending its passions with it then, indeed, might a daily repetition of Sinai wonders be necessary; but formed and educated as we are, we have only to embrace the naked statement of wrath to come, and the foundation is laid for moral excellence. The position of the sinner is inconceivably responsible. Every thing is suspended on his recognition of this fact of eternal suffering. It will be his portion, if grace fail to renew his corrupt nature. If the contemplation of its woe be so exciting, what must be the reality! Whatever dulness may now be found in his intellectual apprehensions of Eternity, and whatever torpor may oppress his conscience, it will not be so amid the solemn issues of the bar of God. The unspeakable wretchedness will then become a part of his personal history. Banished from the presence of Jesus Christ, the son of God and the Saviour of men, and doomed to be imprisoned with the outcasts of creation, he will enter into the full meaning of the WORM THAT DIETH NOT, AND THE FIRE THAT IS NOT QUENCHED.

O Reader, if thou hast no treasure laid up in Heaven, be persuaded to ponder thy ways before the gate of mercy shall be forever shut!

THE ART OF INVIGORATING LIFE.

BY WM. KITCHINER, M. D.

Without thy healing, active energy,
 No rapture swells the breast,
 No poet sings.

1. THE grand secret principle of action for living all the days of your life, consists in keeping the expense of the machinery of life within the income of health, which the restorative process can comfortably and regularly supply.

2. The animal spirits which nature intended for the animation and vigor and strength of a week, should not be consumed in a day.

3. Temperance and exercise, and tranquility of mind are interesting principles of action, and are maxims of invaluable interest and importance to all persons who would invigorate their health, and improve and increase the strength of their physical and mental constitution, as well as to increase the enjoyment, and prolong the duration of feeble life.

4. Our health, vigor and activity must depend much upon regimen, exercise and cheerfulness of mind.

5. Go to bed early, and rise early, if you wish to preserve health and invigorate life and strength.

6. Take as much exercise in the open air as you can, without fatigue, and consider your walk or ride not only as the means of exercise, but as the means of enjoying the purest vital nourishment.

7. It is not merely the quality and quantity of nourishment, but the state and perfection of the organs of digestion, which prepare it, that increase OUR VITALITY.

8. The source of physical and moral health, happiness and longevity,—

“ Reason’s whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, health, peace and competence,
 But health, consists in temperance alone ;
 And peace, oh virtue ! peace is all thy own.”





J. Franklin

T. Pollock

EVENING WALK.

LONDON—WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

BY THE EDITOR.

It has been said of the pious and venerable Jay of London, that he failed not every Lord's day to offer up the petition, "Lord! Bless This GREAT City!" Ministering in this vast metropolis, containing a population of more than Two Millions and a half, what wonder that the pious heart is filled with emotions of indescribable solicitude; and often has it occurred to us, when listening to the deafening roar of its busy population, or when all was lulled to repose, what a fearful weight of responsibility rests upon London Pastors.

The more we saw of London, the more were we amazed, and our amazement deepened into solemnity and interest in its welfare. London, city of the mighty dead, depository of the wealth of Empire, whose population is constantly overflowing its widely extended borders, what a history is thine, in which light has for ages struggled with darkness, and the paralyzing influence of degeneracy has grappled with the might of progress and the march of improvement. What changes thou hast witnessed in the lapse of 2000 years! What adversities thou hast seen by fire and by pestilence! What prosperity thou hast experienced in the pursuit of wealth and fame! What nation has not felt the might of thy power! How hast thou been exalted and humbled!

It is a current opinion among Americans, that the growth of our towns and cities surpasses in rapidity and extent those of any other part of the world. To this remark, however, London is an exception. In a report to Parliament, it is stated that in less than twelve years, twelve hundred new

streets have been added to London, which is at the rate of a hundred new streets a year. These streets contain forty eight thousand inhabitants, and houses built on a large and commodious scale, and in a style of superior comfort. The traveller who visited the metropolis ten years ago is astonished to find the vast improvements made in this short period.

The revenue of the London Post Office is \$30,000 a week, and above \$1,500,000 a year. There are 2000 merchants and brokers within half a mile of the Exchange. The business of the London bankers alone averages \$333,000,000 a month. The Bank of England is said to have eighty one millions of dollars in its vaults, and a sound paper circulation of 200,000,000 of dollars. These statistics give some idea of the business and wealth of London. But one must visit this great metropolis, and see with his own eyes the vast scale on which its affairs are conducted, to realise fully what London is, and what it is destined to be, should nothing occur to impede its growth or mar its prosperity.

The lovers of rural pleasure find every thing to gratify their taste and their love of nature in the magnificent Parks of London. In Hyde Park, as well as in others, the visitor is presented, on an afternoon, with a stirring display of the aristocracy. About 4 o'clock the carriages of the nobility and gentry may be seen moving in all directions, and ladies displaying their skill with the whip, and driving their high spirited horses with a rapidity and safety truly astonishing.

In our various perambulations, we were struck with the order and quiet of London. During our stay, we heard no alarm of fire, and saw no disturbances in the streets. Burglaries and outbreaks are more frequently noticed in New York than in this metropolis. One reason assigned for this is, that the convicts are transported and not permitted to return and re-enact their villanies; many of the disorderly are shipped to America. But, more than all, London is indebted for the order and peace which prevails throughout

its whole extent, to the perfection and efficiency of its Police. Its organization is most perfect. Men are not armed with bludgeons to quell disorder, but uniformly appear in the conciliatory character of PEACE MAKERS. They are never known to drag people indiscriminately to the watch-house, and it is seldom that their judicious and kind treatment fails of restoring order. London Policemen are not taken from the low and ignorant class which infest large cities, and who know no other argument than brute force, but they are selected with a proper regard to their intellectual and moral qualifications. This accounts for their gentlemanly conduct, and the readiness with which they supply strangers with useful information. The time, we trust, is not far distant, when this department of our city governments, so essential to the preservation of order and even life, shall no longer be subject to the control of party influences, but when, by common consent, MEN of known intelligence, sterling integrity and sound discretion shall be appointed to so responsible an office. We want men whose skill is not principally confined to the use of the shillelah, in thumping the pavement, or thumping the bodies of luckless wights or thoughtless inebriates: in a word, we want MEN.

Among the number of public buildings which we visited while in London, Westminster Abbey awakened the liveliest interest and made the most enduring impression. It is impossible to give the reader a just idea of the emotions awakened while viewing this noble edifice. Seburt, king of the East Angles, who flourished in the 6th century, is regarded as the original founder of the Abbey. It was restored by Edgar in 969, and re-erected entirely by Edward the Confessor in 1065. Edward spared no cost to make the structure the most magnificent that had ever been erected in his dominions. He devoted to the work a tenth part of his entire substance, as well in gold, silver and cattle and all his other possessions. Henry the III enlarged the plan of the ancient Abbey, and began to rebuild it in a style of far

greater magnificence than before. Edward I, and succeeding monarchs, continued the work, but it proceeded so slowly that it was still incomplete when Henry VII came to the throne. Henry added the Chapel which is commonly known by his name, and which may challenge competition, not certainly in magnitude and grandeur, but in elegance and richness of ornament, with any specimen of architecture in the world. The principal repairs or alterations made since the time of Henry VII, were those under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren.

It is impossible for us, in this brief survey, to attempt any description of the form and architectural character of this famous Abbey, or anything like an enumeration of the various curiosities and objects of interest which it contains. Westminster Abbey is executed in the ancient Gothic style; it stands directly opposite the Houses of Parliament. Its length from east to west is 416 feet—length of the transept 203—length of the nave 166—height 102—length of the choir 156, breadth 28. What is properly the church, is in the form of a cross. The northern transept presents an example of that diversified richness and elegant display which belongs to the pointed style of architecture. It derives its imposing effect from its immense buttresses, its elevated pinnacles, and its admirable Rose or St. Catherine wheel window. The eastern end of the Abbey is surrounded by chapels, varying both in their shape and dimensions. Of these there were formerly fourteen—there are still twelve.

It is from the west entrance that the most striking and effective view of the interior is obtained. Entering the west door between the towers, the whole body of the church opens itself to the eye. The happy disposition of the lights, the noble range of pillars, by which the whole building is supported, so nicely adjusted to the forms and magnitude of the arches and to the aerial loftiness of the vaulting, cannot fail to strike the beholder with sentiments of awe bordering on adoration. We stood wrapped in amazement at beholding this scene of unrivalled splendor and beauty.

But the principal attraction of Westminster Abbey arises from the numerous tombs which it contains, some of which are monumental erections of great splendor. Visitors are admitted into the interior of the Abbey by an entrance from the south-east, near which is "the Poet's Corner," named from the number of monuments erected to the memory of celebrated English Poets. Here we stood at the shrine of genius, while, with mingled emotions of awe and veneration, we read the names of Shakespeare, Ben Johnson, Spencer, Chaucer, Butler, Milton, Cowper, Gray, Prior, Granville, Sharpe, Thompson, Rowe, Gay, Goldsmith, Handel, Addison, Garrick, Dryden, Cowley, and a hundred others. Here, all around us and under our feet, are the remains of those whose names have adorned the brightest pages of English history, illustrious for rank, power, beauty or genius. Here the voice of history speaks amid the silence and gloom of "Death's Doings,"—facts are recorded in stone, and the startling curiosities of antiquity, awe and solemnise the mind. Here is the famous stone which was brought from Scone in Scotland, by Edward I, in 1296, upon which the English monarchs have since been crowned.

In the language of Addison, suggested by the contemplation of this impressive scene, as presenting somewhat a picture of my own thoughts on this occasion, "When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the bitter competitions, factions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great day when we shall all be cotemporaries and make our appearance together."

Reader, wouldst thou feel thy lofty aspirings give way—
thine inordinate thirst for any thing save the riches, honors

and glories of Heaven? Go—stand, but one half hour, in the midst of that great congregation of the illustrious dead, in Westminster Abbey—where kings and nobles, conquerors and prelates, historians and scholars, poets and philosophers ‘have laid their glory by.’ Select as your post of observation the upper SHRINE; cast your eye down upon this mighty panorama of death—this wilderness of tombs! ‘Behold the chambers and pillars and funeral trophies’ of the immortal dead; and you may feel the crimson current of life chill around the heart and run cold through all its channels, while you reflect on the end of man!

How full of silence and gloom—of shadows and fallen glory is this place—and yet amidst the touching stillness that reigns around the dead, the lightest foot-fall and whisper, reverberates through all these spacious vaults and chambers of the tomb! Here you see names that once were the glory and admiration, or the terror and scourge of Europe. Here are encoffined the blade and battle-axe of feudal times. The spear and sceptre that once caused the civilized world to grow pale; and which made whole realms a field of slaughter. Go down to the tombs of kings and conquerors, and in spite of a vigilance that never sleeps and lamps that never go out, you will see how dishonored is the memory of the dead! ‘The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funeral ornaments; the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperial Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind! Some are plundered; some mutilated; some covered with ribaldry and insult.’ And, in spite of lasting marble, guards of brass and bars of gold and all that human skill can devise to deck the tomb and shield it from the wastes of time, you see every thing here crumbling to ashes; yes, and the Abbey itself, this great Mausoleum of the immortal dead, without renewed skill and constant efforts, will soon become one mighty pile of ruins!

Original.

LINES

TO A LADY ON RECEIVING A BOUQUET OF FLOWERS.

BY ANNA L. SNELLING.

Charming flowers! Nature's treasures—
 Sweetest tributes of the heart;
 'Mid life's pains, and joys and pleasures,
 Ye must ever claim a part.

Ye can deck the harp's wild numbers,
 Ye adorn the bridal wreath,
 And too oft ye bloom where slumbers
 Beauty in the sleep of death.

Ye can tell love's soft revealings—
 Ye can friendship's thoughts impart;
 And ye soothe or wound the feelings
 Cherished by the wayward heart.

Flora's pride is still undying—
 Through the Winter's storms and snows,
 Like Hope's smile in grief relying,
 Blossoms Winter's beauteous Rose.*

And could all life's sunny bowers
 Be by friendly wishes blest;
 I would wish your fleeting hours
 Ever by sweet garlands drest.

Like the Rose—thy bloom undying—
 Like the Sun Flower—constant be:
 Like the Lily pure—retiring
 From the world's vain revelry.

Like the Snow-drop—meekly bending,
 When the storm of life is o'er—
 May thy spirit be ascending
 To a brighter, happier shore.

* Alluding to the Monthly Rose, which blooms all the year round.

Original.

THE OLD CHURCH.

ITS HALLOWED ASSOCIATIONS.

The hymn of praise, the voice of prayer,
The gospel trumpet sounded there.

THERE it stands! the old church! a memento of by-gone days. No more shall we sit in those seats; and listen to the word of truth, as the messenger of God dispenses it from the sacred desk; no longer, within those walls, shall we hear the "hymn of praise" as it is chanted to Him, to whom angels around His throne are continually paying their songs of holy adoration. Those consecrated walls no longer echo the voice of prayer—but songless, prayerless, and sermonless, is now The Old House of God. Yet, notwithstanding we now go not up there to worship, it is still dear to our memory, from the many and hallowed associations that cluster around this olden sanctuary. It is there, that in early childhood, we were wont to go up from Sabbath to Sabbath—it is there, that for the first time, we listened to the word of Life, as it came from the lips of him who had consecrated himself to the service of the most High—there, the song of praise first enkindled emotions of delight in our youthful bosom, and made our little heart beat quicker and quicker, as the soul-stirring music fell upon our ears. There were we accustomed to meet with those, who were near and dear to us by the ties of friendship; some of them now have left their New-England home, and the firesides of their fathers, and are now seeking their fortunes in remote places; but alas! upon the friendly faces of others, we shall no longer look; no more will they appear in the Lord's earthly temples—the cold grave has closed over their mortal bodies, and their spirits have gone to the world of spirits, to meet the Judge of the Universe.

But especially endearing and sacred to our memory is the Old Church, from the recollection of the aged pastor ; here, for years he had preached the everlasting gospel, and had grown old in the work of his Divine Master. Memory carries us not back to the vigorous young man, but when we for the first time entered this old sanctuary, his locks were hoary, and his face wrinkled with age. Even now can we look back through the lapse of years, and seemingly behold this true servant of Christ—can image to ourself that tall, spare form—those locks of snowy whiteness, which the frosts of many winters had sported with—that care-worn brow, and saintly countenance, that beamed with love and truth—and those eyes that glowed with eloquence—that eloquence which kindled up the latent fires in the breast of every hearer—they were indeed the true index of the transcendent qualities of his mind—of calmness, moderation, and depth of thought. Such qualities as these were combined in the character of the sage D. D.

Who can now enter this Old House, and look upon that desk, without having his mind revert to the time when this aged and venerated man there stood and delivered the messages of Christ. There is now the same elevated pulpit, upon which he was wont to lay his holy hands, as he offered up the fervent prayer—above this, hangs the sounding-board, which our fathers placed there—there are still the large galleries, upon three sides of the house, according to ancient custom ; all these are the same as they were in the days of our childhood—even hard-wearing time itself seems to have had regard to the sacred place, and to have withheld its dilapidating hand from this Old House of God, and it now appears no older than it did years ago. But in vain does the eye now search for those whom in former years it there beheld ; although this temple of the Almighty still stands as a memento of days that have passed, and seems to have undergone no change, yet it admonishes us that the fell-destroyer has not been inactive, but that he has seized with his destructive grasp one and another of that little flock that

formerly worshipped within its walls—that he has hurled his shafts unsparingly into its midst, and preyed upon the “just and unjust;” and as we now turn our gazing eyes up to that antique pulpit, the fact comes to our mind, that he, who once administered at that altar, has left all earthly temples, and gone to worship his heavenly Father “in temples not made with hands.” Here those beautiful lines of Crabbe apply with all their original force.

I see, no more, those white locks thinly spread
Round the bald polish of that honor'd head ;
No more that meek, that suppliant look in prayer,
Nor that pure faith, that gave it force,—are there ;
But he is blest ; and I lament no more.

These words are doubly touching from their application ; the last line should express the feelings of every one, as he meditates upon the life and death of one so holy as was he whose character we are now considering ; “but he is blest” —those words breathe a genial consolation into the wounded breast.

It was in this Old Church, that “the last sad duties” were performed to him whose voice had there so many times been heard—but those walls had reverberated it for the last time ; hither his mortal remains had been brought, that the flock, over which he had so tenderly watched, might once more look upon the face of their aged and venerated pastor. The clergyman who conducted the services upon this mournful occasion, was a venerable father in the church, about the age of his departed brother ; his hair too was silverd with age. He had visited the worthy man a few days before his death, when he requested him to lead in the services, and pointed out the passage from which he wished him to preach. The departed was one dearly beloved by him—he had been his counsellor for many years—a friendship formed in youth, and strengthened by years, was now severed ; it was under such circumstances that he spoke, and how could his words be otherwise than pathetic ? for

they were but the natural outbreking of a heart overflowing with sorrow ; we can now almost catch the tone, though years have passed since that day. Such are the recollections that hover around the Old Church, and so long as we breathe the vital air, they will never be erased from our memory.

J. H. S.

ON RECREATION.

Recreation should be manly, moderate, seasonable and lawful. If your life be sedentary, let it tend to the exercise of your body :—if active, to the refreshing of your mind. Its use is to strengthen your labor and sweeten your rest.

Recreation of some sort is absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention and labor ; indeed, the use of wisdom is in tempering our recreations. Some are so rigid that they avoid all diversions—others so timid that they abandon all lawful delights, for fear of offending. Truth compels us to say these are hard tutors, if not tyrants to themselves ; whilst they pretend to a mortified strictness, they rob themselves of their liberty, and condemn the liberality of their Maker.

Those who deny themselves innocent and necessary recreation from a superstitious dread of offending are to be pitied ; whilst those who tax themselves with an amount of labor and care which precludes the possibility of recreation, through the desire of wealth, are to be blamed.

God never designed man to be the world's slave and drudge ; to toil unceasingly at the oar of life, until worked out or broken down he drops into his grave ; but he made him to be happy in the alternations of labor and rest, of toil and recreation. The wise man says, "there is nothing better than that a man should rejoice in his works." But what joy can that man have who has no mercy on himself ; who over-works himself, and puts it out of his power to enjoy the fruit of his labors.

Original.

THE SINNER'S CALL.*

BY REV. D. BURCHARD, N. Y.

AWAKE! Sinner, wake! 'tis the dawning of morn;
 The mist's on the mountain, the dew's on the thorn;
 The birds warble sweetly in valley and grove,
 All offering their Maker a morn-song of love.

Awake! Sinner, wake! for the noon-tide's bright sun,
 Proclaims by its fervor, the day is half done;
 Up, up and be doing, while yet it is day;
 Awake! to thy labor and work whilst thou may.

Awake! Sinner, wake! for the sun sinks to rest,
 On his pillow of clouds in the shades of the west;
 E'en the wild feathered songsters have warbled their prayer,
 In doubt and in darkness, why sleepest thou there?

Awake! Sinner, wake! for the tempter's abroad!
 Heaven's pathway is thornless, and pleasant the road.
 Through the wide open gate of repentance and prayer
 The smile of thy Saviour awaiteth thee there.

* We live in a world of storms and shipwrecks, of perils, and of PROBATION, and the voice of wisdom and of warning is in our ears, and yet we slumber on—the spell is unbroken—we dream of safety when sudden destruction is near. The poet's call to the slumbering sinner is timely and appropriate. Life is presented as a brief summer's day, and its morning, noon, and night, call upon the sinner to awake to a sense of his duty, his danger, his destiny. And as the year rolls by, and we stand at the portals of a new year, may we not unite with the Apostle in saying, "It is high time to awake out of sleep?"

Original.

MARY NELSON:

OR, THE POISON OF ERROR.

"THERE, dear, be still and it will soon be morning," said Mary Nelson as she reached down from her own bed to the cradle, in which she had laid her first-born.

Her own pillow had thus far been a sleepless one, and short and restless had been the dreams of her infant, whom she had tried to soothe in her bosom, till wearied with the effort, and anxious to get a little sleep herself before the sun should return, she had committed the child to its cradle, and was rocking it to slumber.

It was a sad night that to Mary Nelson, and she had had many such already, and a prospect of more; for in the distance she saw no relief for the sorrow that was growing deeper and heavier as each month wore away with its load of grief.

Mary and I were playmates in childhood. Her father and mine were NEIGHBORS in the country, and that means something. They were friends, and their children were friends, going to the same school and church, fond of the same amusements, and looking forward to the same life—the life of happy farmers in a land of plenty. Mary and I grew up together, and were in the flush of youth before we had either of us thought of ever being anything but children. She was handsome; and what was strange, she did not know it, or at least no one could think she did, so simple, so artless, so humble was Mary. Beauty makes girls vain often, and it seems a pity that they should spoil their looks by airs that win the love of no one, and make them only disagreeable. But Mary never looked so pretty as when we had been off in the fields gathering flowers in June, and

coming home she would fling herself down on the turf by the well, under the great elm in the rear of her father's house, and as she arranged her flowers in the pitchers to stand on the mantelpiece in the front room, would once in a while fasten one and another carelessly in her hair, till she looked like a fairy, but not a fairy from the spirit land ; for Mary's cheek had too much of the rose of health, and her eye, dark and piercing, was too bright for fancy work. Mary was a veritable beauty, and by the time she was seventeen years old the whole country-side knew it. There was not a young man of character and prospects, within six miles, but had seen Mary Nelson, and many of them went to the church where Mary's father attended, just to see her as she stepped out of the long farmer wagon of a Sunday morning, and walked, in her blushing beauty, to her seat in the church.

Mary was too young to think of being married, but ere she was eighteen she had lost her heart and got another in exchange. And what was worse than that, she had, girl-like, taken her own way about it, and made a barter of hearts with a boy whom her wiser parents would not have chosen to be the companion of their child for life. Charles Nelson was the son of a wealthy citizen of the great metropolis, and had been sent into the country in the hope that he would unlearn and forget some wild habits that he had formed in the midst of the attractions of the city. It was even said that he had been to college, and had been RUSTICATED for a season, that his manners might be mended by a few months' residence among his country cousins. But he was just the youth to be happy any where, and when the pleasures of the city were no longer his own, he entered with as much apparent delight upon the new world which the country offered. In all the sports of the farm and the country he was as much at home as if he had never been in a wilderness of brick. He was the first in a frolic to stir hay, to pick blackberries, to go fishing or riding, and it was easy to see that the girl counted herself happy who had Charles Nelson for her beau, when these free and lively parties drew

together the young folks, as they often did, after the coming of our friend Charles Nelson from the city.

We had gone up to a beautiful lake in the woods, on a party for sailing and fishing, the young folks of both sexes finding equal pleasure in it, and neither caring anything for the sport without the other ; I had observed that Charles and Mary were more than usually still, but there was nothing in the manner of either that made it worth while to rally them, and Charles had been so general an admirer, and being himself admired of all, we had never cared to appropriate him to any one in particular. But as we went ashore in the middle of the day for the pic nic, Mary dropped carelessly upon Charles' offered arm, and instead of entering upon the gay scene of getting dinner in the woods, an operation in which they were expected to take the lead, they strolled away as if they would be alone. They were gone half an hour, and when they came back, it was plain that Mary's dark eyes had been weeping. Her cheek was flushed, and her voice trembled as she took her seat among us, and tried to be cheerful. Charles was pale and thoughtful, and had he not been almost a stranger to the young men, they would have teased him for running away with Mary when she was wanted at the dinner-table. But after asking him if he had a pleasant walk, and chiding him for being late to dinner, they said nothing more to him, though there were some of us who had our suspicion that Charles and Mary had been talking love, and had been caught by each other in a confession which both were very ready to make. And so it proved. But Mary could only say that she must consult her parents before she would make any promises to leave them.

"And what if they say I am wild, and will never do for one so gentle, and so sweet as you are, Mary, what then?"

"Oh, but they will not; I know they will not; they know that you are not wild now; that you will never go away from this quiet spot, but will just stay right here LIKE MY BROTHER, and always love us; will you not?"

"Any where with you Mary. I know I have been wild, but that was before I knew you, or dreamed there was one on Earth likè you. It always seemed to me that it must be insufferably dull up here, and that nobody could live away from the city; but I never knew what it was to be happy till I came here, and now I feel that I can never be happy elsewhere. I would love to spend my life in this country-place, and leave the city for those that like it. I have had enough of it, and would like to quit it forever."

How little did he know his own heart, or the power of early habit. But he was honest in these thoughts, and in the fulness of his heart he was ready to promise never to take Mary away from her own door, if she would be his.

The next summer Charles returned from the city, and having made arrangements for going into business with his father, he made serious proposals for Mary's hand, and after no little struggle on the part of her parents, the consent was given, and the young lovers were married. Charles' passion for Mary had made him apparently an altered man. In the earlier years of his career in the city, he had been getting into the ways of the world, and before this time would have been out of the reach of hope, had he not wandered into the country and fallen into the silken snares of his pretty cousin. Now he brings her to this great city, and she is happy with him anywhere. The fields and flowers of that rural home, seemed part of life to her while she was there, but her heart was now another's, and she was willing to quit the sweet home of her youth, and be buried in the wilderness of a city, for the sake of him whom she loved to call her own.

"Now you will not go to that lecture to-night, will you, Charles," said Mary as her husband was preparing to leave the house.

"Why not, what's the harm, dear?"

"Much, very much I fear. You are not as happy now as you were before you fell in with those men. You do not love home as well, and I wish you would stay and read to me."



AQUILEGIA CANADENSIS.

“But I love you more, Mary, than ever. You know I do. I only go to hear these men talk. I don’t believe half they say, and I will be home early.”

And off he went to hear a lecture from the Socialists, whose schemes of improvements had recently caught his fancy, and he was determined to hear for himself. Here he learned to feel that home was a prison, and a husband a slave; that happiness is to be found only in liberty, and that no liberty can be enjoyed where a man must be tied up by the laws of domestic life. This was a new doctrine to Charles Nelson. He had always felt free and happy, and what more could he ask in the way of liberty and love, than he had found in his own home. But the poison of a false philosophy, that puts bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter, had found its way to his heart, and now he began to feel that a man of independence ought not to be tied to the drudgery of domestic life, and a man of philanthropic feelings should love all the world alike! In the stronghold of the affections, this mischief began to work, and bitter were its fruits. Home was no longer his paradise. Other haunts became familiar; late hours abroad were followed by restless nights, and irksome days at home. Mary’s smile was less warm, and her cheek grew pale as his coldness chilled her heart, and the work of misery once begun made rapid and fearful progress.

The restraints of faithfulness to one whom he had pledged his soul were gradually relaxed; dissipation followed, and then the train of bankruptcy and poverty and woe, rushed on him in a storm.

Yet young and lovely, the wife and mother yielded to her fate, but not without a struggle. Between the ruin that threatened him, and the present which seemed but a step from ruin, she sought to interpose her own hopes and happiness, the memory of early days, the promises of youth. run BABE SHE HAD BORNE HIM, and the prospect of bliss on Earth and on high, all now to be blasted by the wretched career on which he had entered.

It was all in vain; Mary, the wreck of loveliness, has gone back to her father's house, and there has found a home and hearts that love to shelter her; her husband, or he who once loved to call himself her husband, has linked himself to the new community men and women, whose philosophy has seduced him to his ruin.

Alas, for the peace and purity that once shed their hallowed radiance on the home of my early friend. Its joys withered before the blighting power of false teachers, whose counsels never lightened one load of sorrow on a human heart, but has burdened and crushed many that otherwise would have known of wretchedness only by name.



THE POINT OF A DIAMOND.

BOLD STROKES OF TRUTH.

“WHEN Bishop Latimer was on trial; he at first answered carelessly. But presently he heard the pen going behind the tapestry, which was taking down his words. Then he was careful what he said. There is an All-recording pen behind the curtain of the skies, taking down our words and acts for judgment.

It is a pen of iron. ‘The sin of Judah is written with a pen of iron, and the point of a diamond.’ It graves deep its records on the imperishable tablets of eternity—a record of every thought, word and act. How ought we to live, since we can almost hear the all-recording pen going every hour, since we know that every day we are filling a page in the books that shall be opened at the judgment, and the record is imperishable as eternity.

A rich landlord in England once performed an act of tyrannical injustice to a widowed tenant. The widow's son, who saw it, became a painter, and years after succeeded in placing a painting of that scene where their oppressor saw it. As his eye fell on the picture, the rich man turned pale

and trembled, and offered any sum to purchase it, that he might put it out of sight. If every scene of wickedness through which a man passes, should be painted, and the paintings hung up about him, so that he would always see the portrait of himself with the evil passions expressed on his countenance, and himself in the very act of wickedness, he would be wretched. Such a picture-gallery there is; and in eternity the sinner will dwell in it; for every feature and lineament of the soul in every feeling and act of wickedness, is portrayed imperishably, and will be exhibited to the gaze of the universe forever.

By the discoveries of modern science, the rays of the sun are made to form the exact portrait of him on whom they shine. We are all living in the sun-light of eternity, which is transferring to plates more enduring than brass, the exact portrait of the soul in every successive act with all its attendant circumstances.

Interesting to the antiquarian, is the moment when he drags out from the sands of Egypt some obelisk on which the 'pen of iron, and the point of a diamond' have graven the portraits, the attitudes, the dresses, and the pursuits of men who lived and died 3000 years ago. But none can utter the interest of that moment, when, from the silence of eternity shall be brought out tablets thick-set with the sculptured history of a sinful soul, and men and angels, with the sinner himself, shall gaze appalled on the faithful portraiture of a life of sin. Remember, then, O, transgressor, you must meet the record of your sin in eternity."

READER! a stain on thy character, though not of flagrant complexion, though it may have been made under many palliating circumstances—a stain, trivial though it may appear in the view of the world, must stand on the page of thy history forever. A stain on thy character will not only have a bearing on thy whole future welfare, but it may help to form the grand result that shall be made out at the judgment.

THE TERRIBLE ENEMY OF HOME.

I PLEAD the cause of temperance as a practical theme, says Frelinghuysen, that addresses itself to the heart, conscience, and intellect of every man, woman and child—that is deep, pervading and universal, in all its influences and interests. There has never been such a scourge permitted to visit our race, as that of intoxicating liquors. There has never been such an absurdity as that we should consent, as a Christian people, and that the whole civilized world should consent to bow their necks under this bloody Moloch—and that, after all the advantages with which a merciful Providence has favored us, still fathers' hearts have bled, and mothers have wept over ruined children; this blood-stained monster has continued his ravages, unheeding alike the groans of his victims, the tears of the widow and the orphan, and the rebukes of the pulpit and the press. I said there was never a greater contradiction to human reason; but there is one greater—it is, that, after a kind Providence has opened a way of relief, by means of TOTAL ABSTINENCE, we should still have to strive and labor and debate the question, with the Christian world, whether that remedy shall be adopted. All the opposition that perverted intellect can raise up has assaulted us, and is still meeting us at every corner. * * * *

There is a peculiarity in the nature of the vice itself which demands it. Of all the habits this is the most insidious. It gives no warning of its enchantments. It speaks peace, promotes joy, and makes encroachments by little and little. The individual beholds visions of exalted joy, while he digs his own grave and while the tempter whispers peace, he secretly and surely destroys all that is valuable in his character. He but professes to quench his thirst, yet only excites it. The more he seeks to gratify it, the louder is the call. It is one of those stimulating agents, which the body cannot endure without being brought into bondage. The man who takes his glass of wine to-day at a certain time,

will require it in larger quantity to-morrow. More than sixty years ago, Dr. Johnson was asked, "why don't you take wine?" He answered, "for the most important of all reasons, I can't take a little." That is the only place of safety. I put it to every man accustomed to use wine, if he is satisfied with the same quantity now that he was a year ago. I remember one of the most efficient friends of temperance, was led to stop drinking from reading three lines in a temperance publication, which declared that a man who was accustomed to drink would fill his glass higher every morning. He said to me, "I threw down the book and thought it extravagant, but that very day at dinner, when I went to take my brandy and water, I found I had actually doubled the quantity." Talk about drinking temperately, you cannot. God never meant alcohol should be used temperately. I tremble for every temperate friend I have, whether he drinks wine or brandy.

But the moral influence of intoxicating liquors, is still more dreadful. We can look at the staggering form of the drunkard—But, O the soul! that immortal principle which God has placed within us, created with ability to trace the long track of day, to roll among the planets and calculate their distances, to swell with gratitude the universal song of praise, degraded and brought down to the very dregs of pollution. That immortal life, all valuable as it is, this prostrates and destroys. Ten or fifteen years ago, when he commenced his career, if you had gone to him and said, "Sir, you will be a drunkard," like Hazael, he would have said with amazement, "Am I a dog that I should do this?" But now he will stagger along your streets without shame. Now and then, there may be a momentary reluctance as he passes along to the place of intoxication. He may look up and down the street, and may remember the home he has left desolate. He may almost give up the intoxicating cup, but ah! it is too late, his resolution is gone. He has nothing to fall back upon, and he rushes on and drinks the fatal goblet, which he knows is hurrying him to the grave.

Can we propose a simple remedy? Yes,—just leave off drinking. And ought not a redeemed world to bless God for this discovery? And ought we not, heart to heart and shoulder to shoulder, to press forward in the application of such a remedy?



SINGULAR REPROOF FOR RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY.

Mrs. Mary Honeywood, who died in England 1620, and was remarkable both for her longevity and the number of her lawful descendants, having reached her 93d year, and had 357 descendants, is said to have been greatly oppressed with religious melancholy. Being much afflicted in mind, Fuller, on the authority of Morton, Bishop of Durham, relates that many ministers repaired to her, and among the rest, Fox, the Martyrologist, but that all his counsels proved ineffectual; insomuch, that, in the agony of her soul, having a Venice glass in her hand, she burst out into this expression, "I am as surely damned as this glass is broken!" which she threw with violence to the ground; but the glass rebounded again and was taken up whole and entire. It is said to be still preserved in the family.

REMARKS.—It is sad, indeed, to see persons of such advanced age in such a state of mental dejection. The feeling of utter hopelessness belongs only to such as are of a reprobate mind, and wholly abandoned of God, as was Cain and Judas. Those whom he cannot inspire with presumption and a feeling of false security, Satan tempts to despair. But since, ordinarily, no person can certainly know that he is wholly given up of God, all, of every age, should give heed to the encouraging invitations of the Saviour, and look by faith to him. "The blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin." He invites all without distinction to come to him, and assures us that "whosoever cometh unto him he will in no wise cast out."—ED.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

With a Steel Engraving.

CONSTANTINOPLE is the magnificent capitol of the once powerful but now feeble and crumbling Empire of Turkey. The reign of Constantine teems with great and important events; among which was the building of Constantinople on the site of the ancient City of Byzantium, and the removal of the seat of empire to that new Capitol. The removal of the imperial residence has been assigned as one of the principal causes of the downfall of the Roman empire. While Constantine designed to secure to himself a glory equal to that of Romulus, his ambition probably gave a fatal blow to the Empire.

It must be confessed that the situation of the new Capitol was, in many respects, preferable to that of Rome. The place he pitched upon to immortalize his name was, indeed, well chosen. The ancient city of Byzantium possessed one of the finest ports in the world, on the straits of Thracian Bosphorus, which communicates with those inland seas, whose shores are formed by the most opulent and delightful countries of Europe and Asia.

If we consider not only the geographical position, but also the topographical situation of Constantinople, with the beautiful and picturesque arrangement of land and water with which it is environed, we shall at once be convinced of the eligibility of its situation, and of the preference due to it when compared with Rome. Constantinople is situated on an elevated ground, consisting of gently swelling eminences, rising like terraces one above another, without any of those valleys formed by the hills on which Rome stands; which, with the marshes adjoining the Tiber, render the air unwholesome. The city was laid out in a triangular form;

the harbor, the Bosphorus, the Propontis or Sea of Marmora, form the triangle. The harbor on the north side of the city is secure and capacious, being five hundred yards wide at its entrance from the Bosphorus, and extends seven miles into the land. From the Euxine Sea to the Seraglio point, the whole length of the Bosphorus extends about 18 miles, and its ordinary breadth about a mile and a half; in many places somewhat broader, in some much narrower, with several beautiful windings.

The ground on which Constantinople stands is marked by nature as the site of a great city. A gently declining promontory secured by narrow seas, at the east of Europe, stretches out to meet the continent of Asia, from which it is separated by so narrow a strait that a boat may cross from continent to continent in a quarter of an hour. This strait or channel, running between the beautiful shores of Europe and Asia, looks like a stately river until it sweeps by the angle of Constantinople, and enters the Sea of Marmora. Ere it loses itself in that sea, it forms an elbow on the right, flowing between the triangle of Constantinople proper, and its suburbs of Galatea and Pera, and forming the port called the Golden Horn, the most convenient as well as the most beautiful harbor in the world.

The triangle which the city now entirely occupies, is washed on the northern side by the deep waters of the port, and on the south eastern by the Sea of Marmora. The base of the triangle, or the ground beyond the wall which attaches it to the European continent, is an elevated plain with some trifling inequalities of surface. The area of the triangle is diversified by gentle hills rising gradually above each other, declining towards Seraglio point, and shelving off on either side toward the Sea of Marmora and the port. On these beautiful eminences the city stands, presenting on either side the aspect of a stately amphitheatre.

In sailing up the Propontis towards Constantinople, the most enchanting prospect meets the eye of the observer; from every part he sees the highlands of Thrace and By-

thesica, and never loses sight of Mount Olympus, till the city itself is seen rising from the strand, and presenting the most magnificent appearance. The ridge of the first hill, departing from the acute point of the triangle is occupied by the Seraglio, or palace of the Sultan; behind which the dome of Santa Sophia is seen towering aloft. The second hill is crowned by the mosque of the Osmanich, whose dome is strikingly bold and lofty. The still grander mosque of Solyman the magnificent towers on the third hill; whilst an ancient aqueduct, with its bold arches, unites the summits of the third and fourth hills. On the very highest point of the chain a lofty tower is erected to give the alarm of fire.

Although Constantinople is traversed with one principal street from the Seraglio to the inland walls, the houses are not massed together in compact blocks, but are interspersed with open spaces, gardens, trees, mosques and minarets or towers, all kept purely white, and surmounted with a gilded crescent. The elevated situation of the city not only contributes to its beauty, but also to its health and cleanliness. It catches all the pleasant breezes from the Bosphorus, the Marmora, and the hills of Thrace; while the earth which accumulates is washed into the harbor or open sea. The city is surrounded by old walls flanked with towers, which are in some parts in a ruinous condition; including its suburbs it probably contains not far from a million of inhabitants.

View it from whatever point you may, Constantinople appears like "the Queen of cities." Constantine designed to make it THE CAPITOL OF THE WORLD. And why may it not be? By means of the Euxine Sea, and the Rivers Don and Dnieper, it may command the commerce of the vast regions of the North; and from its communication with the Mediterranean Sea, its position is extremely advantageous in respect of the trade of India and Africa. If it should fall into the hands of the autocrat of Russia, as it ultimately may, and he should make it the seat of his empire,

there is no calculating to what height of power and grandeur it may yet rise.

To this spot Constantine caused the wealth of Rome to be conveyed, and the ancient Capitol soon dwindled into a mere satellite. The wound was deadly and incurable. Rome and Italy fell under the government of tyrants who rose and fell in rapid succession. The Northern hordes which poured down upon Europe, completed the work of destruction. But Constantinople stood unrifled and unimpaired through all the storms and revolutions of the dark ages. It presented an insurmountable obstacle to the Persians under Chosroes, and resisted all the attacks of the Avans and Goths. During the Caliphate, it was the bulwark of Europe against the Saracens. It was never taken by the barbarians of the North or East. It was even fortunate enough to escape the rage of civil war, and to survive for many ages, to triumph over the vices of its degenerate inhabitants. When the arts and sciences were almost annihilated, and literature almost extinguished by the Northern nations, the Byzantine empire was the only part of the then known world, that could, with propriety, be called civilized; and Constantinople the centre of all that was great and estimated in literature and the arts.

In the darkest periods of the church, and while the city of Constantine was herself continually declining, it was nevertheless the point where the learning and science of the world was chiefly concentrated. At length it was taken by Mahomet II, and the crescent supplanted the cross.

At the present time there is no spot on the globe which is awakening deeper interest than Constantinople; and though recently the power of persecution has arrayed itself against the progress of truth, we have little doubt but that this magnificent city will soon be numbered among the trophies of Christ, and the light which once illuminated her temples will rise and shine with tenfold brightness.

DIG—DIG DEEP.

BY THE EDITOR.

THIS is the word, the talisman of virtue, the motto of the industrious and praiseworthy of every class. Dig—keep digging. Dig; not for the precious metals and gems of earth, but for something infinitely better and more valuable. Dig for mental wealth and spiritual treasures. These are not obtained without effort. They are not inherited, nor do they come by chance: Providence does not shower them upon us, but they lie buried deep, like gold or jewels in the mine, and we must dig and labor hard, if we would bring them up and become enriched by them. Those who prefer a life of ease and indolence to that of hardship and toil, will never acquire those lasting possessions which will forever drive away want and sorrow, and provide the soul with a perpetual feast, a feast of fat things.

The word, then, is dig. The young man who naturally dreads labor, who is too proud or too lazy to work, must nevertheless dig. And the delicate young female, who feels that she was not made to tug at the oar of life, she too must dig for the hidden treasure, or it will never be hers.

One may accumulate temporal goods, and others may share equally in them, without the necessity of toil. Not so in mental and spiritual acquisitions. Here, we cannot be wise by proxy. The knowledge another may acquire, I cannot make mine, without corresponding effort. Each one must accumulate for himself, or gather nothing. There is no mystery in this, it is plain as the Spanish proverb, "He that will not work, shall not eat." Here lies the secret of mental power; it lies in this one little word, dig—this has a sort of talismanic charm; it can accomplish wonders. And remember, the deeper you dig, the richer will be the veins of knowledge you will strike. The laborer in Mexican

mines has never yet been rewarded for his incessant and painful toil. Probably many a one, with an eye to the rich mines of Mexico, has enlisted in the war we are now waging against that distracted, ill-fated country. Vain and delusive are their golden visions! But there are mines of inexhaustible wealth in the word of God, which will amply reward you for all your toil. Dig then—drill away—blast the rocks and remove the rubbish, and you will find the pure virgin ore, which will form a crown of glory, more resplendent than that which graced the brow of Victoria at her coronation.

MENTAL TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

THERE is no doubt that forcing the intellect of children, occasions great mischief to their health, although it be done in the gentlest manner. This remark has particular reference to scrofulous and rickety children, whose brains are often largely developed and much disposed to mental activity, which latter enfeebles the weak condition of the other organs of the body, and, instead of being checked by parents, is fostered in every possible way, to the exclusion of all those means which have an invigorating influence upon the frame, and thus creates a premature decay. Education should not be commenced before the fourth or fifth year, and then only of that nature sufficient to call forth the slightest mental efforts; they should be pursued at home, under the guidance of a person possessing good plain sense. The child would then escape the impure atmosphere of the crowded class-room and the restraints generally imposed there, which sometimes occasion distortions and undermine weakly constitutions.

Original.

TREES AND FLOWERS.

REV. S. D. BURCHARD, N. Y.

ALL natural objects are beautiful and adapted to awaken corresponding emotions of beauty and sublimity. The broad expanse of the heavens, studded with stars, is an object which never tires, but we gaze upon it with ever increasing wonder and delight. The deep, blue ocean, the lofty mountain, the thundering cataract, the scenery of forest, glade and glen, awaken sentiments of mingled awe and admiration. The treasures of nature are infinitely varied, and the life of man may come to its close before he has seen half the products and pictures which she is able to display. Among other objects of interest, TREES, in all their variations of size and shape and species, may justly call our attention. We love to see them, in their native wildness, the sole possessors of the soil, undisturbed by the axe of the bold adventurer, the home of the wild beast and bird. It is in the deep forest, when the winds moaned sobbingly through the trees, or the zephyr gently stirred the leafy foliage, that we have held communion with nature and with nature's God. And even where the hand of civilization and culture has come, we love to see these forest natives embosoming and shadowing the cottage or the dwelling. It is a mark of refined and cultivated taste thus to blend nature with art. What is it that gives such an air of elegance and aristocracy to the venerable mansions of the old world? Is it not the shaded avenues, the forest scenery, and playful fountains that lead to, and surround them? What is it, that imparts such freshness and beauty to the homes and villages of our own New England? Is it not the venerable elms that have stood for many long years, like proud sentinels, in all their freshness and growing beauty! A residence in the country,

however classic or modern its architecture, lacks the essential elements of taste and comfort which is unadorned with shrubbery and trees. Perhaps nothing is better adapted both for ornament and shade, than our native forest tree, THE MAPLE. The pendant birch sprinkled with hoar-frost, or covered with snow, or clothed with its summer foliage, is always an object pleasing to the eye. The old oak, venerable for years, majestic in its towering pride, the queen of the forest, never fails to leave on the mind of the observer the lingering idea of strength and beauty. The conical poplar—the flowery chesnut—the elegant mountain ash—the aspiring fir—the glossy laurel—the weeping willow—these all form so various and delightful pictures, that could I enjoy them, I would not envy those who choose to thread their way through the dust and smoke of a crowded city, or lounge in the picture galleries of the most magnificent palaces. I prefer nature for my painter, and the mountain and the forest as my picture galleries.

The ancient Greeks and Romans, in their most palmy and prosperous days, were fond of cultivating trees and flowers. They thought it not enough, in beautifying their splendid dwellings, to have recourse to architecture, statuary and painting, but sought from the hand of nature the chief ornament of their elegant and retired abodes. The plane tree was a peculiar favorite among the ancients. The philosophical conversations of Socrates are represented as having been held under its lofty and diffusive shade. Herodotus relates that Xerxes, on an expedition, happened to find one of remarkable beauty, with which he was so enamored, that he presented it with a golden chain, to be twined like a sash around its body, or like a bracelet round one of its arms. He lingered around it, and reposed under its cooling shade. And when, at last, stern necessity compelled him to leave the object of his passion, he caused its figure to be stamped on a golden medal, which he constantly wore in memory of his favorite tree. This fondness for the simple and sublime beauties of nature does not detract from the greatness of

him with whom are associated the pomp of power and armies mighty and victorious. *The associations of nature are always pure and refreshing. And shall we be wholly deprived of such pleasures and associations, who are doomed to the daily duties and toils of a crowded metropolis? Let it be said to the honor of the good people of New-York, that here we have a Battery shaded with trees, commanding an extensive view of the harbor, and presenting a varied scene of magnificence and beauty scarcely less captivating than the landscapes, picturesque and poetic, which repose beneath an Italian sky. We have parks, and fountains sporting with the sun-ray, and blending the music of their waters with the noise and clattering machinery of busy life. And here, too, we may enjoy the pleasures of the flower garden. The Rose, that emblem of innocence and beauty—the Jessamine, the Magnolia, the Tulip, the Hyacinth, the Honeysuckle, and, indeed, the whole sisterhood of flowers, may be our daily companions, and they will utter a voice, not in words, but still a voice, which has an echo in the heart. I am aware that the sordid and the selfish will say, “All this is mere fiction—the excess of enthusiasm.” But I ask, has God given to man a taste for the beautiful, and supplied objects and means abundantly for its gratification, and shall he, in sullen indifference, turn away from all that can delight the eye and ravish the heart! Or shall the votaries of pleasure confine themselves to heated rooms and card tables, when the zephyr invites them to survey the beauties and taste the delights of nature, on hills, in vales, in woods and groves, or in the more quiet retreat of an humble yet highly cultivated garden? O, we pity the man who cannot, like Xerxes, leave for a time the pomp of wealth and the hurry of business with its corroding cares, and feast his senses and his soul with the sight of a tree or a flower!

Original.

"HOW CHARMING IS THE PLACE." S. M. T. HASTINGS.

1. How charming is the place, Where my Redeemer, God, Un-
veils the beauties of his face, And sheds his love a - broad!

2.
Not the fair palaces
To which the great resort,
Are once to be compared with this,
Where Jesus holds his court.

3.
Here on the mercy-seat,
With radiant glory crown'd,
Our joyful eyes behold him sit
And smile on all around.

4.
To him their prayers and cries
All humbled souls present;
He listens to the broken sighs,
And grants them all they want.

5.
To them his sovereign will
He graciously imparts;
And in return accepts, with smiles,
The tribute of their hearts.

6.
Give me, O Lord, a place
Within thy blest abode,
Among the children of thy grace,
The servants of my God.





THE SHORT—THE SURE WAY TO HEAVEN.

BY THE EDITOR.

THERE is no royal road to glory; many have thought otherwise and have discovered when too late their error; death has rebuked the arrogance of their pretensions, and laid both their hope and their pride in the dust. Many have resorted to human expedients to find bliss this side of the grave; but have never found it in all their hoards of golden gain, glittering honors, alluring friendships or luxurious pleasures. It was never found in the pomp of royalty, in the glory of conquests, or in the refined and exalted pleasures of literature and science. It has been sought in vain oblations, in costly sacrifices, in humiliating tortures, in self-inflicted and prolonged penances but sought in vain. All these have failed to dispel the apprehensions of guilt and speak peace to the troubled soul. These miserable opiates, so far as they have served to stupify and indurate the mind, may have produced a sort of negative happiness, or that quiet which results from insensibility—these have removed none of the potent causes of misery, but left the mind under their fearful operation.

All human expedients have been tried and proved empty and worthless; all have left the soul at an infinite distance from the exalted bliss of Heaven. Even at the summit of worldly prosperity and glory, the soul has not gained the first onward step towards the paradise of God, or the least fitness for the society of Heaven. While the sinner seeks happiness in any thing that perishes, he is and must forever

remain "poor and wretched and blind and naked and in need of all things."

What then is the way to happiness?—the short, the sure, the only way to Heaven? The answer is comprised in a few words. We are rebels against God, having transgressed his law and trampled on his authority. For this we must humble ourselves and become deeply penitent; as guilty, condemned and ruined, we must by faith embrace the only Saviour of lost sinners; we must seek pardon and justification alone, through his merits and mediation. As defiled and undone, we must seek to have our souls purified "through sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the Truth." As guilty and helpless, we must receive Jesus as the Lord our righteousness and strength, as our wisdom, sanctification and redemption. These things we must do or perish. Heaven will not admit the unsanctified to its communion; an offended God will not pardon and save those who reject the mediation of his Son.

To such as doubt these simple, cardinal truths, we cannot now address those arguments which have heretofore been employed with so little effect. We have but one thing to urge; we earnestly entreat you to study the Bible. If here you find no light—if the word of God reveals no remedy for sin, no sure method of Salvation, no hope beyond the grave, you must continue to grope in darkness and ultimately perish in the gloom of unbelief and despair; if you find not eternal life written and promised in this book, in vain may you search the Universe for a ray of hope. But assuredly it will not be in vain that you search the Scriptures; coming to the Divine Oracles you will receive no doubtful response. Here is light and truth to guide you—the light shines with a steady effulgence, not with a fitful beam. It is a light from God's throne, and if followed, it will infallibly lead you to Heaven.

This way of Salvation, this only way to Heaven, may not long be open. It is open to all who now seek it—open as wide as the gates of the morning; to-morrow it may be

closed—and when once it is closed against any, it will no more be opened. As the sand is continually dropping from the hour-glass, so are the moments of life passing away. Death, like a secret enemy, may be lying in ambush about your path—his arrows are flying thick around you. The Judge is at the door. Should some unseen hand be commissioned to write thy doom upon the wall of thy dwelling, what would it be? thy rise or ruin! and should some one be deputed to announce the fearfulness of thy state, would it be in a scarcely audible voice, or in notes of appalling thunder? Sure am I, if you are not already in the way to Heaven; no time should be lost, for Behold, now is the accepted time—now is the day of Salvation!

MORAL COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

HAVE the courage to discharge a debt while you have the money in your pocket.

Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary you should do so, and to hold your tongue when it is prudent you should do so.

Have the courage to tell a man why you will not lend him your money.

Have the courage to “cut” the most agreeable acquaintance you have, when you are convinced that he lacks principle. “A friend should bear a friend’s infirmities,” but not with his VICES.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears; and your contempt for dishonesty and duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new ones.

Have the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Original.

SABBATH EVENING.

BY OSCAR L. BEACH.

"Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining,
 Father in Heaven! the day is declining."

'Tis' Sabbath evening: slowly sinks the Sun
 Whose last beams shine on man and plain and hill.
 Man's song of praise is hushed; the day is done;
 The winds are calm, and all the world is still.
 Here will I rest me at this solemn hour
 Upon this bank, and let the sinking ray,
 Shine in my spirit with its melting power,
 And drive each care and darker thought away.

Be still, my soul, and list the spirit-march
 Of nature's messengers of prayer arise,
 From all that dwells 'neath Heaven's bending arch,
 To Him who rules and reigns, beyond the skies
 Now from each humble flower that lifts its eye
 In modest silence, in the twilight shade,
 To the strong woods that kiss the azure sky,
 A thoughtful song of gratitude is made.

Each grove and prairie gives an altar birth,
 And has a shrine to holy worship given;
 Each breeze that rises from the teeming Earth,
 Is loaded with a song of praise to Heaven;
 Each wave that leaps along the sounding main,
 Sends solemn music on the tuneful air;
 And winds that sweep far o'er the desert plain
 Bear off their voice of humble, grateful prayer

Now daylight dies, and deeper shadows fall,
 And Earth is sinking to its silent rest;
 The grove lies still beneath night's sable pall,
 Hushing the wind to sleep upon its breast.
 Still floats unheard far up the jewelled skies,
 The night's sweet offering to God above,

And far through countless coming years shall rise
The same unchanging song of praise and love.

Father in Heaven! a feeble child of Earth
Would lift the heart and bend the suppliant knee,
And join the sound that from Creation's birth
Has poured its hymn of love and praise to thee.
And when death's shadows rest upon my brow
And life's last sunbeams glimmer faintly there,
Oh! may my soul be filled with peace as now,
And melt away with nature's breathing prayer.

WHO SLEW THESE?

MISS SEDGWICK ON HEALTH.

TAKE, for example, a young girl bred delicately in town, shut up in a nursery in her childhood; in a boarding school through her youth; never accustomed to either air or exercise, two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is inadequate to the demands upon it. Her beauty fades early. She languishes through the hard offices of giving birth to children, suckling, and watching over them, and dies early; and her acquaintances lamentingly exclaim, "What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken in the midst of life, from her children!" Was it Providence? No! Providence has assigned her threescore years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children; but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and of course she lost it. A father too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and prominent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side, of "What a striking Providence!" This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and in the courts, of eating luxurious dinners and drinking various wines. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence

cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The disease of the father is often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her, vigorous children. It has been customary in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty; a checked circulation, cold, fever and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaim her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly? A beautiful young bride goes night after night, to parties made in honor of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare; for who ever saw a bride in a close evening dress! She is consequently seized with an inflammation of the lungs, and the grave receives her before her bridal days are over. "What a Providence!" exclaims the world, "cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!" Alas! did she not cut off the thread of life herself! A girl from the country exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet, instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the idea, that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it to her vanity, and avoid the folly in future? Look, my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating, or in drinking, or in study, or in business! by neglect of exercise, cleanliness and pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, etc., and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut short life, and of the long maladies that make life a tormentor or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "goodly temple," would gradually decay, and men would die, as few now die, as if falling asleep.

Original.

RELIGION OR RUIN.

THEODORE MANLEY.

"You are about to leave us, my boy," said a fond father to his only son, on the morning of his departure from home for the city—"and I trust you will never forget that the honor of your father's house depends in an important sense on your future conduct. I have procured for you a lucrative and highly respectable situation, and your education and habits have been such as to fit you to shine in any society. Remember your social position—your honorable ancestry—your father's hopes and your mother's tears, and never suffer temptation to beguile you from the path of duty."

The young and sanguine Theodore readily promised all that was required of him, and bade farewell to his doting friends and pleasant home, with a heart alive only to joyous hopes and bright anticipations. It was his first emancipation from parental control, and though he dearly loved the parents who had hitherto watched over him with such tender care, his bosom swelled with delight at the thought that he was now to take his place as a man, among his fellow men, and under the most flattering auspices, to carve out his own way to fame and fortune. Poor, thoughtless, inexperienced traveller, he saw not the snares and pitfalls in this road, which have proved fatal to hundreds, who like himself, started for the goal with eager and assured expectations, only to stumble and fall to rise no more.

The parents of Theodore Manley, had long been residents in the beautiful village of A., on the banks of the silver Merrimac, and were justly ranked among the elite of the society in which they moved. They were wealthy, hospitable and generous—the kindest of neighbors and the most honorable and devoted of friends, "none knew them but to

love them," "or named them but to praise," and yet with all their excellencies, they were destitute of the one thing needful. A proud reliance on his own honor, and an overweening estimate of the dignity of human nature, rendered it impossible for Mr. Manley to bow at the foot of the cross, and accept salvation as a perishing sinner at the hands of a crucified Saviour. The mysteries of redemption were to him foolishness, and though courtesy prevented him from expressing his opinions freely in the presence of those whom he regarded as fanatics, his children were taught the code of honor, instead of the precepts of the Bible, and soon learned to consider the opinion of the world, as of more consequence than the commands of God. They had hitherto been guarded by the watchful eye of parental love; the evil effects of such a system were not therefore fully developed, and Mr. and Mrs. Manley pointed with pride to the fair and blooming daughters and the promising son, who had never been restrained by "superstitious fears" from following the innocent dictates of their own pure hearts.

A situation had just been procured for Theodore, as a clerk in a large wholesale establishment, where he was certain if diligent and faithful, of promotion and ultimate success. Possessing naturally great energy of character, and buoyant with health and hope, not one feeling of doubt or self distrust had ever crossed his mind—still when he first entered the vast and busy apartment which was to be the scene of his future labors, he shrunk from the noise and bustle which pervaded it and almost wished himself in his own quiet home once more. His fellow clerks eyed him he thought, rather contemptuously as a "country lad," and all were too much engrossed with their own occupations to bestow any attention on the new comer, who was rapidly sinking in his own estimation, as he compared himself with the stylish young men by whom he was surrounded. It was not long however, before one of them who seemed about his own age, accosted Theodore in terms of great kindness, and by his polite and friendly manner, soon gained his confidence and succeeded

in removing his embarrassment. From that hour, William Lamson and Theodore Manley were inseparable companions, and the influence acquired by the former, over the ingenuous and susceptible mind of his friend, was unbounded. Most unfortunately young Lamson was destitute of fixed principles, and though attentive to business and faithful to the interests of his employer, his leisure hours were too often spent in scenes of profligacy and vice. When first invited by his friend to accompany him to the Theatre, Theodore hesitated and finally refused, for his parents were strongly opposed to theatrical amusements, and had exacted from him a promise on leaving home, that he would never attend them. But it was on the score of gentility and refinement, not on that of principle, that he had heard them censure the Theatre, and he was quite sure, that no objection on that score could be felt by his father, in reference to the scenes described in such brilliant colors by his young companions. Alas, for the morality that rests on the sandy foundation of honor only, when the storms of temptation assail it! But a few months had elapsed before Theodore was persuaded to witness the representation of Richard the Third, with the assurance that if he saw any thing objectionable in the amusement, he should never again be urged to repeat the visit. Well might his tempters trust the force of his own inclinations, when once the first step was taken and the promise made to his absent parents violated. He was bewildered, fascinated, maddened. Night after night his visits to the Theatre were repeated, until the fatal passion became so strong that he was never happy elsewhere. Mechanically, he went through the daily routine of his duties, but his mind was constantly in a state of dreamy excitement, which absorbed all his faculties. By degrees, he learned to look upon gambling, profanity, intemperance and profligacy as gentlemanly failings, which did not detract at all from the character of a "good fellow," which he was ambitious to emulate. His downward career was fearfully rapid, checked indeed at times by an affectionate letter from his still beloved home,

or an earnest remonstrance from his more phlegmatic friend Lamson, who was astonished at the fact that the mercurial temperament of young Manley should hurry him on to such excesses.

Once only, at the close of his first year in New York, he visited the peaceful village of his nativity, and found himself again in the home of his childhood, and surrounded by those who loved him best. Why was it that every thing there seemed to have undergone so great a change? There was his noble dignified father—there his fond and tender mother—his lovely and intelligent sisters—all the same, both in their love to him and to each other, and yet all so changed, that he would gladly have fled forever from the domestic circle, on the very first night of his arrival. Conscious guilt had robbed him of peace, and the feverish excitement of unhallowed pleasures, rendered the enjoyments of home wearisome and insipid. His friends saw that all was not right, but with the credulity of affection, they believed it was only confinement and hard labor which had robbed his eye of its lustre and his cheek of bloom, and loved him the more for these evidences of devotion to his chosen pursuits.

And he the prodigal, who felt that he had brought into this scene of tranquil enjoyment, a heart cankered and corrupted with vice; who knew that the revelation of his true character would forever banish happiness from his home, and bring mourning and woe in its stead—how painful to him were the endearments lavished upon him by the unconscious friends he had injured so deeply. The four weeks thus spent were the most trying he had ever known, and he hailed the period of his return to the city, as one of freedom from restraints which had become quite intolerable, for strange as it may seem, not one serious purpose of reformation had in all this time been for a moment entertained. A “short life and a merry one,” had become his favorite motto, and he believed the only difference between himself and others to consist in his freedom from hypocrisy and cant. Poor misguided youth—no lingering influences of a religious

education—no remembrance of a father's pious counsels, or a mother's fervent prayers, stood between him and the destruction to which he was hastening. He had been trained for this world only, and the parents who had thus betrayed their sacred trust, were about to receive their reward.

On his return to New-York, Theodore Manly plunged more eagerly than before, into the vortex of folly and sin, and soon outstripped all his companions, in the reckless daring with which he set at defiance the laws of God and man. The liberal allowance received from his father, together with his salary, were soon found insufficient to meet the demands upon his purse, and he frequently had recourse to the drawer of his employer, fully intending to replace the small sums thus abstracted, as soon as possible. But a convenient season for this never came; on the contrary, his expenses were every day increasing as his evil habits became more fully confirmed. At last—while whispers of his dishonesty were rife among his associates, a forged note was presented for payment, under circumstances which fastened the crime on the miserable Theodore. Pale and trembling, he listened in silence to the sentence of ignominious expulsion which fell from the lips of his employer, who would not for the sake of his friends proceed legally against the self-condemned culprit. Hastily and by night he left the city, and on his arrival at New Bedford, embarked on board a whale ship for a three years' cruise, without one word of farewell to the friends from whom he was separated, perhaps forever.

But who can paint the astonishment and anguish with which the news of the dishonor and flight of their beloved son, was received by the parents of the wanderer. Who can describe their agony, as the conviction fell like an ice-bolt on their hearts, that he in whom so many fond hopes were centred, and whose perfect integrity they had never for a moment doubted, was indeed a degraded felon, an outcast from society, whose existence was henceforth to be a blot, and his name an interdicted sound in the home of his

infancy and childhood. For many long months, during which no tidings came from the lost one, they mourned, refusing to be comforted, but when time had softened the first intensity of their grief, a letter was received from him, which opened afresh all their wounds. It was dated at an obscure town in South America, and seemed dictated by a spirit of reckless self-abandonment. The following are extracts.

* * * * "I have looked my last upon your faces, for the die is cast, and henceforth I must be a fugitive and wanderer on the face of the Earth. The brand of infamy is on my brow, and assuredly I shall not return to have the slow unmoving finger of scorn pointed at me as a convicted thief and forger. No—better to live and die in obscurity and want, better the prison, the rack, the gibbet than this. I was not born for one of those cold blooded villains who can feed and fatten on crime and wear all the while an exterior of faultless propriety and goodness. I must seem what I am, and be what I seem, and the only place for me is among reprobates and outcasts like myself. * * * * *

"You never taught me what I now know from my own consciousness, that there is a hell for the wicked. How can I doubt it, when I feel its fires already in my bosom? Cruel parents—but I will not reproach you, for you have been far kinder to me than I deserve, but it would have been mercy to have exposed me in helpless infancy to savage beasts, rather than to send me out into the world with no shield but "a sense of honor," to cope with its thousand snares and dangers. The game is played out, and I have risen from the board a ruined and desperate man, with no prospect but misery, and no hope but that of an early and dishonored grave."

In two years from the date of this letter, the unhappy young man was killed in a street brawl in Havana, having never again revisited his home or country.

Such was the melancholy result of a system of training in which God was not acknowledged.

Original.

A MOTHER'S CHOICE.

BY MRS. M. J. GEORGE.*

Were I to choose for thee, my boy,
Thy future path in life to trace,
Through years of pain, though fraught with joy
I would not one dark line erase.

To God thy spirit I'd commend,
Through years of helpless infancy,
To be thy Guardian and thy Friend,
In childhood too, to be thy stay.

Thou art to me like Spring's first flowers,
Which shed in air their sweet perfume,
And water'd too by genial showers,
Art like the lily in its bloom.

Should death the blossom nip in bloom,
And all my brightest hopes destroy,
I would go mourning to the tomb,
Depriv'd of thee, thy mother's joy.

But even then should not repine
Against the will of Heaven,
If thou wert gone to a fairer clime,
Although my heart were riven.

Would not thy spirit, dearest one,
In perfect bliss thy God behold,
And bow before His Holy Throne,
With glory crowned—with harp of gold.

Should life and health to thee be given,
And thou be spared, thy mother's joy,
My gratitude shall rise to Heaven,
While I my noblest powers employ.

* We thank the poetess and crave an interest in her pen.

To cultivate your youthful mind,
 Though humble now may be your lot;
 You'll fill the the place by Heaven designed,
 Whether in palace or in cot.

I would not ask for thee my boy,
 High honors or a sounding name,
 I rather you'd your time employ,
 In telling how the Saviour came.

May Henry's youth to God be given,
 May Jesus' smiles his soul illumine,
 Preparing for a holy Heaven,
 Beyond the precincts of the tomb.



MUTABILITY.

The following lines are among the most beautiful that ever emanated from the
 pen of SHELLEY:—

We are as clouds that veil the midnight moon;
 How restlessly they speed, and gleam, and quiver,
 Streaking the darkness radiantly!—yet soon
 Night closes around, and they are lost forever.

Or like forgotten lyres, whose dissonant strings
 Give various response to each varying blast,
 To whose frail frame no second motion brings
 One mood or modulation like the last.

We rest—a dream has power to poison sleep;
 We rise—one wandering thought pollutes the day;
 We feel, conceive, or reason, laugh or weep;
 Embrace fond woe, or cast our cares away.

It is the same!—For be it joy or sorrow,
 The path of its departure still is free—
 Man's yesterday may ne'er be like his morrow;
 Nought may endure his Mutability

AN EXTRAORDINARY SCENE.

FACTS NOT FICTION.

IN the evening of the day on which Alice arrived at S——, a great experience meeting was to be held in one of the churches. Her friend, who had become enthusiastic in the cause, urged her to go to this meeting, which Alice did, although with a feeling of reluctance. The house was crowded above and below. The preliminaries usually appertaining to such meetings having been arranged, a brief opening address was made by one of the ministers: a reformed man then related his experience with great effect. After he had finished there was a pause of nearly a minute; at length a man who had been seated far back, with his face partly turned from the audience, arose slowly and moved to the front of the stage.

A half suppressed exclamation escaped Alice, as her eyes caught the well known features of him who had been her husband while a quick thrill ran through her. Then her whole frame trembled in accord with her heart. The face of Mr. Delancy was greatly changed since she last looked upon it. Its calm, dignified elevation had been restored, but with what difference—what before was cheerful was sad, very sad.

‘Mr. President.’ he began in a subdued voice, ‘although I had consented at your urgent solicitation, to address this assembly to-night, yet I have felt so strong a reluctance to doing so, that it has been with the utmost difficulty I could drag myself forward. But I had passed my word, I could not violate it. As to relating my experience, that I do not think I can venture upon. The past I dare not recall. Would to Heaven that the memory of just ten years of my life were blotted out.’

The speaker paused a moment already much affected. He, resuming in a firmer voice, said:

‘Something must be said of my own case, or I shall fail to make that impression on your minds that I wish to produce. Pictures of real life touch the heart with great power, while abstract presentations of truth glitter coldly in the intellectual regions of the mind, and then fade from the perception like dissolving figures in the diorama.

‘Your speaker once stood among the first members of the bar, in a neighboring State. Nay, more than that—he represented his county in the assembly of the Commonwealth. And more than that still—occupied a seat in Congress for two Congressional periods.’

‘And yet more than all that,’ he continued, his voice sinking into a low thrilling tone—‘he once had a tenderly loved wife and two sweet children. But all these honors, all these blessings have departed from him,’ he continued, his voice growing louder and deeper in his effort to control himself. ‘He was unworthy to retain them! His constituents threw him off because he had debased himself, and disgraced them. And worse than all—she, who had loved him devotedly—she who had bore him two babes, was forced to abandon him, and seek an asylum in her father’s house. And why? Could I become so changed in a few short years? What power was there so to abase me that my fellow beings spurned, and even the wife of my bosom turned away, heart stricken from me? Alas! my friends—it was a mad indulgence in mockery! A very demon—a Circe, changing the human into the bestial. But for this, and I were an honorable and useful representative in Congress, pursuing after my country’s good, and blessed in the home circle with wife and children. But I have not told you all. After my wife separated from me, I sank rapidly. A state of sobriety brought too many terrible thoughts. I therefore drank more freely, and was rarely, if ever, from under the bewildering effects of partial intoxication. I remained in the same village for some years, but never once saw her during that



Iris Germanica
Ipomea Coccinea

German Iris
Indian Jasmine



time ; nor a glimpse of my children. At last I became so abandoned in life, that my wife, urged on by her friends, no doubt, filed an application for a divorce, and as cause could readily be shown why it should be granted, a separation was legally declared. To complete my disgrace, at the next congressional canvass, I was left off the ticket, as unfit to represent the district. I then left the country and State, where I had lived from my boyhood up.

‘Three years has passed since then. For two years of that period I abandoned myself to the fearful impulse of the appetite I had acquired. Then I heard of this new movement ; the great temperance cause. At first I sneered, then wondered, listened at last, and finally threw myself upon the great wave that was sweeping onward, in hope of being carried by it far out of the reach of danger. I did not hope with a vain hope. It did for me all and more than I could have desired. It set me once more upon my feet ; once more made a man of me. A year of sobriety, earnest devotion to my profession, a fervent prayer to Him who alone gives strength in every good resolution, has restored to me much that I have lost ; but not all, not the richest treasure that I have proved myself unworthy to retain ; not my wife and children. Ah ! between myself and these the law has laid its stern impassible interdiction. I have no longer a wife, no longer children ; though my heart goes out towards these dearly beloved ones with the tenderest yearnings. Pictures of our early days of wedded love are ever lingering in my imagination. I dream of the sweet fire-side circle : I see ever before me the ever placid face of my Alice, as her eyes looked into my own with intelligent confidence. I feel her arms twine about my neck ; the music of her voice is ever sounding in my ears.’

Here the speaker’s emotion overcame him. His utterance became choked, and he stood silent with bowed head and trembling limbs. The dense mass of people were hushed into an oppressive stillness, that was broken here and there by half stifled sobs. At this moment there was a movement

in the crowd. A single female figure, before whom every one appeared instinctively to give way, was seen passing up the aisle. This was not observed by Delancy, until she had come nearly in front of the platform on which he stood. Then the movement caught his ear, and lifting his eyes, that instant fell on Alice; for it was she that was pressing onward; he bent forward towards her with suddenly lifted hands and eager eyes, and stood like a statue, until she had gained the stand and advancing quickly to his side. For a moment the two stood thus, the whole audience thrilled with the scene, were upon their feet and bending forward. Then Delancy opened his arms, and Alice threw herself upon his bosom with a quick wild gesture. Thus, for the full space of a minute, they stood; every one fully, as by a singular intuition, understanding the scene. One of the ministers then came forward and gently separated them.

"No, no," said Delancy, "you must not, you cannot take her away from me."

"Heaven forbid that I should do that," replied the minister. "By your own confession she is not your wife."

"No, she is not," returned Delancy mournfully.

"But is ready to take up her vows again," Alice said, smiling through tears that now rained over her face.

Before that large assembly, all standing and with few dry eyes, was said in a broken voice, the marriage ceremony that gave Delancy and Alice to each other. As the minister, an aged man, with thin white locks, finished the rite, he laid his hands upon the heads of the two he had joined in holy bonds, and lifting up his aged eyes, that streamed with drops of gladness, he said, in a solemn voice:—

"What God has joined together, let not rum put asunder."

"Amen!" was cried by the whole assembly, as with a single voice.



THE CHILD AND THE CHRISTIAN HERMIT.

DAY succeeded day, and the child was still the guest of the pious hermit.

Sometimes the forest was the chosen spot for their rambles; and it was always a source of pure joy to the innocent child to watch the noble stag, with branching head, bounding swiftly through the glade, or the dappled fawn pursuing its gambols through the leafy dell;—the merry squirrel, too, leaping from bough to bough, excited his infant wonder.

At other times the sea-shore attracted their roving steps; and the child loved to seek the beautiful shells that lay imbedded in the glittering sands; and then his aged friend taught him to observe how wonderfully the Divine power was displayed in the infinite variety of the form, color, and size of these shells.

One evening, as they stood admiring the vast expanse of waters, the venerable man, as he was wont, explaining to the gentle child the never-ending wonders of the Creator's hand, the scene became suddenly changed. The winds moaned

wildly,—clouds gathered fast, and the billows rose to a fearful height. The lurid lightning flashed, and the thunder-claps “pealed solemnly, convulsing heaven and earth.”

On the verge of the horizon a stately ship was seen buffet-
ing the waves :—signals of distress reached the shore. Stout-
hearted mariners in vain attempted to brave the tempest, and
to risk their lives to save those of their fellow-men. Not a
boat could live. Louder and louder rolled the thunder, and
the wind raged horribly across the howling waste of the mighty
ocean.

The affrighted child clung to his aged conductor. His silken
locks floated loosely in the rough blast, and his dimpled
cheek became pale with terror.

The hermit’s countenance was placid. “My child,” he said,
“tempestuous winds arise, and thunders roar, and vivid light-
nings flash, but—the ALMIGHTY ‘rides upon the whirlwind,
and directs the storm.’”

Then wrapping the trembling infant in the folds of his ample
robe, he bore him in his arms to his humble home.

With kind and cheering words he soothed the child, and
told him that sweet story of our blessed Lord’s calm slumber
in the ship, when, tempest-tossed, his terrified disciples, in
their want of faith, disturbed his peaceful rest. He told him
how the Saviour rebuked the sea and roaring winds, and how
his mandate, given in these emphatic words, “Peace, be still!”
was instantly obeyed.

The child listened with eager interest,—and when the old
man paused, he said, “And that brave ship,—where is she
now?—and all her crew?—are they preserved?”

The generous feeling of the child, that made him think of
others’ safety, though secure himself, pleased his benevolent
friend, and he answered, “Their fate is hidden from us, but
we will pray for that unhappy ship.”

So the aged man and the innocent child knelt down, and
prayed for the hapless mariner, and the way-faring man. Then
they retired to rest, knowing that God was their ark of safety
and their covert from the tempest.

Calni was the morn when the old man and the child arose from their peaceful slumbers. No signs of the late tempest remained. All was serene;—the lofty pines and the stately oaks, the blue-topped mountains and the stupendous cliffs, reared their heads to the skies,—no terrific whirlwind nor reverberating thunder disturbing their profound tranquillity. The thick grassy banks, enamelled with daisies, harebells, and wild geraniums, were reflected in the limpid rill, as it murmured gently amid the smooth pebbles. Gorgeous butterflies waved their gladsome wings merrily over the fragrant flowers, and swarms of bees fluttered about, culling every honey-drop, and hastening away to deposit their store in their waxen cells. Brilliant dewy gems glittered on every emerald spray, and songs of joy resounded through the balmy air.

The hermit led his infant charge where golden fields claimed the reaper's care. "Last night," he said, "impetuous blasts menaced destruction to this ripened corn; and thus the storms of sorrow often threaten to overwhelm the sons of men. But they are sent to purify the heart, to root up evil passions, and to bring forth faith and love, humility and pious zeal. A field of wheat is like the world: tares and weeds are found among the corn, and the bad seed is suffered to remain awhile. But when the harvest comes, the sickle cuts down all together. So, death mows down the rich and poor, the humble Christian and the sinful man. Here, we must strive to fit ourselves for heaven. God will his Holy Spirit grant to aid us in the work, for that alone can prosper the endeavor. And may we not some useful lesson learn of every living thing? When the bird lightly cleaves the air, warbling his sweet notes, shall not our hearts spring to the great First Cause of all created beings?—shall we not join the hymn of praise raised by the hum of happy insects? Is it not God who makes the grain of wheat, deep buried in the ground, spring again to life, for our support? From HIM alone proceed the genial dews, the cheering sunbeams, the refreshing rains, so necessary to the production of the fruits of the earth. It is His Spirit that breathes in the gentle zephyrs, and that

rules the storm. He is with us, now, my child, in this rich field laden with blessings for the sons of men. He is with the desolate and the oppressed, who cry to him for succor. He is with the lowly penitent, whom the proud ones of this world scorn; and he is with the veiled seraphs, who, at the foot of his resplendent throne, have the high privilege of sounding, on their celestial lyres, the praises of the glorious God.

The child marked the enthusiasm of his aged friend, and hung upon his accents with all the endearing eagerness of one who fears to lose a note of some rare melody. His beaming eyes wandered not from the venerable hermit's benignant countenance, which, as he spoke, became so lighted up with all the pure emotions of his grateful heart, that one might almost have imagined the beloved disciple—the holy and inspired John—was come once more to visit this fallen earth, and give again his gentle admonitions to MANKIND.

Summer had passed away, and autumn was fast following in its train. The landscape was embrowned with the many deepening shades of the umbrageous woods.

As the child wandered through the saddened grove, and marked the leaf-strewn walks, and watched the shivering birds sitting on the bare trees, his little heart grew heavy. No dragon-fly, with net-work wings, nor other gorgeous insect, crossed his path. Dry withered leaves alone danced mystically round and round in the breeze, like some strange visitants from another world.

The dog was his companion in these rambles; and when the evenings became chill and dark, the faithful animal would, in his own expressive way, remind the child that he must bend his steps towards home. And the aged man, by his kind instructions and mild discourse, made the hours pass swiftly by. "Come," he would say, "my gentle child, let us recall some of the days of pleasure that are gone, when together we roamed through shady groves, or flowery meads, seeking and finding the Creator on every side. Ofttimes we have enjoyed the melodious matin songs of the lark, and the evening lay of the

nightingale. We have risen at early dawn, and have seen the mountains gradually assume their verdant robe;—and we have stood in pious admiration when the sun has set in cloudless majesty, tinging the rocks and hills with hues of gold and purple. The supreme wisdom of God has been our daily theme; and we have seen it displayed in the air and in the waters, in the forest and in the field, in the bird and in the insect, in the quadruped and in ourselves. We have seen that in the dew-drop God is visible as truly as in the boundless ocean; that in the glow-worm's tiny lamp his power gleams forth as truly as in the starry firmament above; that in the softest whisperings of the summer breeze His voice is heard, as well as in the whirlwind's blast;—and now, that the face of nature is so changed, and winter with rapid step advances,—now that the days are short, and the nights are long,—let us still improve the passing moments, and contemplate the infinite goodness, wisdom, and power of Him who made spring-time and summer, autumn and winter.”

Sometimes the benevolent recluse read from the sacred volume the words of life and love, whilst the child sat at his feet, in fixed attention, his cherub countenance glowing with delight, or melting into an expression of tender sorrow, as the heart-stirring narrative of our Saviour's life on earth fell on his ear. One night, as the hermit read the touching words, “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,”—the child dropped on his knees; he clasped his little hands and raised his innocent blue eyes to heaven, and he whispered an humble prayer. And the aged man looked upon the child, and extended his hands, and placed them on the infant's head, and blessed him.

Then the child rose, and hiding his face in the hermit's bosom, sobbed aloud. Happiness and love, not sorrow, nor error, drew forth this emotion; his heart was touched by God's own hand, and his spirit responded to the “still small voice” of his Maker.

Now winter was come. The fields and woods, the moun

tains and valleys, were covered with dazzling snow, and the light hoar-frost sparkled on the trees.

The aged man pointed out to the child the beauties of the wintry landscape. The laurel and the twining ivy had preserved their verdure, and the deep green leaves of the yew-tree looked cheerful amid its snow-clad brethren of the forest.

The hermit then explained the utility of snow,—how it protects the vegetable world from the icy blasts of winter. He spoke also of God's providential care of animals, in giving some a covering of warm thick fur, which guards them from the cold,—how others pass the inclement season in a dormant state; or others, having, during the summer, deposited a store of food, find an asylum in crevices of rocks, in hollow trees, ruined walls, or caverns. Then he told of the migration of certain birds as winter approaches, and of their wonderful instinct, which enables them to pursue their journey through the trackless paths of the air, to milder climes, and, when spring reappears, to find their way back to their old nests.

"My child," said the aged man, "here again is a lesson for us. The same God who so mysteriously directs these birds of passage, will surely conduct, with equal care and wisdom, one whom he has blessed with reason.

"Let us then follow the road of duty which his tender mercy appoints for us, for 'His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace.' And, my child, let us not forget that 'nature is a school for the heart;' and the contemplation of God's providence and goodness to man ought to excite in us a desire to do good to all his creatures. The child of God will strive to imitate his heavenly parent in deeds of kindness and benevolence. The rich will comfort the poor,—will administer to their necessities, and encourage them in active industry. The poor will not neglect the opportunities they possess of employing their time usefully; and they will trust, for a blessing on their efforts, to that unerring and beneficent Being who has caused the green herb to grow for the cattle, and has taught the birds to build their nests; 'who has made the high hills for a refuge for the wild goats.

BATTLE MONUMENT—BALTIMORE.

EDITORIAL.

With a Steel Engraving.

THE last war with Great Britain, was signalised by some events which served to illustrate the bravery of those who, in seasons of great emergency and alarm, were summoned to grasp the weapons of war, to defend their soil and their firesides against ruthless invaders, and contend too with a foe superior in numbers and discipline, and flushed with recent success. Among these memorable events, the defence of the City of Baltimore from the attack of the British at North Point, and the bombardment of Fort M'Henry, may be mentioned with honor. After capturing Washington, and disgracing themselves by the wanton and vandal like destruction of public property, the British army commanded by General Ross, re-embarked on board Admiral Cochrane's fleet and proceeded up the Chesapeake. On the 12th of September, the land forces numbering six thousand, were landed at North Point, and commenced their march towards the city of Baltimore, situated fourteen miles from the mouth of the Potapsco. General Striker was despatched with three thousand two hundred men from the city, to keep the enemy in check. On the 12th September, a severe battle was fought. The American General, finding himself contending against fearful odds, the majority of his army having fled in confusion, made good his retreat. But the little band of heroes fought so valiantly, that the attempt to gain possession of the city was abandoned by the enemy, who, during the night of the 13th retired to their shipping, having lost among their killed, the commander-in-chief, General Ross. The loss of the Americans in killed and wounded, amounted to one hundred and sixty-three, among whom were some of the most respectable citizens of Baltimore.

To commemorate so great a deliverance, and perpetuate the name and deeds of those men who fell in the defence of their city, a noble monument was raised at an expense of

sixty thousand dollars. It was planned by Maximilian Godefroy, and for propriety of design as well as for the masterly execution of its various parts, it is probably not equalled by any work of similar character. The height of the monument including the statue, is 52 feet, 2 inches. It is composed of pure white marble, and rests upon a square terrace of the same material, 40 feet square and 4 feet high.

From the platform rises a square Egyptian basement, entirely rusticated, composed of eighteen layers of stone, denoting the number of the States at the time of erecting the monument. Above, on the principal part of the monument, are inscribed in letters of bronze the names of those who were killed in defending their city. The Statue is surmounted by a female figure, representing the city of Baltimore.

All who visit this monument are struck with its beauty; and the interest which is awakened in those who view it as a noble specimen of architectural skill, is greatly enhanced when viewed as an enduring testimonial of gratitude towards those who were willing to lay down their lives for their fellow-citizens. As a work of exquisite taste and beauty, "the Battle Monument," is an ornament to the city; as a memorial of the people's gratitude and respect for the fallen, it is touching. But, notwithstanding the honors which the living shower upon the dead, we see nought in war but to deplore. Is there anything amiable in the spirit of war? Does it partake of the nature of brotherly love and kindness?—KILL is the word—kill—not SAVE! Blood is the cry, blood! Is it a benevolent act to draw the sword upon a personally unoffending brother?—to slay man after man—to send soul after soul to a dread eternity? Is this the way to acquire true glory? Is it for this that the monumental pile is raised, to dazzle men with false glory?

What spirit is that which impels men to vex and destroy one another? its nature and origin cannot be mistaken. Oh, when shall the spirit of war die in the world! when shall the church be exorcised, and the spirit of love and peace dwell in every bosom? when shall the war spirit be cast out, and man no longer lift his hand against his fellow man!

Original.

THE LIFE OF TREES.

BY MISS B. CHICKERING.

It was an Autumn day. The touch of decay and change was on the life and beauty of the Summer, while few of the richly colored leaves had yet fallen, and the withering flower stalks still cherished their faded dependants. The wind rushed ruthlessly along, as if it would condemn and annoy the altered state of the decaying. A sober Sun was much of the day hidden by sailing clouds, while a clear atmosphere revealed every phase of nature. My spirit was in bondage and heaviness. Days of the past were present with me, seasons of spring-time, when the World and human life seemed full of hope and gladness, ere disease, with his heavy form and dark visage, had made other than transient visits 'mid our household band, ere death had cut down, or changes more painful than the CHRISTIAN'S death had blighted, cherished objects of affection. The trees of the forest and field were before me as their fruit and their verdure had left them. As I looked on them, and remembered all their state since, a few months before, I saw them budding in hope and rich in promise, my heart went out to them as fellow-sharers in a lot of loss and change. I questioned them of their joys and their sadness—and thus was answer made to me. “We remember with you when we burst the bonds of Winter, and rejoiced in the returning Sun and soft airs of the Spring. We remember when we were clothed in fulness, and decked in bloom. Our breath was fragrance, and in conscious joy we spread our arms to shelter, and waved our branches to refresh. All who saw us delighted in us, and rejoiced in

what we further promised. Our fruits were gathered with gladness, and still did the eye and heart of man bless us. But we knew even then, that was not all our life, nor yet was it our own; we were but fulfilling an appointed course, and therefore were we gentle and humble in our gladness and glory, and therefore are we now meek and faithful, though the biting frost and relentless wind strip our branches, and Winter's cold comes on apace, and man will soon regard us not, but as he gazes through our "wintry bareness," at the changing sky. But He who made us forgets us not. Daily does the Sun rise and bless us with his light, though clouds may conceal, the waters above and beneath lend us refreshment; His mantle protects us, He teacheth us defence and preparation, by the wind and storm. He trains us in strength, and when His voice again bids us forth in fulness and beauty, it finds us prepared. His loving kindness faileth not, and our life fulfils this end, and so doth rejoice."

And when I had heard this I loved the trees yet more, and rejoiced in their teachings, and my heart asked if they, so trusting and faithful through change and desolation, should not know at last a life of immortal bloom. And this answer was made to me.—"Enough for thee that their LESSONS lay hold of immortality. By these, and all the works of His hand, the Creator and Father speaks to thee of truths and duties, His word has more clearly revealed. Thou hast heard but a part. Listen, and mortality shall speak to thee of eternal life—decay and change and revolution whisper of endurance, abiding and rest. And then how blest did I feel it to be immortal, for I believed Him who hath said—"I am the Life," and by His word hath assured the believer that because Christ lives, he shall live also. And I saw it is blessed to live in Him by faith here—Himself hath said, "It is eternal life." His gracious supplies shall not cease, our way and our end are for Him, and His designs shall not fail.

Original.

THE CHRISTIAN RACE.

BY A. V. C. SCHENCK, N. YORK.

THE life of the christian is beautifully and forcibly illustrated by the Apostle in his Epistle to the Hebrews. He there compares it to a race in the Isthmaean games. The comparison may not seem to us to be of much force, but to the Greek and to all who read his Epistle it was full of meaning, for it brought vividly before their minds the exciting scenes which they were so frequently accustomed to witness. It brought to mind that amusement in which the whole people took such an intense delight—the Games, to which they looked forward with eager anticipation. In the presence of the monarch and heroes and statesmen and assembled thousands of the people, the exercises of the gladiatorial show were performed. Racing was one of the most important of these exercises, and every care was taken that those who engaged in it should be well prepared, by long exercise and discipline. The Games were held in such high estimation, that many were designed and trained for them from their very infancy; and those who were already exalted in office, or in fame, thought it not beneath their dignity to take part in them, and earnestly desired the honor of winning the prize. As the runner enters the arena and prepares himself for the strife, what emotions of anxiety, of hope and dread possess him. He is about to act in the most important event of his life; to engage in a struggle which will require the utmost exertion of his strength. He is compassed about with a great cloud of witnesses. Seat above seat in that vast amphitheatre is crowded with spectators. Thousands are about him on every side, and all these shall presently give forth shouts of applause and satisfaction for him as a successful runner, or to his sorrow and mortification, they

will be given to his competitor as the winner of the prize. But for the applause or derision of that great audience he cares little, when yonder he sees a father, awaiting with anxious heart the issue of the contest. Yonder also are brothers and friends, vainly endeavoring to foretell the result of his strife, and their suspense is almost as hard to be borne, as the disgrace of his defeat. He "lays aside every weight." Everything which will encumber him while running—everything which will in the least impede his motions and activity, that there may be nothing to hinder him in his course. The race begins. The countless multitudes are hushed to silence, and look with steady and eager gaze upon the competitors. The runner feels that there are present those who have an intense interest in his contest, and before whom he would hardly dare to appear if declared vanquished. He imagines he can almost feel their gaze, as their eyes are fixed upon him; their hearts now sinking with fear, now elated with hope, as they see him give signs of faltering or weakness, or exerting himself to the utmost, first to reach the goal. But he perseveres, for he well knows that the honor which will be his if victorious, is worthy of his greatest efforts; happy will be his friends, thrice happy will be his family. They will partake of his honor, and even his native city will be more highly esteemed on account of his glorious achievement. The race is run and he has obtained the victory. His form expands and becomes more erect with a feeling of conscious superiority. He goes forth before the people preceded by the herald, who announces his name and country; all eyes are turned upon him in admiration, and the enthusiastic and reiterated applause of the immense assemblage is delightful to his ears. He has attained the highest honor to which he aspires, and will ever be looked upon as the achiever of a glorious victory. The crown of laurel is placed upon his brow. He ascends the triumphal chariot, and is borne to his native city amidst the plaudits and praises of the delighted people.

This scene scarcely inferior in honor and in splendor to a

triumph at Rome, Paul presents as an illustration of the christian's life. Like the runner in the Games, we are surrounded by a great cloud of witnesses. Not only those who daily behold us and know that we are professing to seek the prize of eternal glory, are witnesses of our contest; we have witnesses far superior to them in number and in character, even "an innumerable company of angels, the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in Heaven, God the Judge of all, the spirits of just men made perfect, and Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant. Truly these are a cloud to us. They breathe a purer atmosphere than that in which we live, for they dwell in the presence of the Most High. There are the martyrs, the apostles, the prophets, and those whom our own eyes have beheld as they once ran their race upon Earth. These encourage and refresh us, as the clouds refresh the parched Earth with rain. We have their bright examples to follow. They have passed over the road we are now pursuing, and we can follow on in their footsteps, encouraged and nerved to exert our utmost strength to reach the glorious prize set before us. Warned by the dangers into which they fell, and aware through their experience of the manifold hinderances which the Christian runner experiences, and seeking assistance where they did not seek it in vain, we can press steadily forward with a good hope of success. Like the runner also, there are those among our witnesses, who have a peculiar interest in the scene and feel concerned in the result. Not only those who like ourselves are striving for the mastery, but those who once ran with us, but have finished their course and obtained an immortal crown—these are looking upon us with fear, when we show an inclination to return to the pursuit of this world's good, and with hope when we manifest a renewed desire to be free from the burden of sin and a determination to persevere in our course. Though no pain can enter the blessed abode of the redeemed—though sorrow can find no resting place in the hearts of those who behold the face of the Father, yet none of them are unin-

terested spectators of our course. They do not see those whom they still love, pursuing the road which leads to Heaven and happiness without rejoicing, neither can they without a feeling of regret, behold us cumbering ourselves with the clogs and weights of sin.

If we are successful in the Christian course we shall, like the runner receive a crown, but how unlike his. He runs "to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible." The laurel will soon begin to fade and lose its grace and beauty. Its lustre departs and the eye no longer dwells upon its elegance with delight. Ere long, it moulders and crumbles away and—is gone. But the bright crown of glory which the Christian shall wear when he has finished his course and is declared the victor, is incorruptible. One jot of its bright original glory shall never be lost. Throughout the endless cycles of eternity, it ceases not for a moment to shine with that splendor which is a reflection of God's own glory. The beauty of it is unsullied, and its purity untarnished while God himself exists.





FASHIONABLE AMUSEMENTS.

THE DANCE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE Dance! What witchery there is in the word! What a charm in the very sound. The Dance! There's music in the word sweeter and more entrancing than the softest melody. It has a sort of magic power over the young—the light hearted—the lovers of pleasure. Hope and Joy leap up at the sound of this talismanic word, and pleasures come trooping along, pointing to the scene of anticipated delight, as the consummation so long desired. Visions of happiness flit before the mind, and the common monotonous scenes and doleful changes of every day life give place to brightly illuminated pictures on which the imagination feasts, as though it were regaling on a heavenly repast.

What excitement is like that produced by the prospect of this merry making season? The excitement of an election or a wedding, bear but a faint resemblance to it. The scrap of paper which contains the invitation to the Dance, is of greater worth to many, than a valuable bank note would be. Indeed, the CARD is viewed as a sort of ticket in a splendid lottery in which there are many prizes and but few blanks. It is read again and again, to those who would rejoice and repine at their good fortune. For weeks the Dance is almost the sole topic of conversation; little else is thought of, or talked about. Other topics of discourse are dull and uninteresting to the lovers of the dance, and the expectants of this splendid feat. It supplies the village gossips with fruitful themes, on which they ring their doleful changes, through

the long winter evenings, and the live long day; and the wave of excitement sends its concentric circles even to the extreme boundaries of the city. Volumes might be made up of the envious, ill-natured sayings, and long and learned descants upon the characters and manners and dress, of those who are to compose the gay assembly. If but a small fraction of the time spent in conversation of so trifling a nature, were spent in rational or religious discourse, how wise the world would be!

And, consider the time spent in preparation for such unimproving, not to say frivolous and demoralising scenes. The time spent in adorning the person, is sufficient to save the soul. Nothing will answer but the latest, most fashionable and most costly styles of dress; and be they what they may, it is sufficient, if they have a FOREIGN STAMP. Hence, the eagerness with which the London and Paris fashions are consulted. The time spent in shopping, and at the milliners, and in numerous business calls, is no small part of the account. The most trifling minutiae and circumstance, in this preparation consumes time. It is as though the fate of an empire, or the salvation of a soul depended on the adjustment of a ribbon, or the removal of a freckle. The preparation is FINISHED AT THE TOILETTE. And looking at the number of those who are to grace the scene, who can calculate the time spent before the glass? and THIS in not a few instances, to mend nature's handiwork, to freshen the bloom that is fading, and conceal those trifling defects, which the most critical eye would scarcely notice. Even those who possess the charms of personal beauty, are not satisfied without tarrying long at the Toilette, and making thorough preparation. But alas, how irksome must be the labors of the toilette, to such as are deficient in those native charms, and who must shine in borrowed feathers, if they shine at all! How many sighs escape their bosoms while undergoing the humiliating process of transformation! On the brow of many a candidate for temporal happiness and honor, have not the burning drops of perspiration stood, the fruit of envy and bitter re-

pinings? Alas, that they should have overlooked the dignity of an immortal soul, and the sublime end of their creation! their highest ambition being to twinkle for a moment like the glow worm, giving but a faint reflection of those ever shining orbs which beautify and adorn the firmament of Heaven.

We cannot pause to speak of the time wasted by those who are employed as auxiliaries in the work of preparation, and that by mothers and sisters, and other near relatives and friends; in preparing the dear ones for what? not for a useful and happy life—not for glory, unless a fashionable life and the Ball room be the way to glory.

We have no time to dwell upon the vast expenditures in this work of preparation. It has been estimated that the amusements of our city, when in full blast, cost \$30,000 per week; one of the largest items must be set down to the Dance. Millions have been squandered, and fortunes sacrificed at this inglorious shrine. Merchants, professional men, and thrifty mechanics, have been ruined by the reckless extravagance of their wives and daughters, too proud to be outdone by their neighbors. Nor with the worldly tuition they have received, need we be surprised that wives and daughters should pursue such a course. It is this dancing education, deemed so necessary to polish the manners, which has done the mischief.

But the millions spent in the dance, are but the weight of a feather, compared with the alarming EXPENDITURES OF HEALTH and solid enjoyments. This part of the statistics of the dance cannot but startle us, especially in view of the sudden disappearance of many who but lately adorned the circles of fashion.

The long wished for evening has come. The hall is lighted, and between eight and nine, the dancers begin to arrive. Amid the stream of life which flows now gently, now hastily along, few attract marked attention, save the reigning Belle, or those brilliant stars which have newly risen. The assembly presents an array of beauty and fashion, resembling a

starlight sky, on a bright summer's evening. Not a cloud rests upon that assembly, calm and lovely as the face of a smiling infant. Look where you will, you see nought but the apparent gushing forth of a well-spring of happiness within: Surely, they are all FRIENDS that have met in this festive hall! From the smiles of delight that play upon every countenance, like the soft sun-light resting on a bank of flowers, we might infer they were all alike happy. But is it so? In those rose besprinkled walks, lurks there no enemy? The Ball room is enchanted ground. Over the door is written—PLEASURE RULES HERE—all who come within the magic circle, yield themselves up to the pleasures of the hour. In the opening scene all is bright and joyful. But as the exhibition progresses, the passions develope themselves; the masque drops, and the ideal gives place to the real. It is not long, ere the battle of caps mingles with the wrangling of gallants.

Long ere the dance is opened, Pride puts on its haughty looks and supercilious air, green-eyed Jealousy spies out the objects of its hate, and Envy whose voracious maw is never satisfied, drinks its own blood in spite. Is this a caricature? Look then at those countenances, ere-while wreathed with smiles of ineffable delight, now clouded and scornful!

The orchestra strikes up—THE DANCE IS REGUN! Dunbar one of the early English Poets, wrote a poem on the Dance, of the seven deadly sins. These were pride, anger, envy, covetousness, laziness, gluttony, etc. If there is something bordering on the ludicrous in the idea of the dance of these deadly sins, there is something so fearfully true in the conception, as a personification of those vices, which may be considered both the offspring, and the originating cause of the dance, that we cannot make light of the representation. For WHO DANCES FOR THE GLORY OF GOD? What man or woman, believing in the essential dignity of the soul, and acting under a sense of personal accountability to its glorious Maker, would ever condescend to play such pranks before

high Heaven, and dance to those tunes and those steps which set modesty and good taste at defiance. What command have men and women over themselves, when the blood is heated and the soul is on fire? How soon would the dance flag without the necessary stimulus of beauty, wine and stirring music? What wonder is it, that misunderstandings arise, and blood often flows! To prevent the catastrophe of exhausted strength, and to fire up the spirits afresh, a midnight Feast must be spread, followed by copious potations.

Would you behold the full blown glories of the Ball chamber, enter that hall just as the clock strikes one; the excitement is at its height—the blood boils—the head is dizzy—passion rages—this is the hour of temptation—this is the hour of sacrifice! the hour perhaps of the soul's immolation. A hasty word or glance is the seal of destiny. That night, is followed by years of remorse and suffering. THE DANCE IS OVER—but, alas, its effects remain in a debilitated frame, and in painful reminiscences, which cast a dismal cloud over all the path of life. The imagination will never loose those impressions which were branded into it, as with heated iron; and often as that festive scene occurs to the mind, facts will speak, which will give it a startling significance. Through the chill damp morning air, exhausted, delicate creatures are seen wending their way homeward, where restlessness, head aches and heart sickness, awaits them.

The Dance, the most popular and most insidious of all amusements, by whom is it patronised? not surely by the sober minded and devout—not by christian parents. The testimony of the gospel minister can be of no equivocal character. It is with inexpressible pain we record the fact that the dance is, to some extent, not only countenanced, but patronised in the church. The grief occasioned by the attendance of the daughters of one of our most eminent ministers in the ball-room, is not yet forgotten; and how wide and fatal must be the influence of such an example. And when distinguished clergymen countenance this fascinating

amusement, what hope is there, that the plague will be stayed? Good men surely do not know what they do, when they countenance such scenes. May not this be one great cause of the decay of vital piety in the land, and the prevalence of a spirit of levity. A dancing people will not be a praying people; a nation of dancers, may become a nation of infidels. There is no dancing in Heaven, where fruition is complete—none in Hell, where the cup of misery is full!!

I AM DYING.

YES, the hour is rapidly approaching, my friends, when each one of us shall not only know that he must die, but shall feel that he is DYING. I will suppose this hour to arrive under circumstances most favorable for forming a correct and unbiased estimate of the value of every earthly possession. I will suppose you in a full possession of your reason as you are at this moment. I will suppose all uncertainty respecting the event to be done away, that medical skill has announced the hour of your decease, and that you already feel that indescribable something, which assures you that the soul is already breaking loose from her tabernacle of clay. I will suppose moreover, that you have some adequate conceptions of the strictness of the law by which you must be judged, of the holiness of that Being before whom you must stand, of the unutterable bliss in reserve for the righteous, and of the unutterable agonies which await the wicked. I will also suppose you to be perfectly aware, that the time for repentance is past; and that all which now remains for you, is to ascertain from the facts of your past history, whether your life has or has not been spent in preparation for eternity. At that solemn moment, every power of thought within you will be concerned upon the question, Am I a disciple of Jesus Christ? The soul asks, and the holy oracle answers, Unless a man deny himself, and take

up his cross and follow me, he cannot be my disciple. The dying man calls up in review the days and weeks and months and years that are past; and in an agony demands of each, Have I denied myself, have I taken up my cross, have I followed Christ? Ah, who can describe the despair of him, who, from one and from all of them, receives the stern, the all-deciding answer, No.

The die is cast. But who can tell the horrors of the coming interval? Terrified at the gulf before her, the soul looks back upon the past; but all is filled with horrible visions. Power, rank, applause, learning, all have bidden her adieu in the hour of her calamity, and have left her to her Judge. Her very amusements have turned traitors, and accused her of self-destruction. The card table, the theatre, the ball-room, speak now only of murdered time, and wasted opportunity. That pampered body, that vacant mind, those ungoverned passions, that hoarded gold, all declare that she hath lived unto herself. Behind all is condemnation; before her, naught is seen but the terrific effulgence of the long suffering, most merciful, but abused, insulted, thrice holy Lord God Almighty. Speech fails; but the glare of those sightless eyeballs tells that the spirit seeth visions which language cannot utter. An unearthly groan, and all is still. The affrighted ghost, in all the horrors of self-condemnation, stands before her Judge.

CONSISTENCY.

CONSISTENCY presents Christianity in her fairest attitude—in all her lovely proportion of figure and correct symmetry of feature. Consistency is the beautiful result of all the qualities and graces of a truly religious mind united and brought into action, each individually right, all relatively associated. Where the character is consistent, prejudice cannot ridicule, nor infidelity sneer. It may, indeed, be censured, as holding up a standard above the attainment of the careless. The world may dislike, but it cannot despise it.

Original.

A VOICE O'ER THE WATERS.

BY MRS. FRANCES H. W. GREEN.

A voice o'er the waters comes mournful and low,
 As if wrung from the heart-strings of bitterest wo!
 'Tis the Harp of old Erin, all sobbingly cast,
 With its torn chords exposed to the pitiless blast—
 Those chords that may waken to gladness no more,
 Are bewailing the griefs of that famine-trod shore—
 Where the strong, feeling poor, in their helplessness lie;
 And the starving are gathered by thousands to die!
 Ah the spirit of Ireland, all sad and forlorn
 Of her hopes, and her primeval glory shorn,
 Has roused to expression each conscious string;
 And her wild cry is borne on the hurricane's wing!

“Daughters of America! ye who have bread!
 Think of our starving—the dying—the dead—
 The dead that we mourn not, so quiet and cold—
 We envy the shroud, with its calm bosom-fold.

O, GIVE US BREAD!

“Fathers of America! plenty is poured
 For the sons and the daughters that circle your board;
 Think of our children—the strong and the fair—
 With their fierce cries of hunger, cleaving through the cold air!

And give us bread.

“Such weakness has crept o'er our muscles once stout,
 That we faint as we carry our cold dead out;—
 By our newly-made graves all hopeless we lie—
 Help! help!—in humanity's name!—or we die!

O, give us bread!

“Farmers of America! your bounteous lands
 Give their mines of wealth to your own strong hands;
 Let your souls be as large, and your bounty as free;
 Neither harvest, nor seed for the future, have we!

O, send us bread!

“Wives of America! from the round Earth
 Cluster all blessings to gladden your hearth!—
 Think of the maddened ones, bursting away
 From our weak arms, to the bloody affray!
 And give us bread!”

“And while O, Mothers, your infants lie
 At the warm love-fountain that never is dry,
 Think of the famished one, finding no rest,
 With the lips of her dying babe glued to her breast!
 O, give us bread!”

“Sons of America! noble and free!
 Our sons love freedom as dearly as ye—
 But the high heart may cherish its glory no more;
 For the vulture of Hunger is gnawing its core!
 O, give us bread!”

“And the blessing of millions, spontaneous, will start
 From the passionate depths of the Irish heart;
 And the death-shadows brooding where dark graves ope,
 Shall catch from your kind cheer the sunlight of hope!
 O, give us bread!”

“The mother, caressing her ransomed child—
 The father, with eyes all so hideous and wild—
 Shall praise, and shall bless you, with quivering breath,
 As they joyfully turn from the blackness of death!
 O, give us bread!”

“And the blessing of Heaven shall not linger in air,
 But shall rest on your broad lands and prairies fair,
 Till it stretches like sunshine, from mountain to sea,
 Entering with God's leave the “Land of the Free.”
 O, GIVE US BREAD!”

* Let this eloquent appeal, these thrilling sentiments, pervade the heart of America, and become the theme of exalted song in every Family Circle, and the cry of suffering Ireland, will soon be converted into the warm accents of thanksgiving and praise. Ed.

SALARIES OF THE BRITISH MINISTRY.

The annexed list will show the singular contrast between the salaries bestowed upon the eminent men of England and those given to the eminent men of our country.

First Lord of the Treasury,	£5,000
Lord High Chancellor,	14,000
Lord President of the Council,	2,000
Lord Privy Seal,	2,000
Secretary of State, Home Department,	5,000
“ “ Foreign, “	5,000
“ “ Colonial, “	5,000
Secretary of War,	2,500
Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,	20,000
Lord Chancellor of Ireland,	8,000
Master of the Rolls,	7,000
Vice Chancellors, each,	6,000
Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench,	10,000
Four Judges of the Queen's Bench, each,	5,500
Lord Chief Justice of Court of Common Pleas,	8,000
Four Judges of Court of Common Pleas, each,	5,500
Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer,	7,000
Four Barons of the Exchequer, each,	5,500
Archbishop of Canterbury,	129,946
“ York,	223,220
Bishop of London,	267,662
“ Lincoln,	373,976
“ Norwich,	331,750
The Bishop of Calcutta,	5,000
The Bishops of Jamaica and Barbadoes, each,	4,000
The Bishops of Bombay, Madras and Quebec, each,	2,500

AMERICA.

President of the United States \$25,000, equal to	£5,600
Secretary of State, Treasury, War and Navy, each, \$6,000, equal to	1,350
The Governor of Vermont \$750, equal to	170
The Governor of R. Island \$400, “	90

Original.

LETTERS FROM A HOLLOW TREE.

HERE I am, my dear young friends, once more at home—in the heart—nay, the very soul of nature. I shall not tell you where my residence is located, but I shall describe it to you, together with its “surroundings,” as our gifted Miss Sedgewick would say—a term which I borrow for convenience’ sake, and for which I make all suitable acknowledgment to her ladyship. I shall, also, from time to time, give you some accounts of scenes which transpire in my little world—no, not little, either; for, to him who looks into the spirit of things, nothing is small. There is a world of thought even in a nut-shell. There is wisdom and beauty and love, in the simplest blade of grass—in the humblest weed that grows. I have, then, inexhaustible subjects of research and study—infinite sources of happiness—within the compass of my daily walks—nay, within the wooden walls where I have made my home, as you shall presently see. I have birds, quadrupeds, insects, reptiles, fishes. There are plants, minerals, caves, grottoes and woods. Near at hand is the ocean in the fulness of its beauty, its majesty, and its strength; and, bending over all, is the great sky, with the glory of its daily sunlight, and the poetry of its midnight stars, which, to the believing ear, yet sing their songs of beauty and of harmony—yet make all space musical with their hymns of joy and love.

Pleasant then, will be our intercourse, even though it must be carried on through this constrained medium; for the things that interest me most shall all be laid before you—not, indeed, as if seen with your own eyes, in all the interesting philosophy of their natural relations; but with such light as may be transmitted from the mind of another.

I will now commence a description of my residence. I dare say your city friends will be surprised that I have gone

into such quarters at this season of the year ; and very like you, too, may wonder at my choice. But the truth is, I have chosen my position with a view of studying, at my leisure, some of the more delicate and less known phenomena, which are developed only in the winter, and which from my nearer proximity, and closer acquaintance, I shall be able to do—such as the motion of the sap, the swelling of buds, the flowering of mosses, and the winter habits of quadrupeds, and such birds as may remain with us.

My house was not wrought by human hands, but was constructed by the great Builder of the Universe—It is nothing more nor less than a HOLLOW TREE—as the date of my letter has, before this, intimated.

I dare say when you read the above sentence, you will have the sensation of being cramped for want of room ; but, when you come to the particulars, this feeling will be relieved. The tree that, for the present, makes my house, is of the species known by Botanists as the *Platanus Occidentalis*, and, in more common terms, as the great Plane, or Buttonwood of America ; it is sometimes, also, but improperly, called the Sycamore. This tree, as you have doubtless found by your reading, sometimes grows to an immense size ; and is frequently, when from great age it has become hollow, occupied as a human habitation. The hunter of the West often finds his lodging in its capacious trunk ; and so do whole families of Indians, and sometimes, also, western emigrants. The one where your uncle abides, is sixteen feet in diameter, at ten feet from the ground—and forty-eight feet in circumference at the same height. I said that my house was not built by human hands. This is strictly true of the external walls. I have merely added floorings, partitions and windows, in order to ensure the greater convenience, which man, and especially enlightened and studious man requires.

Let me now, my wondering friends, though at this distance, enact the courtesy of a host, and show you over my house, and display to your wondering eyes all its convenien-

ces—all its treasures. We will begin with its location, or site. It stands in the heart of a deep and ancient forest, occupying the highest point of land for miles around. The foundations are deeply laid in the heart of earth, being protected and secured, by immense ledges of granite, which extend a great distance, embosoming caverns and grottoes, of which I shall have to tell you some other time. Now my business is above ground—so here you enter the rooms of your well-beloved Uncle.

This is done by a flight of stone steps, of irregular structure, and wreathed by profuse branches of the *Celastrus* and grape vine, which have trained themselves over two short horizontal branches, as if on purpose to form my portico—and a right pleasant one it is. Underneath this natural bower I have constructed my door way, by removing an oblong square from the tree, and supplying hinges and a latch. This opens into the hall, which is four feet in diameter. In this apartment, and opposite the door, I have constructed my summer and fine-weather sofa, by raising the earth to a suitable height, and covering it with beautiful lichens and mosses of different colors, arranged in figures to suit my own taste; and which please me infinitely better than the finest embroidery of the most fashionable divans and ottomans; for my embroidery has a self-renewing power, and is freshened by continual life and growth. This point commands a view of a lovely opening in the wood—a path of light-sweeping through the green bowers of the leafy colonnade, as if the angels of peace and love had opened it for their daily and nightly visits, by the soft sweep of their majestic wings. From the hall we pass into my reception room, which occupies the remainder of the ground floor. This room is carpeted with the same material that drapes my sofas; and, to my eye, exceeds in delicacy and beauty, the finest product of the looms of Brussels, or Turkey. A broad sofa, or couch, surrounds the outer side of the apartment, which is circular, corresponding with the shape of the tree. This form embodies, as you may see, the immortal

Hogarth's "line of grace and beauty;" and is far more agreeable than the right lines and angles, which prevail in the modern dwellings of man. Perhaps I had better tell you here that Hogarth was a celebrated English painter, who discovered that all forms and motions of grace and beauty, are expressed in curved lines, in contradistinction to straight or right lines, with their angles. This is seen in the curling motion of smoke, of mist, or of flame; in the waving of corn, of grass, or the limbs of trees; in the flight of birds, and in the outline of almost all animated forms. The ancients had an idea of this, as may be seen in the numerous arches which prevail in their works, and from which the word architecture is derived.

But, to return to the reception room—you will wonder, I suppose, what company I receive; but I shall introduce you to my guests, bye and bye; and, I assure you, they are very numerous, and very interesting. This room is lighted by a single window. The panes of this are composed of plates of very clear and beautiful mica, which abounds in this region; and which admits a soft and lovely light. You may know that mica is a transparent, or rather a translucent mineral, which is easily separable into thin layers, and is the same that is used to insert in stoves for your parlor fires; and through which you may have a cheerful view of the glowing anthracite. Mica is one of the component principles of granite, in some varieties of which it largely predominates. You may know it by its sparkling lustre, like small and thin fragments of glass, and by its softness—as it easily yields to the nail, and may be pressed or crushed in the fingers to powder.

In this apartment I have every thing that can ensure comfort, both for Summer and Winter. I should not forget to say that it contains two cabinets, one filled with some choice specimens of minerals, shells and dried plants, the other with rare books. From this apartment a flight of steps ascends to the second floor, which contains two sleeping rooms—one of which I occupy; and the other is for an occasional

guest. These rooms are lighted and carpeted like that below; and contains various articles of comfort, mostly of my own manufacture. From this a flight of steps leads to the third floor—and here, upon the threshold, I must make my bow, and take my leave for the present; and if our good friend concludes to print this in his beautiful Magazine, you may soon again hear from your somewhat odd, but affectionate

OLD UNCLE NAT.

A MIRACLE OF MERCY.

THE SPENT BULLET.

BY THE EDITOR.

MUCH has been written about the strength of maternal affection, and probably no principle is more deeply seated, or more powerfully influential. Under the control of religion this principle derives additional strength and efficiency. Who can fathom the depth of a pious mother's solicitude for a dissipated, reckless son! When all other means of reclamation have failed, and ruin seems inevitable, she sits not down in despair, but busily occupies herself in devising new methods to arrest the footsteps of the wanderer, and overcome the obduracy of the heart; and Providence concurring, wonders of mercy have often been wrought. We have an affecting illustration of this, in the following striking story related by Admiral Penn to his son William, the father and founder of the State of Pennsylvania.

"On board of the Admiral's ship was a young officer of the name of Fenton, the only son of his mother, and she a widow. Fenton was giddy and dissipated in a high degree, which cost his mother many a tear. One day, as drowned in sorrow, she took leave of him going on ship-board to fight the enemy, she repeated all her former good advice, giving him, at the same time, a beautiful little Bible, which she put

into a side pocket made by her own hands, over his left breast. The two fleets met, and a most bloody conflict ensued. The ships grappled each other; and the eager crews, quitting their cannon, fought hand to hand, with pistols and cutlasses, as on dry ground. In the mortal fray, the decks all covered with the dying and the dead, Fenton was attacked by a stout Dutchman, who, presenting his pistol to his heart, drew the trigger. The ball struck. Feeling the shock, Fenton concluded he was mortally wounded, but being naturally brave, he continued to fight on with great fury, though not without secretly wondering that he did not fall. On the ceasing of the battle, which terminated in favor of the British, he began to search for his wound. But not a scratch could he find, nor even a drop of blood. This, no doubt, was great good news to him who had given himself up for dead. He then thought of his Bible, and drawing it from his side pocket, found it miserably torn by the ball, which, but for that strange stop, would have been buried in his heart. The thoughts of Heaven and of his mother rushed on his mind. And, for the first time in his life, he fell on his knees and adored a God. Carefully opening his Bible, he found that the ball, after penetrating one half of the sacred volume, had stopped exactly at that famous verse—"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou, that for all these things God shall bring thee into judgment!" Fenton was so struck with this, as a call from Heaven, that he immediately altered his life; and from a worthless reprobate became a GOOD CHRISTIAN."

Touched as it were by the finger of God, the reader involuntarily exclaims, What a miracle of mercy is this! Noble reward of maternal faithfulness! Touching exhibition of divine mercy! The mother of Fenton probably placed the beautiful little Bible over his left breast, not with a view to the protection of his life, but to impress him deeply with an abiding sense of the solicitude she felt for his salvation; of



MAGNOLIA AND IXIA FLEXUOSA.

her warm desire that the word of God might be engrafted upon his heart. But a merciful God designed it as the means not only of preserving his natural life, but that which was infinitely more important, of imparting spiritual life. But for the Bible the ball had been buried in his heart; and, in all probability, had not the deadly missile spent itself exactly at that alarming passage, "Rejoice, O young man," etc., he had never been awakened and converted.

But such miracles of mercy are rare, and none who are sweeping the rounds of folly, may look for such extraordinary interpositions of Providence, while they possess the word of God which is able to make them wise unto salvation. Young man, the Bible is your only security, whether you believe it or not. A pious mother may not have lodged it in your bosom, but God has placed it in your path-way to ruin. You cannot neglect its warning and invitations but at the peril of your soul. Be entreated to receive this blessed record into your heart, and nothing in the Universe will harm you.

A GOOD CHARACTER.

A good character is to a young man, what a firm foundation is to the artist who proposes to erect a building on it; he can build with safety, and all who behold it will have confidence in its solidity, a helping hand will never be wanted—but let a single part of this be defective, and you run a hazard, amidst doubting and distrust, and ten to one it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was built on it in ruin. Without a good character poverty is a curse—with it, it is scarcely an evil. Happiness cannot exist where a good character is not.

Original

THE EVENING WALK.

BY MISS E. A. COMSTOCK, N. Y.

With a Steel Engraving.

THE sun was flinging a broad mantle of radiance over the valley of Glencoe, gilding the old church tower, and warning the laborer that though his beams were bright they were his last and soon to fade into evening twilight. The ivy quivered in the cheering rays, reflecting from leaf to leaf a continuous line of dazzling light. The heavily laden ant hurried homeward with his load, picking his way carefully along the well-trodden path that terminated at the church porch, and which on the ensuing day would be an unsafe place for him. The old sexton who had presided for forty years over the pews of the church until it had become to him even as a dear child, wended his way to it, swinging his heavy bunch of keys and stopping now and then to enjoy the cooling breeze, or to point out to his aged wife some spot, so altered from what it was when they were young, while his youthful son listened with pleased attention to the reminiscences of his grey-haired sire. There was a stillness and serenity resting on all around that invited the soul to reflection and devotion. Nature seemed preparing for the coming of that dear and holy day so welcome to the christian's heart.

Anna Lester yielded to the influence of the peaceful scene, and affectionately kissing the wrinkled brow of her decrepid parent, strolled out to the beechen grove that shaded the graves of so many of her kindred, and would so soon receive her sole remaining relative. Wild flowers bloomed here in great profusion, and Anna stooped to pluck

a bouquet for her father, who could wander no more amid their beauties, when the note of a lark caused her to start from her labor, and listen like one entranced. The happy songster had alighted upon a branch immediately above her head and seemed to be pouring out half his little soul in his gushing song. With hand half raised and head bent in the act of listening, Anna stood beneath the whispering foliage with a heart elevated and softened by this finishing touch to what seemed before completely beautiful. "Ah! she exclaimed, I could almost imagine it the soul of my infant brother, calling me in a hymn of praise to Heaven."

Her thoughts reverted to the time when mother and brother welcomed with smiles her return from those evening rambles where she held communion with Him who, for her own good, had often chastened her naturally proud and lofty heart. These cherished ones had passed away, and now when the falling dew warned her to hasten home, her father alone, blessed the thoughtful child who returned to him, laden with the floral teachers he loved so well. These saddening musings however faded away before the joyous song of the lark. Hope weaved a garland for the future, and came to her side with a promise of coming joy. In all of her pleasing visions the image of her father was the nucleus around which they expanded and brightened. He sat in the windows of her castles in the air, smiling upon her as she hurried to his side. What brilliant bouquets she twined for him in these reveries! What healing and strength she gave to his feeble limbs! "Oh, he will live long, thought she, and will once more enjoy with me a Saturday evening in this grove he planted in his youth. Perhaps this bird will sing for him the song that has thrilled my heart." As this sanguine thought illuminated her countenance, the bird flew away and the church bell's melancholy chime, seemed chanting the funeral dirge of the sun who had sunk behind a vast pile of clouds rapidly rising behind the church tower. Anna soon gathered a nosegay from the plentiful groups of flowers that gemmed the

rank sod, and walked slowly home. repeating to herself Thompson's beautiful Hymn of the Seasons. As she opened the wicket gate of her garden, the house-keeper came to the porch with a face of alarm, and hurried her into the sitting room, where two of the neighbors were busily engaged around her father, whose half closed, sunken eyes and livid face were shaded by the wings of the angel of Death, who was now hovering over him. Anna sprung forward, and clasped the cold hand that was extended to her. A faint smile passed over his face as his eyes rested a moment on the bunch of flowers she held in her hand. "Oh, my father, said Anna, do not leave me alone." The invalid raised his shrivelled hand to Heaven and whispered softly, "He will be with thee my child!" Anna bowed her head and wept, but in that weakness of the human heart there was the strength of resignation. Although her tears fell like rain, her spirit cried, "Thy will be done."

The evening breeze came into the chamber of death, laden with the perfume of fragrant shrubs, but they passed unheeded by its lifeless inmate who was resting there in pulseless sleep!

Again the sun shown brightly, the trees danced and frolicked above the tomb of the Lesters. The flowers raised their many tinted heads as smilingly as though no tears had watered their roots. At the base of a moss covered monument sat Anna Lester near to the tree on whose low branch the lark had so lately sung. There slept all of her race. That monument had just closed over the last link that bound her to life. Here had she reared an airy fabric of bliss which now lay in ruins at her feet. "It is over, murmured she, my selfish repinings have ceased. Mine was the fate of all earth's dreamers. I built my house upon the sand and it fell. Henceforth the Rock of ages shall be its foundation. I shall never fear. Why did I wish to keep him from the celestial harmony that in half heard fragments reached him here? Alone! no, God and his afflicted ones are with me. I will arise and comfort

the broken-hearted. The poor and oppressed shall be my kindred. I have been an idler in God's vineyard, henceforth I will toil without ceasing. How many sorrowing ones have need of me. How many happy hearts may be made, still happier by my sympathy. Sweet flowers, and graceful trees, you speak intelligibly to me. You have not ministered in vain to my crushed spirit."

Years rolled away and pestilence stalked in the streets of a neighboring city. The death struck called in vain on his terrified kindred, and died alone. No hand was near to hold a cup of cold water to his parched lips or to cool his dry and burning brow. Selfishness reigned in all but a few hearts. Left alone to struggle with the destroyer in his new and most terrific form, the dying solitary was too sensible of the desertion of those whom his heart had so long held dear. In his deepest despair and wretchedness, what female form bends over him, and soothes his parting throes? What ministering angel is it that thus glides around him gently and unappalled? She is a stranger to him, but not to us. In that attenuated form and cheerful face, we recognise one well known in the haunts of poverty and disease. One who sat by the tomb of her forefathers and dedicated herself to this work. Who went forth alone to suffer and patiently endure. Who built in her youth her hopes on the rock of ages, when her airy fabric of sandy foundation lay in ruins at her feet. Living for the realities of life, she finds them more true and beautiful than the gorgeous visions that deluded her on the brink of sorrow, during her Saturday evening walk.

Gentle Reader, perchance you may drop a tear, as you reflect on the singular bereavement of this lone one.

Ah, give me her resignation, her fitness for the sorrows of life, and her hopes of Heaven, rather than the MERE gold or gems of the East, or the splendors of this transitory world!

Original.

FAMILY DISTINCTIONS.

A DIALOGUE.

BY MRS. S. B. ROBERTS.

"ELLEN will you attend the party to-night?" asked Lucy, as she threw herself leisurely upon the sofa, better to enjoy her morning call.

"No Lucy, I wish to be present at the wedding to-morrow evening; and Ma does not think it prudent for me to be out several evenings in succession."

"So the talented Clarence is really about to marry that inanimate sewing girl; I cannot conceive what phenomena will next occur."

"Indeed Lucy, you surprise me! I have ever rejoiced in their anticipated union; and you call her inanimate, her continued cheerfulness, even amid the many perplexities of her business, has always been a reproof to my impatient disposition—and many an important lesson of persevering effort have I learned from her."

"Do not think me ridiculing your remarks," said Lucy laughing, "I was thinking what a figure she would make as Mrs. M—— at some of our fashionable parties. I dare say she never took a gentleman's arm before his, and cannot be very graceful in the waltz, or at the piano-forte; I presume she could not tell when the instrument was in tune."

"I do not know as to that, but she has a voice soft and sweet as an æolian harp, and although she has not been accustomed to move in the most fashionable circles, and consequently has not learned to practice coquetry, and those airs which are the folly and shame of our sex at the present day, yet her manners are highly refined, her conversation spirited and intelligent, and she possesses all that dignity of character, which renders her an engaging young lady."

"Well I suppose the girl is well enough; but her family are people of no distinction. Pa' says he should think Clarence's friends would feel mortified at his choice; they will now be obliged to be on terms of intimacy with the R——s, which you know will be very humiliating to people of their wealth and standing in society; besides, should he not succeed in his profession, she has no friends to sustain her."

"That may be true, for her family connections are not extensive, but in my opinion HE is not a very promising young man who cannot build up and sustain a reputation for himself; if he has no merit upon which to rely, he had better fall, and occupy his proper place in society. But I think the M——s are not tenacious upon that point, they are people of sterling worth, and I presume would rather Clarence should marry the amiable though humble Eliza, than all the high sounding titles and family distinctions in the world."

"But you seem to think he will not be affected by her family, how do you suppose he would feel, if in some of their walks as the newly married pair, they should meet her inebriate father, sauntering through the streets?"

"I suppose he would instantly perceive that it was not the daughter," rejoined Ellen with a tone of mingled ridicule and contempt, "and if he is the noble character he should be, and which I think he is, he would rejoice that it was in his power to assuage in a measure the grief occasioned by such a spectacle."

"Ellen you remind me of 'Love in the cottage.' 'Love in the cottage,' or hovel as you please to call it; I contend that there is no such thing as pure affection without real or supposed merit, and there is often as much merit found under the thatched roof as in kingly courts; and the idea of marrying family distinctions has caused many an unhappy union, which sighs and tears in secret could not dissolve."

"But as to Eliza's father, he was once prosperous and respected, educated his children, and ruled his house with dignity; but a few years ago when the decanter must adorn every man's sideboard, he formed a habit which all his good

resolutions are inadequate to break up, so long as the temptation is presented in its most inviting form, in whatever way he may turn; and now instead of letting the blame fall where it should, upon those, who, contrary to every feeling of humanity and our most wholesome laws, are doing their neighbor such incalculable wrong, you heap reproach upon the innocent and defenceless, and while you cry family distinctions, you seem not to perceive that you rob the youth of that which it should ever be their highest ambition to obtain, a STANDING FOUNDED UPON WORTH ALONE.

Original.

NO LICENSE.

BY MISS MARY COX.

JANE.—Well Sarah, don't you think we have great reason to rejoice that most of the towns in our state, have gone in favor of no license?

SARAH.—Yes Jane, but it makes me feel sad when I think how many have perished already—had this reform commenced thirty years ago, how much misery might have been prevented; I might have been spared the grief that falls to the orphan's lot—spared also the bitterness of weeping over the graves of a father and brother, whose lives were wretched, and whose death was in consequence of the intoxicating cup.

J.—Dear, dear Sarah, indeed I do feel for you very much, I did not think of bringing up sad memories, when I spoke of our temperance victory.

S.—Nor do I think you did, but the past can never be forgotten, the misery I have endured can never be obliterated from my mind; my heart so often torn can never be healed,—the recollection of a mother's griefs haunt me in my nightly visions—deprived of my natural protectors—an

orphan—whose friends are friends from pity. O have I not reason to weep, and wish the past a dream.

J.—Do you think Sarah that I thus love you—No, ere I knew your misfortune, I loved you for yourself alone, your virtues endeared you to my heart, and since I have known the story of your griefs, think you I love you less? far from it—do you remember Mrs. Brown of A——, the lawyer's wife.

S.—Yes Jane, WELL do I remember how she died, as the fool dieth, as my father died, as my brother died.

J.—As my mother died—Oh Sarah, I thought to lock this secret in my breast—and while here at school, enjoy a reputation, not mine if known, but you have won my heart—your sorrows, my sympathy. Mrs. Brown was my mother, now think you I know how to feel for the drunkard's daughter?

S.—Alas! but too well, but why then do you wonder that I am unhappy?

J.—I do not—and I should be quite wretched if I would; weeping over the past, will not wash away the past—so I have long been trying to exert my influence in the cause of temperance, I touch not—taste not—handle not—I endeavor to enlist the youth about me to do the same, but little could I accomplish, while license was given to sell, now we will work together, we will try to make others happy—and this will be reflected back into our own hearts. Let me dry your tears dear Sarah, let us together hold a jubilee over this law of humanity—rejoice that rumsellers can now have no license to sell—NO LICENSE!

REMARKS.—The touching dialogue of these amiable heart-stricken girls, will find an answering sympathetic chord in many a broken, crushed heart. It is melancholy that such sorrows should be permitted to invade the young heart. Who can hear them bitterly deplore the evils which have made home desolate, without rejoicing to see the arm of the law raised to protect the innocent and defenceless.

ED.

Original.

**"DID JESUS THUS SUFFER, AND SHALL I
REPINE?"**

BY REV. S. IRENÆUS PRIME.

The Mexican Emperor Gautemozin was stretched on the rack, by the soldiers of Cortez. His joints cracked under the torture, and the sweat, as of death, stood like drops of blood on his imperial brow.

By the side of him lay one of his nobles, also extended by the arms and feet, and groaning piteously; he complained to his sovereign of the anguish he endured.

"Do YOU THINK" said Gautemozin, "THAT I LIE UPON ROSES?"

The nobleman, touched by the thought that his master was as great a sufferer as himself, restrained his complaints and expired in silence.

This striking incident has been used to teach the duty of Christians in the midst of sickness and pain, when the distress is severest and threatens to drink up the soul, to bear in mind that the Master suffered more than they, and a word of murmuring never fell from his hallowed lips.

But there is one strong point in which the touching fact from Mexican history, fails to present a parallel to the Christian's pattern of patient endurance of pain. The tortured emperor was not suffering for the nobleman, who drew strength from his example. But Christ died for us.

This is the thought for the Christian to keep in mind, and it is this thought which martyrs have borne in mind, when slow fires consumed their flesh and bones, and it has given them joy in anguish, of which the world knows not.

A pious lady of my acquaintance, subject to frequent attacks of a most severe and tormenting disease, whose every return threatens to divide the body and the soul, has

told me that in the paroxisms of her distress, when nature faints and sinks, and friends around her think she cannot survive another pang, THEN she looks away to Gethsemane, and sees the Son of God, stretched on the ground in prayer; she sees the drops of sweat like blood on his Godlike brow; she bears in mind that Jesus Christ is suffering thus for those who put their trust in him, and she gathers strength for the conflict, and a holy calm settles on her spirit at the thought of what he endured for her.

It strikes me that every christian will discover in this thought a source of comfort in hours of trial. He must be a singular christian who has no hours of pain; it may be of body or of mind, but God does chasten all whom he loves, and in those seasons of deep distress, when all the waves of sorrow roll over us and threaten to swallow us up, it is well to look away to the garden and the cross, and remember that he who suffers there is bearing those pains for us. We live because he died. The anguish that rent His spirit from the clay, was the price of our eternal life!

Such a thought makes it easy to suffer. Perhaps our names are cast out as evil. And he was reviled by those for whom he bled.

Perhaps we are the victims of slander, and suffer unjustly in the opinion of the world. And he was wounded in the house of his friends; slain too, by those who ought to have hailed him their King.

Perhaps we are despised and neglected of men. So was our Master. It was said of him in prophecy, and fulfilled in sorrow.

Perhaps we mourn the hidings of a Father's face. He cried "My God! why hast thou forsaken me?"

Such thoughts as these are good for us in the midst of this dark world; a world so full of trials that we need not wish to make it our home. Let us study Christ. Let us love to live like him, suffer with him, die with him, if we would reign and rejoice with him hereafter.

Original.

WOMAN.

BY T. E. SCHOOLAR, U. S. A.

WOMAN, content to pass life's pilgrimage in ministering to the wants of mankind, seeks not the pinnacle of fame, but shrinks from the gaze of the multitude, like the delicate flower from the meridian sun ; she delights in works of benevolence and mercy, while she would fain draw a curtain around her noble actions. The trump of fame may sound the warrior's deeds, while the huzzas of the multitude drown the orphan's cry and the widow's moan ; and the statesman may display to the listening multitude, his powers of eloquence, while the sculptured marble tells their greatness to following generations. Not so with her whose life is spent in ameliorating the condition of suffering humanity. She seeks no prominent position to attract the attention of the world ; the theatre chosen for the display of her noble powers is the family circle, the chamber of sickness and death. To relieve the wants of the needy, soothe and comfort the afflicted, afford consolation to the distressed, instill into the minds of the ignorant and vicious the principles of virtue and religion, to prepare them for the enjoyment of the blessings of life, and the glories of Heaven, is her highest, noblest aim.

Like the polar star to erring man, she never forsakes her station. Do the storms of adversity rage, she clings still closer to him. When the tempests of misfortune lower, where, if not on woman's breast may he find calm repose ? Does persecution follow his footsteps ? Does slander, with her thousand tongues assail ? Do fortune, health, reputation, friends, and all that he holds dear on earth, forsake ? 'Tis then the sharer of his joys and his sorrows, clings still closer

to him. When despondency hangs heaviest over him, 'tis then the firm perseverance of devoted woman arouses him from despair, and prompts him to action, by her firm resolution.

Should infidelity attempt to destroy religion's hallowed influence, where, if not in the recesses of woman's breast, would it find an asylum? There in spite of all that the subtle powers of darkness could devise, it would remain until we should with surprise behold its seeds springing into life, and controlling the actions of her children, in whose infant minds, amid the deep silence of night, or in sequestered groves, where no eye penetrated but the eye of Omniscience, she had instilled the great principles of religion, and pointed them to that Redeemer, at the foot of whose cross woman tarried, and at whose sepulchre she first awaited.

The thousands which have been saved from vice, despair, and ruin, by woman's influence, eternity alone can disclose.

SHE IS LAID IN THE EARTH!

SHE's laid in the earth! but her bright spirit soars
To the regions of bliss, from these sorrowful shores;
She moved, in her beauty, an angel while here,
And I saw she was form'd for a happier sphere.

Oh, sad are the sighs for her absence I heave,
And sad are my tears—though 'tis fruitless to grieve;
Yet oft, through the dark mists of sorrow, I see
In fancy, my Mary still smiling on me!

Wherever I go, there's no object I trace
Can tear from my mind her lov'd form or her face;
Nor time can my soul in forgetfulness steep;
Her dream-wafted image still smiles on my sleep.

In nights calm and clear, 'mid the bright orbs I try
To trace her blest home in the beautiful sky;
And I gaze on some star, till in fancy I see
Her far-shining spirit still smiling on me!

MORAL HINTS.

MILDNESS.—Be always as mild as you can; honey attracts more flies than vinegar. If you err let it be on the side of gentleness. The human mind is so constituted that it resists severity and yields to softness.

SPARE MINUTES.—Spare minutes are the gold dust of time. Of all the portions of our life, spare moments are or may be the most fruitful of evil. They are gaps through which temptations find the easiest access to our hearts. Let them all be improved with care; “Sands make the mountains as moments make years.”

THE ORDER OF A HOUSEHOLD.—To establish order in the household, one of the first things necessary is to adopt rules for its internal arrangement and government. Let there be a fixed time for meals, for worship and retirement. Let punctuality be required from each member, and soon the habit will become fixed and permanent. This greatly helps to give stability and symmetry to the character, and will save from many a snare.

INDUSTRY AND ENERGY.—Resolution, energy, spirit and courage, with a faithful improvement of time, will attain any position and overcome any obstacle. An ordinary intellect will, by industry and perseverance, often accomplish more than a much superior one, deficient in energy and the power of endurance.

CHEERFULNESS.—Those who benefit the world by their labors, who here remove a weed and there plant a flower, must be cheerful. Amidst the most adverse circumstances there are still reasons for cheerfulness. So long as there are motives to gratitude, there is cause for cheerfulness.

GIVE A FEW MINUTES TO THAT CHILD.—Few parents realize how much their children may be taught at home, by devoting a few minutes to their instruction every day. Let

the parent make the experiment only during the hours which are not spent in school. Let him make a companion of his child, converse with him, propose questions, answer inquiries, communicate facts, explain difficulties, the meaning of things, and the reason of things, and all in so easy and agreeable manner that it will be no task, but serve to awaken curiosity and interest the mind, and he will be astonished at the progress he will make.

SCOLDING.—I never knew one who was in the habit of scolding able to govern a family. What makes people scold? The want of self-government. How then can they govern others? Those who govern well are generally calm. They are prompt and resolute, but steady and mild.

TO ACQUIRE A GOOD REPUTATION.—Endeavor to BE, rather than to APPEAR good. Seize the present opportunity, and improve it to the utmost in doing your duty. Be more ready to commend than blame. If you have occasion to reprove, first convince by actual kindness that it is your design to do the person good. Be faithful in every thing however small. Be honest in all your dealings, and always do to others as you would be done by. Let all know that you value your honor, and this may induce them to value their own.

PARENTAL COMMANDS.—If you wish to be obeyed, be careful to make few commands, and see that they are obeyed. Run no hazard in giving orders that may by any possibility be disobeyed. If you make them, let nothing be an excuse for disobedience.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE ELDEST CHILD.—The eldest child will be a model after which the younger members of the family will be fashioned. The taste, the habits, the character of the one, will very likely be copied by the others. How great the responsibility of the parent in the culture and training then of the eldest child!

Original.

SELUCIA.

T. HASTINGS.

O my soul, what means this sad - ness ? Where - fore art thou thus cast
Let thy griefs be turned to glad - ness ; Bid thy rest - less fears be -

The first system of the musical score for 'Selucia'. It consists of three staves: a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/2 time signature; a piano accompaniment in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature; and a piano accompaniment in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the piano staves.

down ? } Look to Je - sus, Look to Je - sus, And rejoice in his dear name.
gone ; }

The second system of the musical score. It continues the three-staff format (vocal, piano treble, piano bass) from the first system. The lyrics continue below the piano staves, with a bracketed section for the piano accompaniment.

What though Satan's strong temptations
Vex and grieve thee day by day ;
And thy sinful inclinations
Often fill thee with dismay ;
Thou shalt conquer,
Through the Lamb's redeeming blood.

Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within ;
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin :
He is faithful,
To perform his gracious word.

Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road ;
His right hand shall still defend thee ;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God !
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

Oh, that I could now adore him,
Like the heav'nly host above
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love !
Happy songsters !
When shall I your chorus join ?





MODESTY IN YOUNG MEN.

EDITORIAL.

PAINTERS represent modesty as a beautiful virgin clothed in blue; it is the ornament of youth as gravity is of age. There is something inexpressibly lovely and attractive in this virtue, and something equally odious and revolting in its opposite. Young men who are modest and unassuming will be respected.

The modest young man is sweet-tempered, kind and condescending to all; he is not wont to put on supercilious airs, nor affect superiority to any, but is gentle and humble, never looks angry when spoken to, or returns a short, ungracious answer. In company he does not seek to engross the conversation, nor indulge in the "loud" laugh which speaks "the vacant mind;" he associates with the virtuous, and prefers a useful to a showy life. He is not vainly ambitious to surpass others, and make a figure in the world. You never see him standing at the corners of the streets, segar in hand, puffing volumes of smoke into the faces of others who pass by; nor, on the Sabbath, is he seen posted at the church door staring at those who come and go.

Such is the modest young man! We have given but the outlines—we have drawn the picture from real life. We love such a character wherever we find him, whatever may be his occupation, family connections or circumstances. He may not be pious, but there is hope in his case. Society feels an interest in him, and many are the prayers silently

offered up in his behalf. Commend me to the modest young man before all others.

American youth were once characterised for their modesty, but—what shall we say?—The form of the lovely virgin still lingers among us, but the glory has departed. Thirty or forty years of unexampled growth and prosperity have produced great changes in the state of society. While in this period of transition much has been done to elevate and improve the character of our youth, we regret to say, new and powerful causes have been silently operating to effect an alarming deterioration of manners. The manifest decline of modesty marks a period in our moral history. We speak only of what we have seen, and of what has been open to the observation of ALL.

Go into whatever of the walks of life we may, and we can not fail to see a great change has passed over the spirit and manners of those in the morning of life. Little boys and girls often put on airs in the Family Circle and in company, which, patience, like that of Job, can scarcely abide—and, alas! who is not shocked, at times, at observing their STREET manners. Approaching the period of manhood, what marks of improvement do we see? Now, if ever, we expect to find the tree in FULL blossom. How is it? many of the blossoms have already dropped off—many that remain are pale and sickly. The blossoms of Hope! how few they are! While many of our youth are polished in their manners, and some of them are models of politeness, we discover little of that genuine virgin-like modesty, which imparts such an undefinable charm to the character and manners. Where now shall we find that delicate respect for parents, that deference for age, and that profound veneration for sacred things, which we witnessed in the good old times of patriarchal simplicity, of home-bred and home-fed affections, when nature and reason harmonized in every duty, and the Word of God was paramount authority with old and young?

Modesty, with other retiring graces, seems falling into disuse so fast, that we should not be surprised, if ere long

the word itself should become obsolete. The word is still found in our vocabularies, but where is the thing? The counterfeit resemblances are no more like it than the glare of the flickering lamp is like the soft, steady light of the stars. There is no want of self-confidence, fluency of speech and fascination of manners; the address is suited to the company and the occasion. How different this from the softly beaming eye—the love-inspiring tones of trembling diffidence?

Young men are earnestly exhorted to aim at great things—to be resolute in action—firm in purpose; but little comparatively is said about those lovely, retiring graces, which are the great safeguards of virtue. From “hints” occasionally dropped, we judge some confound modesty with effeminacy, as though it were a childish weakness to blush, and evinced a want of good breeding to shrink from the public gaze. It cannot be that we have OUTGROWN this virtue, and have no longer any need of its conservative influence.

Parents seem, in general, satisfied, if their children do but possess an active, enterprising spirit, and are armed with moral courage and brute force sufficient to win their way to wealth or fame. These are counted by them sure prognostics of success, not considering that, having lost the checks and balances of the constitution, the entire moral machinery must, ere long, become hopelessly deranged. The modesty that restrains is as necessary as the force which impels. The more energy a young man possesses, the more destructive it will prove to himself and others, except it be controlled and regulated by moral principle. There can be no doubt that the want of modesty has ruined more young men than the want of courage; and when a young man has arrived at that pass that he CAN'T BLUSH, it may be feared he is on the brink of ruin. A doating mother may think her son a prodigy; a father may proudly boast that he has no son who is afraid of his shadow, and the spoiled youth may imagine he has face enough to achieve whatever he undertakes—he has an intuitive perception of what will best promote his interest. He spreads his sails in

unknown seas, and soon finds himself unequal to the task of navigating its dark and stormy waters. In the battle of life, he finds something more is necessary than muscle, bone and sinew, or even a vigorous intellect. A sense of wickedness, coupled with a feeling of dependence on the Almighty, is the only safeguard of youth in making the voyage of life. The young man who has cast his anchor within the veil, will outride every storm, and at last enter Heaven's broad and peaceful haven in triumph.

FEMALE BEAUTY.

WE are so accustomed in the present age, to behold delicate women, that for want of models the ideal image which we form of them has been very much changed. What are the characteristics of beauty as represented in modern novels? Instead of a bright and healthy complexion, a graceful activity, and youthful vivacity, we hear of a slender, aerial form, a sylph-like figure, an interesting paleness, occasionally relieved by a shade of carnation, an expressive countenance gently tinged with melancholy. But it must be at once perceived that all these characteristics are exactly those indicative of delicate health; an extremely slender figure, a flitting color, and a languid expression, afford no very favorable augury for a future mother, or for a wife, who may, perhaps, be called upon to assist her husband in adversity. Yet the imagination of mothers as well as daughters is fascinated by such descriptions; they are afraid of destroying these interesting charms; and we will meet with some girls who will not eat for fear of growing corpulent, and others will not walk for fear of enlarging their feet: can anything be more pitiable?

Original.

INFLUENCE OF CORRUPT AUTHORS.

BY MRS. M. E. DOUBLEDAY.

THERE are but few who have not an opportunity of noticing the effect which the constant perusal of a certain class of writers often produces upon the forming character.

We may have been amused, as we have seen a stripling but fairly in his TEENS, assuming all the airs of a favorite hero of Byron or Bulwer. We have smiled at the strut, the frown, the affected air of consequential misery, by which these young gentlemen choose to distinguish themselves from the vulgar, and we have forgiven the contemptuous curl of the lip, the rude reply, the overbearing assertion, by which they demonstrate this superiority; and we may at times have found ourselves inclined to favor the fond delusion of those friends who have attributed the absence of every quality, either agreeable or useful, to the conscious possession of superior talent.

But as these young men advance in life, deeper and sadder thoughts crowd upon us. We have smiled at the pertness of the boy—we weep over the profligacy of the man. The works which early warped the mind, which made boyhood unamiable, dissatisfied and perverse,—which taught the child to despise parental counsel, defy parental authority, and break away from the restraints of home, have likewise implanted corrupt principles, formed impure tastes, and excited unholy appetites, and the man is before us a Byron—but not in genius;—a Bulwer indeed in profligacy—distinguished, but by impiety, by the disregard of all social decency of all moral restraint; and while we mourn over the wreck of parental hope and expectation, while we grieve at the lot of wretchedness which these individuals are fastening upon

themselves, we feel not the less the added influence which goes to swell the torrent of corruption which is overspreading our land.

That writers, of the class of which we would place the authors just mentioned at the head, are exerting a great and pernicious influence, we believe will be generally allowed, and we think it to be more direct and powerful than many may be willing to acknowledge. The cheapness of republication here, causes the rapid circulation and the wide diffusion of these works, and all find quick and easy access to them. They are scattered through the length and breadth of our land. Their soiled pages may be found on the canal or the steamboat, on the desk of the lawyer, or the counter of the merchant, or the shop board of the artisan, in the public room of the hotel, or more elegantly bound—cleaner without, but not more pure within—on the sofa or the centre table of the private parlor. They are generally, if not universally read; and they contain a miasma which will always taint the moral atmosphere into which they are conveyed. These distorted, depraved representations of humanity, become the models which mould the living man.

Where there are strong counteracting influences, they may not exert their full effect. Not so many pseudo Bulwers or Byrons may spring up. They may present rather caricatures than resemblances. Instead of becoming a successful debauchee or a finished gambler, the young aspirant may content himself with being a bad poet, or an idle, inefficient member of society. He may be vain rather than dissolute; and he may occupy his time in cultivating his whiskers, admiring his own person, and bewailing his own lot, rather than in these pursuits which will more deeply corrupt and deprave. Still we attribute much of the wide-spread and increasing profligacy among us to the direct influence of those writings. They have also done incalculable mischief to the young, in the contempt which they inspire for honest labor, and the employments which have made their fathers happy and useful; while they have infused an eager desire

for wealth, both as a means of distinction and of sensual gratification. Many a young man, too proud to labor, has not scrupled to commit a crime to secure the gratification of his morbid tastes or unholy passions.

Nor is this influence confined to our sons. The restraints of society and of the domestic circle are so strong upon women, that the influence of writings of this cast is often less obvious while it may be quite as powerful; and we fear that many who have been too carefully shielded by parental care, and guarded by parental restraint, to fall into gross vice, have yet been made restless and useless, unhappy and perverse, from the excitement of a wild, if not impure imagination. The principles are undermined, and the delicacy and purity of the mind is tarnished by an early acquaintance with these works. It should be sufficient to banish them from our families, although it may be the least evil which attends their perusal that they create a distaste for the sober duties, the homely enjoyments of domestic life. The young lady identifies herself with her favorite heroine, and is constantly on the look out for some of the marvellous changes and surprises to which heroines are subjected. Very wearisome to her is the routine of every day life, and the humble, and as she may count them, degrading occupations of her sex, and not the less tedious the commonplace men and women who compose the real world. Her hands must be unsoiled by labor, for since the days of CINDERELLA, what heroine has degraded herself by any useful employment? While the mother is toiling in the kitchen, the daughter is too often to be found reclining on the sofa of the parlor, with the novel in her hands, and although she may find it difficult to fancy her plain father a prince, or her hard working mother a duchess, she can still dream of herself as some high born damsel, destined to glitter and shine in courts, or what may equally gratify the imagination, be most exquisitely miserable, and her dream is in a sense verified. She is discontented, unhappy and useless enough to satisfy any ordinary lover of the sentimental and romantic, and the en-

ergies of her mind are sapped, and the balance of her character, and the purity of her heart destroyed by idle reveries, silly wishes and vain anticipations.

The vivid imagination of the young reader embodies the morbid creations of these writers, and sheds over them all the brightness of youthful fancy. They hold communion with them in the dewy freshness of the morning, and still more in the silence and stillness of the night. Their very tones, their features, their sentiments, are all familiar. They enter into their feelings, they adopt their principles, and these visionary companions exert an ever active and present influence, and while wise parents and friends are instructing and advising, these are silently moulding the character.

We fear that parents are hardly aware of the great influence which works of the imagination exert upon the minds and hearts of their children. We would say to them, would you welcome to your family circle such men and such women as too often figure in the pages of the novelist? Would you make them the friends and companions of your sons—the associates and the guardians of your daughters? Would you seat by your fireside the highwayman, the gambler, the libertine, with the unprincipled wife, the abandoned mistress, and the heartless, deceiving daughter? To such would you resign the leisure of your children, and would you leave them, day after day, to imbibe their sentiments, to be deluded by their sophistry, to be excited by their example? It may be said that the dangers to which the young in real life would be exposed from evil companions can never be experienced by merely communing with the fancies of the brain. We grant that the evils may not be the same, yet, in some respects, the ideal may be the most to be feared. In real life there is something in every exhibition of depravity which is always revolting, and from which the refined in taste as well as the pure in heart will recoil. The lair of the bandit is not a cottage trellised with roses, and the haunts of the dissipated are more apt to be redolent of the fumes of tobacco and gin than of the fragrance of flowers—but these writers gild with tints

of beauty and glory the deepest scenes of depravity. They steal the bow from heaven to place it over the portals of the pit, and the young reader is dazzled, bewildered and lost.

The father—if he be not too conscientious to read the works which he yet freely leaves in the hands of his children—the father may sit down and dissect such a work, and he will turn disgusted from it. He will compare the characters there delineated with the world as it is, as he knows it, and he will ask in what estimation should we hold such men and women in real life—individuals capable of such conduct and influenced by such sentiments? Not so the son or daughter. As these fancies have not the grossness of flesh and blood, they do not inspire the disgust which the exhibition of such depravity in real life would excite in the unpractised, while they yet prepare the young to hail associates of unprincipled character, and to be initiated into scenes of similar depravity. Thus they enable the corrupt and depraved to maintain their position in society, while they increase their influence in making them the realization of the shadows which have so long filled the mind of the visionary dreamer. The profligate who has ruined himself by his excesses, and whose countenance bears the stamp of his evil passions, is the very pale, interesting young gentleman, with the “contemptuous sneer” and the “sarcastic smile,” after whom these young ladies have been sighing, and whom their brothers desire for a model, for although bitterness, sarcasm and misanthropy, to the uninitiated, are somewhat repulsive in real life, they seem to be the crowning graces, and indeed, virtues of many of the heroes of modern days. An alliance has been formed in the minds of the young reader between vice and genius, elegance and depravity, crime and greatness. To be vicious is to be pleasing fascinating—to be virtuous, is to be dull and disagreeable.

The imagination, like the other faculties, was given to add to the happiness and usefulness of man, and its proper cultivation will add much to the enjoyments of life. Like the pure beams of the sun it can gild the darkest clouds, and

shed the brightness and glory of a higher world over all the gloom of this ; but a perverted and depraved imagination will most effectually corrupt, and those whose minds have been allowed to revel in scenes of impurity need not but temptation and opportunity, too seldom not long wanting, to enter upon those ways which lead to death.

HINTS TO YOUNG MEN.

BE economical. No matter if your parents are worth millions, it is not the less proper that you should understand the value of money, and the honest, honorable means of acquiring it.—What multitudes of young men, particularly in our cities, make fatal shipwreck of reputation and health, and eventually of property by a neglect of this maxim! They are aware that their fathers obtained their wealth by habits of industry, but they are ashamed of the very name. They forget that wealth in this country passes rapidly from one to another, and that he who is rich to-day may be poor to-morrow ; or that he who relies on wealth amassed by his father, may end his days in a poor house. It is for the young man to say whether by industry and economy he will secure competence and respectability, or by extravagance and idleness become a worthless beggar, and an outcast.

Be just. In the course of life a man frequently finds his interest or his opinion crossed by those from whom he had a right to expect better things, and the young are apt to feel such matters very sensibly. But be not rash in your condemnation. Look at their conduct carefully, and be just to the motives that prompt it. You may find that, were you placed in their position, the course you now condemn would be the most proper one for you, and the one you would be under obligations to pursue. A little cool consideration would avoid much censoriousness.

Original.

THE TWO PICTURES.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

BY MRS. ANNA L. SNELLING.

It was a joyous sight—that marriage of the young, beautiful, wealthy, and happy. The bridegroom with his stately form, high and intellectual brow, dark eloquent eyes, and soul beaming smile,—and the bride timid and graceful as the fawn, her delicate cheek tinged with a color as soft and varied as an ocean shell, her blue eyes veiled beneath their long lashes as the violet closes its petals against the ardent beams of the sun, and her small chiseled mouth, where the usual cheerful smile was somewhat checked by an expression of sadness, for she was going for the first time far, far away from the parents around whose aged hearts this beautiful flower had twined itself so closely, that it seemed severing the very heart strings to give her up thus to the guardian care and yet untried affection of one almost a stranger; and she, the gay young bride, sorrowed also, but it was a sorrow so mingled with other emotions—she was so blest—so unspeakably happy in the devoted attention of her affianced, that the tear vanished from her cheek as soon as shed, and she fondly anticipated that in her case at least, “Love’s young dream would be more than verified.” Alas! for the frailty of human nature! The trail of the serpent is still darkly mingled with the flowery paths of life, his breath is ever breathing its pestilence, and ever choosing for its victims the weakest and most unsuspecting of God’s creation.

THE DARK SIDE.

“The first hour of morning has struck, and yet he comes not! my fire has gone out—the last candle nearly consumed. Cold, dark, weary, wretched, and alone!” Thus soliloquised

that beautiful young bride two years after her marriage. "How many long miserable days and nights am I to pass in this manner? Charles, Charles, my husband, why drive me thus to despair? A strange feeling comes over me—my heart seems turning to ice—my limbs scarcely support me. This dreadful struggle cannot last long. But in the grave there is peace. Oh, my beloved parents, would that your wretched daughter might lay her aching head upon your bosoms, as it once did, and find there sympathy and rest. Look down from your blest abode in heaven, and breathe a prayer for your unhappy child." The neglected wife rose and tottered to the small crib where reposed her only child—a lovely boy from whose innocent brow the dark curls floated and rested upon the little pillow, one stray lock twined around the dimpled hand supporting the crimsoned cheek. He slept, but uneasily. The tears were not yet dried on his dark lashes, for he had sunk to slumber hungry and cold, and the mother had not means to prevent it. She rubbed his little hands and feet, wrapped the scanty coverlet more closely around him, and then took the shawl from her own shivering form, laid it over him, and tucked it in on all sides, that the piercing night wind might not enter. "God forgive my murmuring, while I have this treasure still left to comfort me!" and tears fell copiously upon the cherub face of her boy. Again he moved as if in pain, so she checked her grief, and sung to quiet him, as she had done in happier days. Oh, the sadness of that song! Not such as joyful parents sing—SHE could not say—

"Sleep my babe, thy food and raiment,
House and home thy friends provide;
All without thy care or payment,
ALL THY WANTS ARE WELL SUPPLIED."

No—the words would have choked her. Alas! poor Emma! the mirthful strains with which thou once held entranced a throng of admiring listeners, no longer echo from thy trembling lips—

Thou knowest not the art
To breathe a joyous chord from an o'erburdened heart!

A step is heard—the loud slamming of a door—and a voice harsh and threatening in its tones disturbs the midnight silence. The wife—the mother—starts up, not to rush forward with flushed cheek, sparkling eyes, and beating heart, to welcome the intruder, but to shrink pale and shuddering into the farthest corner of the room, where, with clasped hands, her teeth chattering, her cheek pale as ashes, her form cowering as if from anticipated violence, the young, fragile, dependent creature, who had been promised a brilliant, happy life, blest by unchanging care and tenderness, awaited the entrance of her HUSBAND! The door opened—he entered—a horrible oath upon his lips, the fire of intoxication blazing in his eye, and his whole appearance and manner denoting plainly WHAT serpent had thus crept into the paradise of home, and blighted the fairest prospects.

We have no time now to go back and trace, step by step, the progress of ruin, in one whose manly beauty, gifted mind, and splendid talents, had once placed him high in the opinion of the world. His voice had been heard in the Senates of our nation, his appearance had been hailed with pride in the saloons of wealth and fashion. He and his beautiful wife had been the “admired of all admirers,” they had been pointed out as singular examples of conjugal happiness and devotion. But a poisonous serpent entered that Eden—the husband, the father, had become the prey of GAMBLERS, and found his home in the haunts of dissipation and vice, and the wife yielding like a crushed flower to the sudden tempest, sunk helplessly beneath the dreadful blow.

“What are you sitting up so late for, Emma?” were his first words. “I told you to go to bed as usual, and not wait for me; you know since my failure, I have had business that has kept me out late at night,” Emma well knew WHAT THAT BUSINESS WAS, but she said nothing, “yet that is no reason you should sit moping here, and looking like a ghost,” the night before he had reproached her for NOT sitting up for

him, "but since you are up, for mercy sake get me something to eat, and take this cursed candle away, and bring a new one."

"There is not a morsel of food in the house, Charles," replied Emma in a sad tone. "I have tasted nothing since morning, when you ate the last roll. Our poor boy has been sick all day, and I have been unable to procure anything, besides as you were absent all the time."

"Well, well, Em, don't preach a sermon. Never mind the supper, and as you will soon go to bed you will not want another candle. But I must go out again—and—and I have a small favor to ask of you. Come, don't look so doleful at the idea of my going off again; it is to procure comforts for to-morrow. Now, there's a good girl, let me have the jewels I have more than once asked you for. They shall not be sacrificed. You will have them back again, and plenty of money beside. Come, get them, won't you?"

"Oh, Charles, dear Charles, do not take away our only resource in case of greater need! You know our watches and chains are gone forever, and you had the same hopes about them." She would have gone on, but seeing an angry cloud gathering on her husband's brow, and being herself worn out and longing for rest, she at length yielded, and went into the next room to get the box which contained many precious relics, the gifts of her parents and other friends. Over these dropped bitter tears, as she took them up one by one, pressed them to her lips, and then replaced them in the box. But there were other jewels there, of which she took no heed at the moment, though valueless in themselves, yet destined to be the source of inestimable blessings to her.

Charles took the box eagerly from her hand, and telling her he should be back soon, bade her retire to rest, and rushed from the house. The weeping wife sunk exhausted upon her solitary couch, and for the first time for many months fell into a deep slumber. The GAMBLER returned to the haunt he had left; and left as his associates thought and expressed it, "quite cleaned out." They were somewhat

astonished at his speedy return, and his look of exultation. "Guess Charley's got a lift," says one ; and "let him fork over," says another, "we'll soon strip him." Charles took the box from his pocket, and opened it ; he had not done so before he left home. Why does he start as if an adder had stung him ? The jewels were all there, untouched, even amid the want and suffering to which he had doomed his lovely wife. What then appalled him ? There, in his own hand writing, were the fond and impassioned LETTERS he had written when he wished to win the sweet Emma Linton. There were the verses he had written in her praise. There were the trinkets he had given her, and there was the RING, which, with the pastor's prayer and blessing, had bound them to each other ; and there were these verses which his neglected wife had written in her moments of despondency with a faint hope of recalling his wandering affections—

THOU wert my adored one—my husband, my all !
 My pathway seemed strewn with bright flowers ;
 I wished not my childhood's gay hours to recall,
 For love, with its blessings, was ours.
 No shadow of doubt crossed my bosom the while,
 As I stood at the altar with thee ;
 For I heard but thy voice, and I saw but thy smile,
 And life was all sunshine to me.
 In the angel's own book was recorded thy vow,
 To love, to protect, and to guide ;
 Why that moment recall ! thou'st forgotten it now,
 And her who was once thy sole pride.
 Once I listened with joy as thy footstep drew nigh,
 And welcomed the day's happy close ;
 Now sad and alone the long hours pass by,
 And night brings to me no repose.
 The dark haunts of vice are thy chosen abode,
 And the wine cup is drained with delight,
 Thy fortune is wasted—thy health is destroyed,
 And extinguished is reason's pure light.
 Come back to the heart, in joy, sorrow, or woe,
 Still fondly and truly thine own ;
 List to friendship's kind voice, chase the cloud from my brow,
 Nor leave me in sadness alone.

Dark dreams of the future now rise on my soul,
 Oh, how the rough storm shall I brave?
 Thoughts rush on my mind, that I cannot control,
 The sole refuge from which seems the grave!
 Come back, like the Dove, with the olive of peace,
 Bringing joy to this desolate breast;
 Restore me thy love, that this anguish may cease,
 And the grief-stricken spirit have rest.
 Though forgotten thy vow—I'll remember thy love,
 In happier hours, was all mine;
 And forgiving the past, by devotion will prove
 That this heart is still worthy of thine.

The jeers of his profligate companions fell unheeded upon his ear. Their invitations to come forward and redeem his losses, if he could, with his newly acquired treasure, galled him to the very soul. Springing up and clasping the precious box of jewels to his heart, he exclaimed, "No, no, keep your ill-gotten gains, this is the last time I ever enter these doors."

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Emma awoke from a long and refreshing slumber late in the morning. Her first thoughts were for her child, and she turned quickly towards its little crib. It was empty! She started up with a shriek of terror, but what was her astonishment to behold by the side of her bed, Charles, her still idolized husband, with their darling boy seated on his knee. Her voice interrupted the artless prattling of the child, and the fond caresses of the repentant father. "Emma, my life, my love, my angel wife, forgive me," he exclaimed, "I have been mad, but I am mad no longer. I have dashed the exhilarating cup from my lips forever—I have SIGNED THE PLEDGE—and returned to my home and happiness a changed man. Raise thy head, sweet wife, and smile as you did when I first clasped you to my heart. Never more shall you suffer through my neglect. See! a warm fire and comfortable breakfast await you, and there is your box of jewels, the contents of which have wrought your husband's salvation from total ruin.



THE CANTERBURY BELL.



PL. INDICA

THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY 13 YEARS OF AGE.

The Sun had sunk behind the stately hills
That girt about the walls of Bethlehem;—
The dark luxuriant olive of the south
Bent down her branches, laden with rich fruit,
And lavished bounty on the passing breeze;—
The cedar towered in summer's rich array,
And gorgeous scenes of Jewish pomp and pride
Shone forth amid the splendid palaces.

The firmament threw off its sombre hues,
And put its gayer robes of gladness on.
'Twas night—and Heaven's broad arching canopy
Was hung with lamps by God's own hands first formed;
The bard had lain his lyre aside to rest—
The bird of night had sung her evening lay,
And laid her wearied limbs to rest awhile
On mossy couch by industry prepared.
The Moon arose, the beauteous queen of night,
And cast abroad her mild and mellow beams
Across the verdant vales of Bethlehem.

Warned by the voice of God, a woman weak,
A holy virgin fair, did wend her way
Towards Egypt of the princely Ptolemies,
Where rise the pillar and the pyramid,
The mighty wonders of the sons of men.
Her dark curls floated on the midnight breeze;
Her clear, calm, love-lit eyes intensely bent
On the dear burthen in her snowy arms—
No gems nor rubies rich did grace its head,
Reposing on the spotless virgin's breast—
Behold, there lay the Holy Son of God.

Lo! Rachel weeps and mourns her lovely babes,
Slain by a monarch's cruelty and pride,
'Midst havoc of the holy innocents,
On couch of down, 'mid curtains rich and rare,
'Mid chiseled beauty wrought by cunning art,
Judea's mighty king breathes out his last ;—
Nor courtiers grand, nor splendid palaces
Can still the accusing monitor within—
Past sins come up to harrow still his soul,
So fraught with guilt and crime of blackest dye—
His conscience tells—in agony he dies.
Oh how unlike the humble Christian's death!

I saw a Christian die—a holy saint—
She died in youthful prime and loveliness.
I saw her dark blue eyes, so calm and clear,
Grow fixed in death, and yet of glory tell—
And heard the music of her voice grow faint—
She struggled not, but gently breathed her last,
And went to join the angel choir above.
Oh how unlike the guilty Herod's death.

The Jews, the seed of Abraham of old,
Had stubborn grown and proud of earthly fame;
But God in love redeems his promise now,
And shows his mercy on the favored tribe.
Look ye, and wonder now, ye vainly wise,
For lo! the Son of God is come on Earth—
Nor trump, nor clarion tells this gladdened hour—
Nor pomp, nor grand magnificent array
Precedes his entrance on this guilty world.
But see, o'er wild and rugged hills and dales,
The mighty Judge of Earth is borne in flight.

Such was his advent once, but time shall come
When stars shall fall, the spheres be swept away—
When trump shall sound, the clarion rend the sky,
And angels swell the chorus high and loud.
The Earth and sea shall then give up their dead,
For King of kings and Lord of lords hath come,
To show his power and claim his rightful due.

Original.

NATURE—A SOURCE OF CHEERFULNESS.

BY REV. M. MONTAGUE.

“There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes—”

“MAN is made to mourn” is a truth which in some degree surely we learn from every day’s recurrence. But while tears and human woe are to us all such familiar acquaintances, it may be well for us to inquire, whether joy might not oftener be our companion, whether serenity and hope and gladness might not oftener light up the countenance, taking the place of anxiety, despondency and sorrow, which are observed or felt on every hand.

Is thy heart sad, is thy countenance gloomy, dost thou ever call this world dark and cold and dreary? Then, with me, welcome Nature as a ministering angel sent for thy behests—come out and welcome its communions. Nature is full of MUSIC. Come out with me and listen a moment to its songs and its songsters—its choirs and its choruses. It is spring time; and so let us go out to the grove and the old forests—a thousand woodland notes are breaking in softest and sweetest harmony on the ear. It is their time of loves—the little birds. How does the Great Life cause the poetry of our life to gush out by the motion of such tender sensibilities! Music—O, ye little warblers! I feel it now—ye pour it into my soul—now with your twittering gleesomeness—now in notes wild and loud and long—now low, soft and plaintive. Come forth and listen. Sit down on this mossy brook—bank, beneath this aged pine tree. Above us, listen to the zephyr, its cadences are now melting away into the still and liquid air—now rising—now swelling—now falling—O, the sweet

zephyr, the breeze—ye are making wild havoc of my fancy as your gentle fingers sweep the harp-strings of the soul! Look down at our feet—sweet music comes up from those dimpling waters as they dance on in their gladness to the sea—the murmuring of that bright cascade just up among the trees. This is *SOME* of Nature's music. But where have gone those dark lines of gloominess and care which were just now on thy brow?

Nature, too, is full of beautiful *PENCILINGS*. And how—where shall we begin to look? Shall it be in Autumn or in the Spring—in the Summer or in cold Winter? Shall it be in the blue sky up yonder, or in the emerald tints of the ocean, where fairy forms sport with the lone moonbeam in their coral home? Shall it be in the bloom and blush of flowers—the green grass—the waving harvests—the variegated hues of autumn, when the dying year is decking herself in richest colorings, or shall it be with the beautifully bended rainbow—the golden clouds which twine and wreath their gorgeous robes about the setting sun, and with the sparkling gems which shine out when the clear night comes on? We will stop now to begin with none of all these. The “Picture Gallery” of Nature is not comprehended at one view. The panorama about us is wide-spreading and glorious. Nature is rich in beautiful *PAINTINGS*. But—and has that look of disquietude so soon given place to that calm and cheerful countenance?

But again of *ARCHITECTURAL SPECIMENS*. Nature affords the choicest. Look up to the spacious dome of this great temple we live in—“its blue o'erarching canopy”—to its broad and stately pillars, the mountains, lofty and majestic, rough, unhewn. Look out upon the tempest-beaten oak of a hundred winters, as in its efflorescence and strength it reaches out its sheltering arms to its fellows. Angles and turrets and columns now in complexity—now in simplicity and grace, charm the soul of him who sees with the seeing eye.

Nature is full of *VARIETY*. The monotony of pleasures, whether of sight or sound, away with such, though exquisite

and rare, their power to charm and delight the soul is only for a moment. But come out and breathe the breath of the open day. Does this wild mountain spot fail to awaken our rapturous emotion, with its high and rocky battlements down there, its steep colonnades and shelving cliffs, its covering of shaggy shrubs—of wild, coarse grass. Go down, then, into this valley below, so smiling it looks. Drink in the fragrance of its flowers, wander along up by its winding and romantic stream. But will you be pleased with neither the mountain or the valley? Then, O then come out to the rejoicing pastures, the verdant landscape, the woods and the dark forests. Go out where you will, and look on the ten thousand changing scenes above, below, and around you. To the sky, “Look how the glow of Heaven is thick inlaid with pictures of bright gold.” To the Earth—go where you will, and in Nature’s endless variety you shall—

“Find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.”

A higher good, doubtless, may be derived from Nature STUDIED in its properties and general laws, not merely LOOKED AT in its forms. But as an object to be looked at, how delightful, yet how often neglected! Let me take my fair sisters by the hand, and lead them over the fields and through the groves. Let them look, and listen, and breathe in the pure air of heaven. The dull spirits will be quickened, the glad smile will oftener light up the countenance, and still more will every look beam with a heavenly serenity, if, in all that is seen, and felt, and heard, the heart can respond to the sentiment of the Christian poet, whose soul was ever entranced with the beauties of Nature.

“My Father made them all.”

Original

REASONS FOR FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY REV. C. A. SMITH.

THE duty of worshipping God in our families every day, by reading a portion of his word and calling upon his name in prayer, may be enforced by several considerations, each of which is sufficiently weighty to secure its habitual performance. And among the rest consider—

1. THE UNIVERSAL PROVIDENCE OF GOD, especially in as far as we are indebted to it for our social enjoyments. If, as individuals, we are bound to thank the Almighty for our personal comforts, for the preservation of our lives and the use of our faculties, are we not equally bound to thank him for the institution and defence of those social relations which exist in the domestic circle, and render that circle so attractive to some of the warmest and purest affections of the heart? When we wish to acknowledge our individual blessings, we may do it alone; but what we enjoy in common, should be acknowledged by common acts of devotion. We sometimes see a whole nation, when any great calamity befalls it, or when some signal mercy is conferred, bowing in supplication or praise before that Being whose providential dispensation has affected, in a measure, the interests of all. Every family has its own social experience, which calls for social acknowledgment. So closely are the interests of all the members bound up in the interest of each, that if one suffer, all suffer with it; or if one rejoice, all rejoice with it. When sickness comes, or affliction in any of its forms, what a deep and universal sympathy does it create in the feelings of every member of the household! And when the glow of health again visits the cheek that was pallid with disease, the sensation of joy inspires every heart. And so it is with those mercies that are experienced in the family circle every day: the

happiness of each individual contributes materially to the sum total of social enjoyment; and therefore every family, as constituting one body with different members, should unitedly bow before God, when the light of prosperity is beaming around them, or when they are surrounded by the shadows of a darker dispensation.

We acknowledge the duty of social worship in assembling on the Sabbath. Whenever we come together in the sanctuary, we admit that acts of secret devotion are not sufficient. We have social wants and sympathies and interests, which summon us to the place of prayer and praise, and prompt us to make common cause in our supplications to Heaven. And if it is proper for a nation, in obedience to this social law, to bow before God as a nation, or for a church as a church, it is certainly proper for each family, because the family organization is distinct from every other, and embraces relations and feelings, and awakens sympathies and wants peculiar to itself.

2. Family worship is A DUTY WE OWE TO SOCIETY. The family is the primitive social compact; community is but a larger family; and how is society at large to be governed if the primitive social organization is not properly influenced. Most of the social evils that exist in the world—the thefts and slanders, and crimes of a still darker character by which humanity is dishonored and wronged, may be traced to defective education in general, and many of them, we believe, to the neglect of the duty we are now advocating, in particular. What can more effectually produce in the minds of the young the spirit of subordination to established laws, than the public acknowledgment on the part of the parent, every day, of the right of God to govern his creatures. And when our country, our rulers and the world, are the objects of petition at the family altar, what is more natural than that the younger members of such a family should be impressed with their duty as citizens, and as members of the common brotherhood of mankind. It is when they are bending before God, and the prayers of a father are poured out in behalf of

all men, that they discover the social relation they sustain to their fellow beings; it is here they learn to esteem the laws of mutual kindness and benevolence; and regarding themselves as the favored objects of infinite compassion, are prepared to make the only return they can, by performing acts of good will to others, dependent like themselves. If the government of God and the guilt of disobedience to Him are not thus publicly recognized at the domestic altar, we need not wonder that parental authority should be disregarded, and, in the end, the laws of society set at naught. The recognition of a Supreme Lawgiver, who has not only the right to govern, but possesses at the same time the knowledge of all sin, and the power to punish the offender, and whose truth and holiness and justice require that such punishment should be inflicted, will do far more to restrain the outbreakings of human passion than all the legislative enactments of men. And this is especially the case when such a recognition is accompanied by feelings of reverence and love, both for the lawgiver and the rules of conduct he has instituted. The private devotions of the Christian head of a family cannot be equally instrumental in producing this recognition of a Supreme Lawgiver in the minds of his children and other members of his household, and the respect for human laws naturally growing out of it. He may pray to God, morning, noon and night in the retirement of his own chamber, or when following the plough, or engaged in the counting-room or workshop, and though all the members of the family may be acquainted with the fact, it cannot impress them with the same views, and awaken the same thoughts and purposes, as if they were to hear the very language of his petitions. It is in the public acknowledgment of the divine administration, and the duties we owe to our fellow-men, that heart responds to heart; and the consecration of every house to the service of God, and this public worship in every family, must exert a salutary influence in preparing each rising generation to reverence the laws and institutions of society, and discharge the obligations they owe to the world.

3. Every family in which the public worship of God has been instituted, and is regularly performed every day, is "A SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION," in which treasures of knowledge are laid up for future use, and impressions fixed upon the mind that are, perhaps, never eradicated in subsequent life. The great lessons of evangelical truth are daily presented for contemplation; and it may be questioned whether such a system of daily instruction can be pursued without resulting, in a greater or less degree, favorably to the religious views and moral improvement of those who are brought under its influence. When the Sun shines in its mid-day splendor, though an individual may close his eyes, he cannot shut out all its brightness. Though but one sentiment out of many, or a single passage in a whole chapter should attract the attention, and even that should awaken at the time but a momentary thought, it may be revived again in after years, by one of those mysterious laws which govern the operations of the human mind; and though only one sentiment or passage should be remembered in a week, the united tendency of a long series of such impressions must be to enlighten the understanding and alarm the conscience, even if the conduct remains uncontrolled. It is the office and tendency of truth to throw light upon the mind, nor can this tendency be wholly resisted if the mind is placed where the truth can act upon it. Intervening clouds may prevent the intensity of the Sun's rays, but they cannot hide the light of day. Prejudice and inattention may exclude the converting power of the gospel from the soul, but they cannot shut out from the mind the general principles of the Word of God, if those principles are daily exhibited, for any length of time, to the eye or the ear.

And how is it possible, that when the parent offers up supplications to Heaven, the child should remain unaffected by a sense of the divine existence and power, and its own dependence? What can produce a stronger persuasion of guilt upon the mind of the child, than to hear the confession of sin falling from the lips of a parent? And when the eye

of parental faith rests upon the "Lamb of God," and the voice of parental affection pleads for the exercise of atoning and reconciling mercy, the hope of salvation is, perhaps, created by the Holy Spirit through this instrumentality, in the heart of one and another member of the family, who would otherwise remain without any just or salutary impression of their sinfulness and danger.

Remember, too, the connotation of the promise given to Abraham. The assurance (Gen. 18 : 19,) that his posterity should become a great and mighty nation, was based measureably upon this ; that he would command his children and his household after him, and instruct them to keep the way of the Lord, and "do justice and judgment." There is reason to suppose that these instructions were accompanied by devout supplication, and that they constituted only a part of the system which this eminent patriarch had instituted in his household, and practised every day. The same concern for their spiritual welfare which led him to educate them in the way of righteousness, doubtless, prompted him to bow with them before the altar of his God, and present to him their spiritual wants in importunate prayer. We can hardly imagine a case of faithful religious instruction, unless associated with this holy exercise.

4. We have also the MOST EMINENT EXAMPLES TO ENCOURAGE AND ENFORCE THE PERFORMANCE of this duty. To that of Abraham we have just referred. And we are told that David "returned to bless his house" (Chron. 16 : 43) after he had brought back the ark of God to Jerusalem. He was not content with having sacrificed burnt-offerings to the Lord, nor was he satisfied with having engaged in these public services in which the whole congregation of Israel participated ; but after these solemnities were ended, he bowed with his family before the throne of grace in supplication and thanks.

In the patriarchal age every father was a priest in his own family. He offered sacrifices for his children and servants, and all the members of his household, as well as himself.

And it was not until after the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, that the duties of the priesthood devolved upon a single tribe. But yet, even after God established this regulation, to secure, perhaps, greater unity of worship, and impart to this worship a national character, or for other reasons, political or religious, with which we are unacquainted, the evident principle which first called for the appointment of every father as a priest in his own house, remained unaltered; and though the typical sacrifices were offered by a distinct order of men, set apart for this purpose, every head of a family was still obligated to present, in behalf of himself and his household, the spiritual offerings of the heart.

And though under the present dispensation, the priesthood is still confined to a class of persons, solemnly and specially appointed for the performance of its duties, this cannot annul the original obligation of every father to be a priest in his own house, any more than the appointment of kings, and governors, and legislators, takes from him the right of being a ruler in his own house. Those regulations which have originated in an artificial state of society, can never set aside the natural and original laws instituted for family government; because the family ever has been, and in the nature of the case, ever will be, in a very great measure and a very important sense, independent of foreign control; and as the father can never be entirely deprived of the rights to frame and administer laws as the RULER of his own house, neither can he be absolved from those peculiar duties of the priestly office which ought to be performed in every family, and can never be transferred to the public ministers of religion.

“I am now an old fellow,” says Cowper, in one of his letters, “but I had once my dancing days, as you have now; yet I could never find that I could learn half so much of a woman’s character by dancing with her, as conversing with her at home, when I could observe her behavior at table, or at the fire-side, and in all the trying scenes of domestic life. We are all good when pleased: but she is the good woman who wants not the FIDDLE to sweeten her.”

Original.

MAGNOLIA GRANDIFLORA.

See Engravings.

THE Magnolia of India and Arabia is of a beauteous red color. In our own New England forests, "in the depths of the desert's gloom," it is a pure white; and in the groves of the sweet south, it is adorned with a rich yellow tint. Sweet flowret! thou hast a queenly look, and from thy soft bosom a delightful fragrance is exhaled. Lovely emblem of the union of beauty and virtue!

PIONY.

The Creator has laid on thee a flaming color, with a lavish hand, and given thee no stint of leaves. As in all his works, he seems to delight in variety, especially in the floral kingdom. Hence some flowers are characterised by simplicity, others by diversity of coloring and complexity of form; some seem almost as naked and defenceless as the unfledged sparrow, while others are walled around with defences, overloaded with leaves, layer piled on layer, until the strong stem is bent to the ground, and the pride of the gaudy flower laid in the dust. In all Flora's dominions there is not a more gaudy looking object than the Piony, unless it be the Sun-flower. Struck with its imposing beauty, our disappointment is proportionably great when we find it wholly destitute of fragrance. So have we seen a gay young lady decking herself with ornaments to hide those defects which, when discovered, as they will be, cannot fail to excite disgust. The rose, though in a state of decay, still retains its fragrance; so when beauty fades, the virtues of the mind will shed an undying fragrance.

Original.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

BY MISS J. SKERRITT.

MANY are the associations which crowd upon the mind of almost every class of persons on Saturday night. The laborer, the professional man, and the christian, all hail its approach with delight. The christian rejoices and thinks that it is but the prelude to that heavenly rest, where dwell spirits of ethereal brightness, who have long ceased from their labors, who have been ransomed from the thralldom of Earth, and are now enjoying happiness pure and unalloyed.

Such are the vicissitudes of life that man needs a period of repose, and it is then that all mankind in this enlightened age cease from their labor. The anxieties and cares of the world are in a great measure forgotten; the tired frame seeks repose, and the mind its relaxations from Earth and its concerns, with joy to hallow the day which our Creator has so wisely ordered should be remembered and kept holy.

The weary laborer seeks now the cheerful fireside by which he may spend an hour in the company of his much loved family, where he can listen to the innocent prattle of his children as they cluster around him,—and delights to become at once their guide and counsellor, to instruct them in their several lessons for the Sabbath School. The Bible is then read—and incense is burned upon the family altar to the great and mighty Jehovah, in humble accents of praise and thanksgiving for the benefits he has received during the past week, and the privileges he enjoys of imploring a blessing on the engagements of the sacred day before him.

With what pleasure does the lonely widow greet the approach of Saturday night? She may have toiled during the week for the support of her little ones, and on Saturday night, when sitting by her fireside, witnesses her labors

ended; the blessings and comforts thus obtained for the helpless innocents, who surround her; and if a christian pours out praises from her heart overflowing with gratitude to that God who has provided her with kind resting places, which to her are as cheering as it would be for a traveller in a lone desert to meet with an oasis, or some verdant spot where he might rest his weary limbs.

The professional man, too, is released from the busy cares which attend him during the week, in his public capacity. He beholds the return of Saturday night as a token that he can spend a season without the continued interruption which must necessarily attend his profession. And he, too, can join in the general chorus of adoration ascending to the throne of God.

It was night—Saturday night. Jerusalem slept quietly, and the fierce passions of men were hushed in sleep. But amid the calmness of the midnight hour, the solitary pacings of the sentinels broke the stillness of the scene, as they went to and from the sepulchre. Angels winged the stilly air—the breasts of the disciples beat high in expectation of the morrow's dawn. The transactions of the past week hurried in review before them. They saw their Lord and Master seized and bound by the clamorous mob, dragged before Pilate's bar—scourged and crucified between two thieves. They behold again that brow whereon was impress of divinity, encircled by a crown of thorns. Once more they watched that God-like face, and wept to see that form which awed diseases, and even death yields at last to that pale king. They then saw the heavings of nature's sorrowing breast, and as they looked, their minds were agitated with hope and fear, doubt and faith; and when just sinking beneath the weight of grief, they behold two angels of ethereal brightness—twin sisters—hovering in their fancy's sight—Hope and Faith. Hope dispelled the fears that pervaded their minds, and whispered, Christ will rise. Faith bid them mount sublimely on the wings of love, and view the glories of their Lord, as on the morrow's dawn, he burst the bonds

of death, ascending to his Empyrean throne. And while gazing thus, they were comforted with ever blooming Hope and all triumphant Faith; and never had the shades of evening ushered in a more auspicious time than was that Saturday night.

Original.

EARTH'S VISIONS.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

THERE is mirth in the festal hall to-night,
On the brow of beauty a dazzling light,
Gems and diamonds are sparkling there,
As if concealing each thought of care.
But say, 'mid the dance—or the giddy throng,
Can the gayest scene or the loudest song,
Dispel the thought of the parting breath,
When the conscious heart shall chill in death?

MANY a form is prostrate now,
With the dew of death upon the brow,
Bidding farewell to the scenes of Earth,
Hear ye it not—'mid the strains of mirth?
Youth and beauty whose visions of light
Are fading away from the fading sight,
Are struggling now in the last sad strife,
Now yielding the latest throb of life!

OH, how discordant the scenes of Earth!
The wailing of death, and the tones of mirth!
I have heard them when joy could bear no part
With the grief of a mourning—a stricken heart.
I ask not that pleasure should have no share
In life's short drama of toil and care,
But oh, let it be so pure, so sweet,
That it STARTS NOT THE TYRANT DEATH TO MEET.

D E A T H .

Death, to the immortal soul ! What a moment must be that when the last flutter expires on our lips ! What a change ! Tell me, who are deepest read in nature and in God, to what new worlds are we borne ? What new being do we receive ? Whither has that spark, that unseen, that uncomprehended intelligence fled ? Look upon that cold, livid, ghastly corse that lies before you ! That was but a shell, a gross and earthly covering, which held for a while the immortal essence that has now left it—left, to range, perhaps, through illimitable space ; to receive new capacities of delight, new powers of perception, new glories of beatitude ! Ten thousand fancies rush upon the mind as it contemplates the awful moment between life and death ! It is a moment big with imagination's greatest hopes and fears ; it is the consummation that clears up all mystery—resolves all doubts—which removes contradiction, and destroys error. Great God ! what a flood of rapture may at once burst upon the departed soul ! The unclouded brightness of the celestial regions—the pure existence of ethereal being—the solemn secrets of nature may then be divulged ; the immediate unity of the past, the present, and the future ; strains of unimaginable harmony, forms of imperishable beauty, may suddenly disclose themselves, bursting upon the delighted senses, and bathing them in measureless bliss. The mind is lost in this excess of wondrous light, and dares not turn from the heavenly vision to one so gloomy, so tremendous as the departure of the wicked ! Human fancy shrinks back appalled.

A D E A T H - B E D .

A death bed is a wonderful reasoner ; many a proud infidel hath it humbled and refuted without a word, who, but for a short time before, would have defied all the ability of man to shake the foundation of his system. All is well, as long as the curtain is up, and the puppet show of life goes on ; but when the rapid representation draws to a close, and every hope of a longer respite is precluded, things will appear in a very different light. Would to God I could say, that that awful moment was as often distinguished by the dew of repentance, as by the groan of despair.



THOMAS & SONS SC

John the Evangelist

Engraved expressly for this Annual

MOURNING APPAREL.

BY THE EDITOR.

TRULY times have changed. A few years since, the common, time-honored custom of putting on mourning apparel, at the decease of friends, was extensively discussed, and an important change effected in the views and practice of many. A custom, so universally prevalent, the propriety of which no one thought of disputing, and the foundation few had thoroughly examined, had acquired all the force of law, and many imagined, that in putting on the sable attire, they did but obey the law of nature, if they did not fulfil a divine requirement. True, the Hebrews, at the death of their near relations and friends, expressed their grief and sorrow by certain signs and symbols. The same may be said of the different nations of the Earth, ancient and modern. The mourning habit among the Hebrews was not fixed by law or custom. No where in the Word of God, we believe, can we find that this has been made a subject of divine legislation; but mankind have been left to follow the dictates of their own judgment and the promptings of affection; in doing which they have imbibed some cruel and superstitious notions, and imposed upon themselves unnecessary and often oppressive burdens.

It is believed, that the custom of putting on mourning apparel as a badge of sorrow and affliction is fast going out of use, and that it will, ere long, become obsolete. Various reasons may be offered why Christians should discountenance the custom altogether.

“In Europe, black is generally used, because it represents darkness, unto which death is like as it is a privation of life.

In China, white is used, because they hope the dead are in Heaven, the place of purity. In Egypt, yellow is used, because it represents the decaying of flowers and trees, which become yellow as they decay. In Ethiopia, brown is used, because it denotes the color of the earth from whence we came, and to which we return. In some parts of Turkey, blue is used, because it represents the sky, where they hope the dead one is gone; but in others blue and violet, because being a mixture of black and blue, it represents, as it were, sorrow on the one side, and hope on the other."

1. It means nothing and answers no valuable purpose. It is no certain index to the state of the mind. To see a whole family clothed with black, one must infer that they are all true mourners, needing consolation. But what is truth in a majority of cases. Pope speaks of those who bear about the mockery of woe

"To midnight dances and the public show."

And, alas! mourning apparel is but too often "the **MOCKERY** of woe."

2. There is reason to fear that, in too many instances, "the putting on of mourning," is placed as a substitute for duties of high and solemn import, such as submission to the divine will, and prayer for renewing and sustaining grace. Long before the first mourning is put off, the dead are often forgotten, so that the **SECOND** is but an empty ceremony.

3. The custom has a tendency to divert the mind from those thoughts and exercises which the afflicted should foster and cherish. The selection and making up of materials into suitable dresses, consultation with tailors, milliners, and mantua-makers, occupy that time which should be spent in devout meditation and solemn preparation for the funeral rites.

4. The great expense incurred in providing mourning apparel is a consideration of weight which ought not to be overlooked. The clothing of a whole family in new garments, is no trifling affair. The rich make no account of it;

to those in moderate circumstances, it is a serious tax ; while to the poor it is an oppressive and grievous burden.

5. In many instances, providing mourning apparel is a prodigal waste of money. Many families are abundantly supplied with clothing ; the wardrobe is filled with superfluous garments, and soon the mourning apparel will be laid aside, so that it is the same as money thrown away. An estimate made of the amount expended in purchasing mourning apparel would astonish the community ; and what is there in the good moral influence arising from this custom to balance this vast expenditure ? And this subject assumes a still more melancholy aspect, when we consider what an immense amount of good might be done if the money needlessly spent in those habiliments was thrown into the gospel treasury.

Lastly. These external badges of woe do not correspond with the good tidings and revealed glories of the Gospel. In this light, except it be perverted, death is no longer the king of terrors, nor the grave the end of hope. Why then, when death comes to a family, should all its inmates be dressed in what are termed the habiliments of woe ? Suppose the deceased impenitent—God is still on the throne, and to those who are left the sceptre of mercy is extended.

THE HOUR GLASS.

Coming hastily into a chamber, I had almost thrown down a chrystal hour-glass : fear, lest I had, made me grieve, as if I had broken it ; but, alas ! how much precious time have I cast away without any regret ! The hour-glass was but chrystal, each hour a pearl ; that but like to be broken, this lost outright ; that but casually, this done wilfully. A better hour-glass might be bought ; but time, lost once, lost ever. Thus we grieve more for toys than for treasure. Lord, give me an hour-glass, not to be by me, but to be in me. TEACH ME TO NUMBER MY DAYS. An hour-glass, to turn me, THAT I MAY TURN MY HEART TO WISDOM.

Original.

INDECISION,
OR THE TWO COUSINS.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH RICORD.

THE celebrated Pope has said with the caustic humour that distinguishes his satires, "most women have no character at all." This sarcasm, ill-natured as it is, we are in some cases almost inclined to admit. There are persons—not indeed always found among the female sex, whose opinions, feelings and actions vary, as do the colors of the chameleon, by contact with changing objects. With the gay and worldly they are full of levity and fond of fashion—with the grave and pious they profess to despise the things of the world, talk of sermons, and seem to take pleasure in religious duties. With the intellectual, they become suddenly fond of literature, and betake themselves to reading—with the contrary class, they declare study tiresome, and ridicule the learned as pedants. They, in fine, belong to whatever party—whether in religion or politics, or any other thing, with which they happen to be associated. Such persons may truly be said to have no character, they belong not to themselves, but to whatever thing or circumstance may happen to seize them. They have no will of their own—they move as others around them move, decide as they decide,—their opinions belong to the last speaker—their actions to the last adviser.

The purposes of these NO CHARACTER PERSONS are as varying as clouds in the summer sky, and as well might we hope to receive lasting enjoyment from the colours of the rainbow, as lasting happiness with one of so vacillating a mind. As well might one cast his wealth upon the bosom of the ocean, and expect that the billows would bring it to the desired port, as that so unstable a disposition would carry out any useful design to its accomplishment.

Instances of this temperament are seen in young persons who commence a book, a branch of study, or a piece of work, and soon put it by for some other occupation. The book is declared to be uninteresting, the study tiresome, and the work useless; so that nothing is done, for if other things are recommenced, they are thrown aside for the same or other reasons. This habit of mind is strengthened by exercise, and like many other habits, becomes a decided enjoyment.

But this vacillating disposition frequently leads to consequences the most disastrous, for it destroys whatever there may be of healthy action in the moral constitution; rendering the person weak in good purpose—cowardly in virtuous action—ever false to himself and to others.

The following sketch illustrative of indecision in one instance, and decision in the other, is found among the reminiscences of the past, and not unfamiliar with the experience of many a young person.

Sarah Weston and Mary Lacy were cousins, and strongly attached to each other from infancy. Together they left home for the purpose of receiving, at a distance, the advantage of instruction in a celebrated school. With emotions of joy, while bestowing the parting advice and embraces upon her daughter, Mrs. Weston listened to the sincere assurances of the young girl, that she would neglect nothing which might forward the progress of her education, and thus qualify herself for the useful employment of teaching, that she might speedily assist her mother, who in her limited circumstances, could not otherwise have consented to the expense of such an education.

High, and as Sarah thought, firm resolves, served to dry the tears which the last look at home had called from her eyes filling her mind with pleasing reveries. The pleasure to be derived from the knowledge of those sciences of which she knew little more than the names; the applause attached to the reputation of an educated woman, the satisfaction her dear mother would find in her improvement, with the prospect of

being able to assist in helping out her scanty income. These and many other like thoughts passed in rapid succession, while Sarah resolved again and again that nothing should, for an hour, divert her from her studies. These resolutions she loudly and exultingly repeated to her cousin who sat beside her. The quiet Mary smiled but made no promises.

As they approached the place of destination, the spirits of Sarah Weston, which like an unsteady flame that rises and falls as the wind passes over it, began to sink. How could she have had courage sufficient to leave the abode of her dear mother, for the habitation of strangers? How might her future companions regard her? Would she be able to compete with them? Should she, after all, ever be qualified to teach? These reflections produced a moody silence, for she was ashamed to give them utterance in the presence of her cheerful cousin.

They arrived at the school and strangers met them, but they were received with kindness—even affectionate attention. The spirits of the young girl were lightened to gaiety. Upon her entrance the next morning in the school rooms her ardor knew no bounds. Forgetting how very imperfect she was in the primary branches, she would gladly have entered her name in the highest classes. This ardor was an inducement to allow her more than the usual number of studies, and Sarah sat down at her little table with plenty of business on her hands.

Great was the delight and pride with which she first arranged in perfect order piles of well bound volumes around her, and she meditated upon their little pages with much satisfaction, marking out her lessons with a sort of triumph. But then came the drudgery of study, so different from its contemplation—toiling from morning's early light, now listening to preceptors, now questioned by them—long hours of wearisome study, and after all her labor, imperfect recitations—how discouraging! At such times the thought of home and its freedom, green fields, charming walks, favorite associates, brought tears to the eyes of Sarah Weston.

Then came head-ache, and the long train of nervous symptoms—then relaxation from study and the quiet of a chamber were prescribed. In the meantime the classes progressed, and the poor girl had double labor in her languid endeavors to overtake them.

The quiet and unwavering Mary Lacy was never turned aside by the idle fancies of a feeble mind. She indulged neither in the wild imaginings as to the future, nor the useless regrets for the past, that alternately exalted and depressed the spirits of her variable cousin, but steadily and courageously pressed forward in the course marked out by her instructors. Thus did she maintain her standing as a pupil, gaining the respect of her companions, and the approbation of all.

This weakness of Sarah Weston acted with demoralizing effect upon her mind. "How," said the bright and showy Julia to her, "are you in the Geography class? that is a study for little girls. I have done with it long ago." Sarah was after this afflicted with head-ache whenever the undervalued class was called.

"Why do you not learn music? Miss Weston," said a fashionable class-mate, "no young lady can get on in genteel society without it." Sarah colored and was ashamed to acknowledge that her mother could not afford it. She stammered out a falsehood by way of excuse, and thenceforth all solid study became to her insipid and vulgar.

"How can you walk with Jane Wiley? her father is a mechanic, and she is awkward, and besides dresses very unfashionably." Sarah had liked the good humour of this plain girl, and in their walks frequently selected her as a companion, but now finding it disgraceful to be seen as her intimate, she avoided the society, and hurt the feelings of one who had shown her unvaried kindness. Besides, having learned that labor in an honest calling was disreputable in the higher—rather the fashionable classes of society, Sarah disclaimed whenever enquiry was made, all intention to become a teacher.

Thus did the unsteady, the weak minded Sarah Weston lose her opportunities for improvement—waste her time—sully her moral character, and impair her respectability. She moreover diminished the scanty income of her fond and pious mother, who saw with pained affection the frustration of plans, laid in prudence for the future welfare of her daughter.

Mary Lacy on the contrary continued in an unvaried course of persevering industry. Not one of her companions sought to turn her from the pursuit of knowledge, or from the course of honorable and moral action, for her words, her conduct, and even the mild tones of her voice, marked decision. This in her never became obstinacy; she was gentle and affectionate, and even yielding; for whenever a conscientious discharge of duty did not oppose, Mary gave up selfish considerations to the feelings or interest of others. But when duty pointed out a particular course, she, like the Roman Fabricius, was as constant as the Sun in the path to be pursued.

Sarah in future life became a slave to the world; its opinions and customs held dominion over her soul. Dark, uncomfortable and uncertain was her path, and after all, unapproved by the world, of whose opinions she thought so much; for, like the Moon, the world is constant in nothing but its changes, and well has Divine Truth put the love of it in opposition to the love of Him who is unchangeable. But Mary rested her soul upon God, and though in herself feeble as the meadow reed, in Him she grew strong and vigorous in virtue. Like the Sun advancing to meridian splendor, her path shone brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

It is oftentimes the judgment of God upon greedy rich men, that he suffers them to push on their desires of wealth to the excess of over-reaching, grinding, or oppression, which poisons all they have gotten; so that it commonly runs away as fast and by as bad ways, as it was heaped up together.

THE GERMAN BOY.

BY MRS. E. A. COMSTOCK.

SHE comes—the noble ship! upon her deck
Fond hearts are yearning kindred hearts to meet;
Warm tears of rapture there receive no check,
As well known scenes these weary pilgrims greet.
Young heads are bowed in reverential prayer,
For those who sadly sped their parting feet;
And that dear fireside—shall they find them there,
Or seek them in the church-yard's lone retreat?

But hearts more sanguine fling all fear away,
And cull a garland of resplendent hues;
Ah, when beneath the truth these wreaths decay,
Such hearts the longest will all aid refuse;
Enough for them the present, hallowed joy;
They see, they near, their own, their native strand.
Why flow THY tears, thou lonely German Boy?
Yon speck is not thy own, thy fatherland.

Thou hast not roved in curious pilgrimage,
Amid the ruins of those southern climes,
That leave their impress on historic page,
Stained with the dark tints of their loathsome crimes.
The fiat that went forth to Adam's race,
And drove HIM from his blissful Eden home,
Is graven on thy youthful, sunburnt face,
But tyrant man, not angels, bids thee roam.

No mother waits thee on the coming shore—
No sisters longing for thy dear embrace:
The mother thou shalt see on Earth no more,
Sleeps with thy dead and thy down-trodden race.
No sunny hearth awaits thee with its smile;
Thou com'st not there with many a witching tale,
The tedious winter evenings to beguile,
Till cheeks of kindred turn with interest pale.

These are not thine—but toil, and bitter tears,
Thy youthful heart and vigor may destroy,
Or vice may grapple till it wholly sears,
The noble spirit of the German Boy.
Lone on that deck, without one human tie,
With hardy hand upon the bulwark laid,
With tearful eyes bent on our foreign sky—
Say, is thy spirit strong and undismayed?

Cheer up, the heaving of that vigorous breast,
Answers the dark forebodings of mine own,
Our forest home is fair, be not distressed,
And there are some to whom thy speech is known.
Mid fertile vales where clust'ring grape-vines grow,
Thy cottage yet may nestle from the storm,
Domestic love thy throbbing heart shall know,
And wife and children clasp thy manly form.

No despot's foot shall grind thee to the soil,
No tribute to his storehouse shalt thou bring,
But on the land that thrives beneath thy toil,
In nature's majesty, thou art a king.
O may the light of happy life be thine,
And thine to deeply quaff the cup of joy,
And may this generous mother land of mine,
Give love and freedom to the German Boy.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

A good daughter! There are other ministers of love more conspicuous than her, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which her heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is no such thing as a comparative estimate of a parent's love for one or another child. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupation and pleasures carry him abroad, and he resides more among temptations, which hardly permit affection that is following him, perhaps, over half the globe, to be unmingled with anxiety, until the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parent's house.

Original.

A BROTHER INDEED, AND A BROTHER IN NEED.

BY REV. S. I. PRIME.

IN the year 1801, a gentleman in England dying without a will, his large property, according to the unwise and unjust laws of that country, descended to his eldest son. There were eight younger children, who were consequently left without any provision for their support. The elder brother immediately set off a large portion of his property, and by the necessary legal steps, secured it to his brothers and sisters.

A similar act was performed in this city a few years ago, and the parties are yet living among us. A gentleman of great wealth chose to leave his property by will to his oldest son, having full confidence in him, that he would make suitable provision for the remainder of the family. The son immediately settled a fortune upon each one of the family, and shared with them in all the enjoyments of the estate, as if the father were still living.

Doubtless, there are numerous instances of this character, though they may not have come to the knowledge of the world, and the cases of an opposite character are those which are more frequently mentioned. Often we meet with instances like the one I am about to relate. In the town of B——, in the northern part of the State of ——, lives a man on whom the sun of prosperity has been shining from his youth to gray hairs. He began life in humble circumstances, and probably had few or no expectations of ever becoming independently rich. He was covetous of gold, and kept what he got with a grasp that seldom relaxed at the call of charity, and never but with the faint hope that he might be the gainer in the end by giving. But his money grew as he grew older. Shillings became pounds, and pounds gained

others, and so it went on from year to year, till he became a man of capital, and was looked up to by the towns-people as one to be consulted and respected because he was rich. He had no family of his own; the wife of his youth, a bright loving creature, whose smile was sunshine to the poor, and whose heart was all alive in doing good, withered early, and found in Heaven a better home than his house or bosom furnished; so that for many long years, having never married again, he had lived to accumulate, spending scarcely anything, and laying up every thing, as if possession were the highest earthly good.

He had a sister; in childhood his only playmate, and the memory of that sister sometimes came to him as a dream of an angel whom he had seen in another world. When they were children, the difference in their dispositions was apparent, and while the lavish kindness of the girl won the oft repeated smiles of their parents, their joys were saddened truly by seeing, as they had to see, that her bounty ministered to the grasping and all-engrossing disposition of the boy. The more his fond sister poured into his lap, the less willing did he appear to make a return in kind, or to share with her a luxury which might have been at first bestowed on him. Playthings that were given to him he kept to himself; her playthings he was always trying to get and keep. This was the girl, and the boy was the father of the man. The same habit of acquisition thus early formed, the desire for possession and the unwillingness to give, were developed with more and more power as he grew up to manhood, and haunted him to the grave.

That sister, gentle and good, so mild and generous, that she never chided or thwarted him, grew up with him, and was by and by married to one who knew her worth, and loved her for what she was. But he was poor, and Mary did not make him richer in this world's goods; and as the cares and outlays of the family grew on them, and the number of children, the blessings of Him that maketh rich, was increased, they found it very hard to make both ends of the

year meet. Besides this, he was in feeble health, and the anxieties of life pressed heavily on him; sickness, long and hopeless, wasted his energies, and at last laid him in the grave. And the widow—the orphans—where were they? They followed the fond husband and father to the churchyard, and in his grave they buried their hopes of happiness here, and then returned, poor and comfortless, to their desolate home. In the same village with her brother, now a prosperous man of business, she had struggled for years with poverty, and he knew it, but had never ministered to their relief; and now in her loneliness and widowhood, she betook herself to his house determined to make known her real condition, and to seek a brother's aid. As she was walking thither, she thought of youth, and its childish pleasures came back to her soul with freshness like the memory of the last spring-flowers; but in the midst of these recollections her heart was saddened as she recalled the early ways of her selfish brother, who lived even then for himself, and had no thought of trying to be happy by making others so. She found him alone, for there were few who ever visited him except business sent them, and then their visits were very short. She told him the tale of her troubles: how that it had pleased God, as her brother knew, to leave her in widowhood with three orphans, and with nothing to live on but the scanty earnings of her needle, and it was little that she could do with that while she had the care of these children on her heart and hands; and now in her utter destitution she had come to him with whom in days long since fled, but fresh in memory still, she had lived, and whom she loved, to pray that he would do something to assist her in the support of her helpless babes. Did he say to her, sister, here is my house with no tenant but myself and a servant who tends the door; come and cheer me now as you played with me when we were children; let your children be in these halls as we were then in those sunny days, and here share with me the abundance with which I am blessed. Did he meet her thus? Not he. He gave her

a few dollars, and told her he guessed she would get along; he always thought it was foolish in her to get married, and now she had found it out; and with such cruel words the monster stamped on her heart, and crushed the last spark of hope that glimmered in her burdened breast.

Poor thing! She went to her dark and dreary abode, and gathering her little ones at her knees, told them of Jesus who was rich, and for our sake became poor, that we might be rich. And then she taught them to look to Him for their help, for the help of man was vain. She struggled on a few years longer, and died: her children found friends for their mother's sake, as she had many, but the hard-hearted brother never cared for her or them. Gold was the god of his idolatry. He loved nothing else, and never knew that in this or the world to come, there is any other happiness than that which lies in the bag that holds the gold.

There are other men, I have seen many, with just such hearts as this miser's. They may not leave their relatives to suffer; but they will not share with them the blessings of Providence, feeling that what belongs to one should be free to all who are destitute. There is the love of Christ in charity; and yet there are men whom we call Christians, who see their brethren having need, and shut up their bowels of compassion against them. But the blessedness of life is in giving. It has the double power of "blessing him that gives and him that takes," and he that has felt the sweetness of doing good, knows there is no other luxury like it.

A brother is born for adversity, and one who has no heart for the sorrows of another is not worthy of the name of brother-man. There is a sentiment of love in every right heart, that goes out to every suffering son or daughter of man, and if this sentiment were universal, the world would be an universal brotherhood. It is the gospel that thus cements society: the heathen are without natural affection; all philosophy is cold except as it sometimes catches a spark of life from the religion of Jesus. Infidelity never would have built an almshouse any more than paganism would con-

trive a hospital. Either would teach that suicide or murder is preferable to life in a state of dependent suffering, and it belongs to the Bible only to gild the darker scenes of this world with hope that promises joy to come. And under the power of that religion which the Bible teaches, the man who has faith in God, and expects to be judged by His law, should feel that his brother is to be loved as himself, and that every man who hateth his brother, or refuses to do to him as he would be done by, cannot be the friend of God.

There is the greater need of bringing these thoughts distinctly before the mind of Christians now, when the mock philanthropy of the day, that prates incessantly of social reform and universal love, has made so strong an onset on the Christian principle, as if that were not sufficient to make men benevolent. The church of God is indeed dishonored by the hard-heartedness of many who wear her livery, but the PRINCIPLE of the gospel, "peace on earth and good-will to men," is not tarnished by the fact, that some who have the form of religion never feel its power. Let those who would be CHRISTIANS be men: let them have the sympathies that belong to the family of men, and exhibit the beauty of that grace whose spread shall make the wilderness a garden and the world a paradise.

REFRESHING GALES.

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season! In the day time, it would not, it could not, so much effect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness. Thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the Gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of preservation, or of our own private affliction; it is ever the same; the difference is in our disposition to receive it. O God, whose praise it is to give songs in the night, make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful.

Original.

AZURE-TINTED DOME.

BY M. L.

STRETCH forth, thou azure-tinted dome,
 And from these mortal eyes conceal my home;
 I look by faith beyond thee, and can see
 The crown of glory waiting there for me.
 Fair firmament in beauty stretching o'er the scene,
 Although ye spread this form and Christ between,
 Still when these waiting eyes with tears grow dim,
 It is because by faith I see not him—
 Thou azure-tinted dome!

Oh beautiful thou art at break of day,—
 When golden tints break out of colors gray,
 Which gently change to thy own matchless blue,
 As Sol begins his stately course through you.
 More glorious far thou art when day is o'er,
 When Sol above the waves is seen no more;
 For when he sets, thy radiant face appears
 Like Christian's when he leaves this world of tears—
 Thou azure-tinted dome!

'Tis well that thou art there, though I may be
 Awhile impatient through thy veil to see
 The form of him I love, my Saviour's form,
 That once was crucified to save a worm.
 How far beyond thy curtaining is God,
 Seen as he is?—the Christian's best reward.
 Thy depths seem infinite, I own, but yet
 Beyond thee is bright Canaan's pearly gate—
 Thou azure-tinted dome!

Live on, thou beauteous element, till he
 Who gave thee being bids thee cease to be;
 Though changeless, moveless, emblem of the true,
 Though first created, I shall outlive you;

Thou'rt not immortal, I shall see thee roll
At angels' bidding like a parched scroll.
Then, then, thou wilt no longer hide from me
Jerusalem, and all I long to see—
Thou azure-tinted dome!

Original.

TO A MOTHER ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD

BY REV. S. D. BURCHARD.

Oh! mourn not his loss,
For though beauteous and bright,—
The sweet budding boy
Was but LENT, and not given,—
Death saw, and in pity
Ere sorrow could blight,
In triumph convey'd him
To blossom in Heaven.

Oh! mourn not his loss,
For his spirit is free
From the thralldom of Earth,
From its sorrow and care;
Rejoice, he hath burst
The dark bounds of the tomb,
To dwell nigh the Godhead,
With spirits as fair.

Then in humble submission
Bend lowly the knee,
In meek adoration
Submit to the rod,
All radiant in beauty
And fadeless in bloom,
He waits thee with smiles
At the throne of thy God.

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

THE hour of Christ's death was the most prolific of great events since time began to run—since hours began to be numbered. It was the hour in which Christ was glorified by his sufferings. Through the cloud of his humiliation his native lustre broke forth; but never did it shine so bright as now. It was, indeed, the hour of distress and blood. It is distress that ennobles every great character, and distress was to glorify the Son of God. He was now to teach all mankind, by his example, how to suffer and how to die.—What magnanimity in all his words and actions, on this great occasion! No upbraiding, no complaining expression escaped from his lips; he betrayed no symptoms of a weak, a discomposed, or impatient mind. With all the dignity of a sovereign, he conferred pardon on a penitent fellow-sufferer; with a greatness of mind beyond example, he spent his last moments in apologies and prayers for those that were shedding his blood. This was the hour in which Christ atoned for the sins of mankind, and accomplished our eternal redemption. It was the hour when that great sacrifice was offered up, the efficacy of which reaches back to the first transgression of man, and extends forward to the end of time—the hour when from the cross, as from a lofty altar, the blood was flowing which washed away the guilt of nations. In this hour the long series of prophecies, visions, types and figures were accomplished.

This was the centre in which they all met. You behold the law and the prophets standing at the foot of the cross and doing homage; you behold Moses and Aaron bearing the ark of the covenant, David and Elijah presenting the oracle of the testimony; you behold all the Priests and sacrifices, all the rites and ordinances, all the types and symbols assembled together to receive their consummation. This was the hour of the abolition of the law, and the introduction

of the Gospel ; the hour of terminating the old and beginning the new dispensation. "IT IS FINISHED!" When he uttered these words he changed the state of the Universe. This was the ever memorable point of time which separated the Old and New World from each other. On one side of the point of separation, you behold the law with its priests, its sacrifices and its rites retiring from the sight. On the other you behold the Gospel, with its simple and venerable institution, coming forward in view. Significantly was the veil of the temple rent in twain, for the glory then departed from before the cherubim. The legal High Priest delivered up his URIM and THUMMIM, his breast-plate, his robes and his incense, and Christ stood forth as the great High Priest of all succeeding generations. Altars on which the fire had blazed for ages were now to smoke no more ; now it was, also, that he threw down the walls of partition which had so long divided the Gentile from the Jew, and gathered into one all the faithful of every kindred and people. This was the hour of Christ's triumph over all the powers of darkness—the hour in which he overthrew dominions and thrones, led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men, then it was that the foundation of every pagan temple shook, the statue of every false god tottered on its base, the priest fled from his falling shrine, and the heathen oracles became forever dumb ; this was the hour when our Lord erected that spiritual kingdom, which is never to end. His enemies imagined that in this hour they had successfully accomplished their plan of his destruction ; but how little did they know that the Almighty was at that moment setting him as a king on the hill of Zion ; how little did they know that their badges of mock royalty was at that moment converted into the signs of absolute dominion, and the instruments of irresistible power. The reed which they put into his hands became a rod of iron, with which he was to break his enemies in pieces—a sceptre with which he was to rule the Universe in righteousness. The cross which they thought was to stigmatize him with infamy, became the ensign of his renown ; instead of being

the reproach of his followers it was to be their boast and their glory; the cross which was to shine on palaces and churches throughout the Earth; it was to be assumed as the distinction of the most powerful monarchs, and to wave in the banners of victorious armies, when the memory of Herod and Pilate should be accursed, when Jerusalem should be reduced to ashes, and the Jews be vagabonds over all the world.



DEDICATION OF YOUTH TO GOD.

ADDRESSED TO YOUNG LADIES.

BY MRS. ELLIS.

It should always be remembered for the consolation and encouragement of youth, that in making the decision in favor of religion in early life, there is comparatively little to undo: while if this most important duty is left until a later period, there will be the force of long established habit to contend with on the side of wrong, meshes of evil to unravel, dark paths to travel back, and all that mingled texture of light and darkness which originates in a polluted heart, and a partially enlightened understanding to separate thread from thread. And, oh! what associations, what memories are there! what gleaming forth again of the false fire: even after the true has been kindled! what yawning of the wide sepulchre in which the past is buried, though it cannot rest, what struggling with the demons of imagination! before they are cast out forever? what bleeding of the heart, which, like a chastened child, would kiss the rod, yet dare not think how many stripes would be commensurate with its delinquency!—Oh! happy youth! it is thy privilege, that this can never be thy portion!

Yes, happy youth! for thou art ever happy in the con-

templation of age; and yet thou hast thy tears. Thou hast thy trials too, and perhaps their acuteness renders them less bearable than the dull burden of accumulated sorrow, which hangs upon maturer years. Thou hast thy sorrows; and when the mother's eye is closed, that used to watch thy infant steps so fondly: and the father's hand is cold, that used to rest upon thy head with gentle and impressive admonition; whom hast thou, whom wilt thou ever have, to supply thy parents' place on earth? Whom hast thou? The world is poor to thee; for none will ever love thee with a love like theirs. Thou hast thy golden and exuberant youth, thy joyous step, thy rosy smile, and we call thee happy. But thou hast also thy hours of loneliness, thy disappointments, thy chills, thy blights; when the hopes on which thy young spirit has soared begin for the first time to droop; when the love in which thou hast so fondly trusted begins to cool; when the flowers thou hast cherished begin to fade; when the bird thou hast fed through the winter, in the summer flies away; when the lamb thou hast nursed in thy bosom, prefers the stranger to thee—Thou hast tears; but the bitterness of thy sorrows, how soon are they assuaged! It is this then which constitutes thy happiness, for we all have griefs; but long before old age, they have worn themselves channels which cannot be effaced. It is therefore that we look back to youth with envy; because the tablet of the heart is then fresh, and unimpressed, and we long to begin again with that fair surface; and to write upon it no characters but those of truth.

And will not youth accept the invitation of experience, and come before it is too late?—and come with all its health, and its bloom, and its first-fruits untainted, and lay them upon the altar; an offering which age cannot make? Let us count the different items in the riches that belongs to youth, and ask if it is not a holy and a glorious privilege to dedicate them to the service of the Most High!

First, then, there is the freshness of unwearied nature, for which so many millions pine in vain: the glow of health, that

life-spring of all the energies of thought and action, the confidence of unbroken trust—the power to believe, as well as hope—a power which the might of human intellect could never yet restore; the purity of undivided affection; the earnestness of zeal unchilled by disappointment; the first awakening of joy, that has never been depressed: high aspirations that have never stooped to earth; the clear perception of a mind unbiassed in its search of truth; with the fervor of an untroubled soul.

All these, and more than pen could write or tongue could utter, has youth the power to dedicate to the noblest cause that ever yet engaged the attention of an intellectual and immortal being. What, then, I would ask again, is that which hinders the surrender of your heart to God, your conduct to the requirements of the religion of Christ?

MUSIC AT NIGHT.

WE read that in certain climates the gales that spring from the land, carry a refreshing smell out to sea, and assure the watchful pilot that he is approaching to a desirable and fruitful coast, when as yet he cannot discern it with his eyes. And to take up once more the comparison of life to a voyage, in like manner it fares with those who have steadily and religiously pursued the course which Heaven pointed out to them. We shall sometimes find by their conversation towards the end of their days, that they are filled with peace, and hope, and joy: which, like those refreshing gales and reviving odors to the seaman, are breathed forth from Paradise upon their souls; and give them to understand with certainty, that God is bringing them unto their desired haven.

Original.

LETTERS FROM A HOLLOW TREE.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—According to promise I resume the correspondence ; and we will return without further ceremony to the point where I left you—namely,—to the threshold of my Third Floor, which I call my Museum of Living Nature. Here I have studies from life in many pleasing varieties, which I hope will interest you as much as they do me. So, here we enter—and the little ladies—and, indeed, the larger ladies—will please not to shriek or fall into fits at the numerous bugs, worms, reptiles, and stinging insects they will see ; for though such behavior may be called lady-like, it is, in my opinion, exceedingly unwomanly. I have rarely seen it associated with any great intrinsic delicacy of character ; and it is wholly unworthy of any true lover of science. I can assure you there is not the least danger, since I have never been either stung, or bitten, by any of these creatures, though I have been in the constant habit of familiarity with them for years.

It is surprising how much even the lowest and most noisome animals are improved by the society of man, especially if they are treated with uniform kindness. The most vindictive and spiteful I have found may be won by gentleness, as if experience had corrected and overcome their evil instincts ; and they learn to regard man as a protector and friend—as their natural liege-lord, who, from the beginning, was invested with the divine right of sovereignty—rather than as their great enemy. Does not this show that Love is omnipotent ; and that it is yet destined to subdue all evil, and bring all force, and violence, and wrong, into subjection to its beautiful laws ? But we will talk about this doctrine

some other time; for it is quit a hobby of mine; and for the present we will just look round among my people, and see what we can find.

The first thing you will notice is my fine community of silk worms. They are now winding their cocoons, and a very beautiful sight it is; for the bright balls of various colors have the appearance of rich tropical fruits, and they contrast charmingly with the green boughs on which they are hung.

A little farther on you will see a flourishing kingdom of bees. Accuracy of language seems to require that I should say queendom; for although there is no such name for the body-politic, there ought to be, to indicate those nations who are invariably governed by a female sovereign. I have constructed a sliding panel on one side of the apartment, for the express accommodation of this industrious people, into which very clear plates of mica are introduced, so that I can watch them at their labors, and observe all their habits. Of these I shall tell you some other time—my special object now being to introduce you to my company, leaving further acquaintance to a period of greater leisure.

Just beyond, and in the same side, I have hordes of bandits in the shape of wasps, of many species. Their really curious nests are glued to the outer wall, some of them protected by plates of mica, others open to the apartment; and, in addition to these, I have a fine large hornet's nest. You will be surprised, perhaps, that I have given such citizens the liberty of my courts, and wonder that they do not devour all the silk worms and honey bees, which are their favorite food. At first I was apprehensive that this would be the case, but the experiment shows that my favorites are seldom disturbed. I can account for this only in the supposition, that the instinct of these voracious creatures teaches them to prey abroad, in the open air. There is, also, a fine orchard not very distant, in the open country, which, as it happens to belong to one of the easy sort of farmers, is nearly devoured by canker worms and other caterpillars. This fur-

nishes a rich and ample field for forage and plunder. I have sometimes also pleased myself with the fancy that my barbarians had caught something of the true family feeling, and were learning to respect the rights of home; and it really seems as if their native savagism was becoming softened towards their fellow residents; for I have not unfrequently seen bees, wasps and hornets, almost jostle each other in their passage, without any belligerent demonstrations from those highwaymen and pirates of the insect tribes. Indeed, it sometimes almost seemed to me as if I could see them gallantly touch their yellow beavers, as they hummed a pleasant "good morning, friend;" or, "good evening, neighbor," as they passed.

Near the middle of the room, I have several flourishing republics of ants of different species; and some time I will tell you how I contrived to get them to settle with me; I did have some trouble about it, I assure you; but they are now quite at home, and happy in their new position.

In addition to all the above, I have a great variety of butterflies, moths, spiders and beetles—some natives, and some foreigners; but they have all become perfectly naturalized and worthy citizens of the common corporation, which I have named the Insect's Manor. I should tell you that there are apertures in the outer walls, for the egress and ingress of the citizens generally.

Adjoining this is my Aviary, where I have a great variety of birds, imported from different countries, and all quite tame, though perfectly free. The foreign birds mostly build their nests here; and I have suspended a great variety of baskets to accommodate them. They remain with me the whole year. They fly away into the forest whenever they choose; but they never fail to come back again. Among these are the mocking-bird, the English goldfinch, lark and nightingale—the Carolina parrot, a beautiful pair of turtle doves, and a great variety of canaries. In addition to these I have won the confidence of most of the smaller birds of the neighboring forest, and they visit me daily; and, for the most part, as if

seeking protection from the birds of prey, they build their nests close to me. I can sometimes stand in one spot, and count fifty, or more, of these little habitations; so that the whole wood around me is, in fact, one great aviary. If you want to hear true native bird-singing, come to me, and you shall be gratified with the sweet songs of freedom, swelling with the full rich notes of gladness, such as you never heard from the beautiful prisoners of your city cages.

The next apartment, and the last on this floor, is occupied by quadrupeds, some of which are very rare and beautiful, having been imported from foreign lands. I have, also, besides these, a numerous family of native quadrupeds—squirrels, marmots, hares, dormice, and many others, which I must not stop to enumerate at present; for if I did so, I should make a volume instead of a single letter. I must tell you, however, that this apartment is connected with the ground, by an inclined plane, which I have constructed on the outside for the convenience of its inmates, so that they can ascend and descend at pleasure.

These three rooms complete the third floor; but I have still another story, to which we ascend by a flight of steps, reaching quite to the present summit of the tree. This has been sawn off—a flooring has been laid—the whole making a platform of six feet in diameter, surrounded by an iron railing. This I call my Observatory; and, as it occupies the greatest elevation of land for many miles around, and the whole country, as well as its shores, are in the highest degree picturesque, I am able to command, as I sometimes think, one of the loveliest horizons in the world. The height and position are such, that you stand above, and look over the summits of the loftiest trees in the surrounding forest. Beyond this, and far away to the North, is a bold sweep of hills, or I might say mountains, which stand out in strong relief against the sky—now of the clearest, deepest blue—producing an effect equally allied to the beautiful and the sublime. Issuing from between the ridges of everlasting granite, a fine river is seen in the utmost distance the eye can reach. In

passing its mountain barrier it forms a cataract of great beauty—then flows on through the fertile valley, now golden with its wealth of ripe corn. The landscape is everywhere sprinkled with rustic villages, or dotted with white cottages, that give a pleasing effect to the still green meadows. The view is enlivened by every variety of hill and plain, rock and valley, until turning quite round to the East, the ocean is seen with its sprinkling sails—its far-reaching girdle of soft deep blue—and its great arms stretching far beyond the reach of vision, and grasping, as it were, the Infinite.

I have here called Science to my aid; and my vision is strengthened and extended by a fine terrestrial telescope, through which I bring remote objects into my immediate neighborhood. I frequently make observations upon the sea, watching the return or departure of ships; and, by virtue of my human being, interesting myself in the supposed hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows, of men under all these changes. All the phases of the ocean are to me subjects of the deepest interest—whether it is slumbering in the deep repose of a perfect calm—spreading out like a vast mirror for the eternal stars—or, lashed into wrath by the scourge of storms, the waves are piled mountains high, with deep dark vales between, where the spirits of evil walk forth on their errands of desolation and death.

And, when I would look farther into the mysteries of the worlds above, than the unassisted eye can reach, I have a large and excellent celestial telescope, by which I can approach nearer to the great Book of Heaven, and read, at my leisure, its sublime and beautiful lore. I have a fine seat where I sit and commune with all the beauty, the harmony, the majesty, and the glory that surrounds and bends over me. Rays of the Divine are continually penetrating my soul; and I perceive spirit radiating from matter—the impress of the Ever-Present, visible in the humblest of His works. It is this informing principle that converts the study of Nature into a salutary nutriment for the mind. Without this there may be a perception of fitness, proportion or beau-

ty; but it is a body without a soul, quite cold, and wholly devoid of life.

The telescope, itself, from its great size, must remain stationary; so I have constructed over it a portable roof to protect it from the weather, which I remove whenever I make use of it. Now tell me if you think I shall ever be lonesome, with all these companions, and all these resources? I know you will think that is impossible; and so it is. Nor am I wholly without the society of my fellow man. Many scientific gentlemen and ladies, and several very learned Naturalists, frequently visit me in my quarters. Besides these, I am now expecting two very intelligent children from a distant city, to reside wholly with me, until they are proficient in the several Natural Sciences. They will come as soon as my daughters, who are to superintend their education, return home—you smile at the word HOME as applied to such a place; but my daughters are quite enraptured with their residence, and could not be persuaded to exchange it for any other. I am much interested in the mental progress of the children I have just alluded to; and their names are Richard and Susan Lovetruth.

Now let us descend to the ground, and I will show you my vegetable plot, and my botanical garden, situated in a little clearing that slopes conveniently to the South-west. I have here not only all the indigenous plants and shrubs I can procure, but many rare and beautiful exotics, which I rear in a hot house.

I have also a fine poultry yard, with every kind of fowl that can be procured, from the noisy pintads, or Guinea hen, to the valorous bantam; from the gorgeous peacock to the plain barn-yard fowl. I have also ducks and geese in every variety; and dove cotes containing many species, from the beautiful white fan-tail to the delicate stock-pigeon, in his quaker-like dress of soberest state-blue.

Now, one glimpse of my stables; and, first, here I have a charming pair of little zebras—the gentlest, the most delicate and affectionate creatures of the cow kind. The female this

year has had a fine calf, and a beautiful little creature it is, with a small white star in the forehead, though the parents are both of a fine ash gray. This shows the first process of the change in color, which is produced in animals by domestication; and is a phenomenon which has never, I believe, been satisfactorily accounted for. Perhaps you are aware of the fact, that all animals in a state of nature, are either of one uniform color, or that their stripes, spots and shades, have fixed and permanent characteristics; but immediately on domestication the original color begins to disappear, until at length it is wholly lost in an infinite variety of combinations of shades, mottlings and hues, which are wholly unknown in the natural state. Striking instances of this are found in the dog and cat, domestic fowls and cattle.

My zebras came from Calcutta, where they are held in high veneration by the Hindoos; and it really seems to me as if there was a native majesty in the little creatures, as if they were conscious of the almost divine honors to which they were born; so naturally and irresistibly do all creatures catch an idea of their own importance, or the reverse, from the treatment they receive.

I have also a fine pair of the Rocky mountain goats—a pair of sheep from the same region—a pair of chamois from the Alps, and numerous specimens of the common goat—all perfectly tame—and, would you believe it? a pair of magnificent giraffes. I shall have to tell you another time how I obtained, and how I keep, these last treasures.

It is wonderful how tame, and gentle, and cooing, all these creatures are. And now, while I stand here, in the deep old wood, my eyes are continually startled by the brilliant plumage of the numerous birds, which, whenever I approach, fly lovingly around, frequently dropping to the ground, for the crumbs and grains I scatter; or, stooping in their flight for a caress from my outstretched hand. God forbid that I should ever give them the slightest reason to repent their beautiful confidence. I should like to describe to you the several varieties that I see at this moment, with the effect of

their gorgeous plumage contrasting with the deep green foliage; but I must forbear.

In my next I shall tell you a story of two ravens, that I have long had under my tutelary care. They have interested me very much, and I think their history will please you.

Did you not laugh at my signature to the last letter? I adopted it involuntarily. The good country people round here universally call me "Uncle Nat." But I will now return to my own proper name—

NATURUS.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

THE HYPOCRITE.

The hypocrite is one that neither is what he SEEMS, nor SEEMS what he is. He is hated BY THE WORLD for seeming a Christian, and BY GOD for not being one. On earth, he is the picture of a saint; but in eternity, the paint will all be washed off, and he will appear at the judgment in his own colors, and his own deformity.

MY CHARACTER.

I must THINK forever; would an eternal train of my thoughts be either worthy of me, or useful to me? I must FEEL forever; would an eternal reign of my present spirit and desires please me—make me happy? I must ACT forever; would an eternal course of my habitual conduct bring blessedness, or even bear reflection?

FAMILY GOVERNMENT.

"A family without proper government," says Matthew Henry, "is like a house without a roof—exposed to every wind that blows." He might rather have said, like a house in flames, which is commonly a scene of confusion, and too hot to live in!

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

In one of the beautiful allegories of Quevido, Death is introduced, pointing out to the poet three grim-looking spectres, armed, and of human shape, and so exactly like each other that it is impossible to distinguish which is which. "Knowest thou these beings?" says Death. "No," replies the poet. "They are the capital enemies of thy soul—the WORLD, the FLESH, and the DEVIL: and so much do they resemble each other, that he who has ONE, in effect has ALL. The avaricious man clasps the world to his heart, and behold Satan is in his arms! The sensualist embraces the flesh, and lo! he has grasped the devil!

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

The patriarch Abraham gave one tenth of all his possessions to religious uses; and so did Jacob, and many others of the Old Testament saints. And it is worthy of notice that the Jews, who as a nation gave more to religious purposes than any other people, were, as a nation, more prosperous and wealthy than any other that ever existed. Even the heathen—the Arabians according to Pliny, and the Grecians according to Xenophon and Herodotus, gave no less than a tenth part of every thing to sacred uses. And shall the Christian do less for his God, than did the Jews under the old dispensation, or the very heathen for their idols?

HOW TO SHAKE OFF TROUBLE.

Set about doing good to somebody. Put on your hat, and go and visit the sick and poor of your neighborhood: inquire into their circumstances, and minister to their wants. Seek out the desolate, and afflicted, and oppressed, and tell them of the consolations of religion. I have often tried this method, says Howard, and have always found it the best medicine for a heavy heart.

R.

Original.

"THERE IS A CALM." 8s & 4s.

T. HASTINGS.

Slow.

1. There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for
wea - ry pil - grims found; They soft - ly lie and sweet-ly sleep
p *ritard.* Low in the ground. | sigh, That, &c. *Last line varied.*

2.
The storm that sweeps thy wintry sky,
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh,
That shuts the rose.

3.
Then, trav'ller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting sight,
Thro' time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

4.
Thy soul renew'd by grace divine,
In God's own image freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
A star of day.





BEAUTY

AMY WOODLEIGH.

Engraved expressly for this Annual

A BEACON LIGHT.

THE FALL OF ABSALOM.

EDITORIAL.

IN the fall of Absalom, there was every circumstance that could render the destiny of a mortal gloomy, and excite the deepest anguish of a father. His uncommon talents and various attractions, raised the fondest hopes of a too partial and enthusiastic nation, while his depravity and his vices caused an equal share of pain, and gave rise to the most gloomy forebodings.

Absalom, was one of the eldest sons of David, and was equally distinguished for beauty, address and ambition. Educated in the splendor of a magnificent court, he united, with a princely elegance of manners, all the charms that endear a companion and secure the favor of the multitude. To these he united also a heart void of integrity and virtue, and an ambition which aimed at the most unnatural and daring usurpation, and which was reckless of the expedients adopted for its gratification.

For the sin of David in the matter of Uriah, God had declared the "sword should never depart from his house." The unhappy Absalom was ordained to be a chief instrument in fulfilling the dread purposes of Heaven. He began his guilty career by the murder of his incestuous brother Amnon. In this bloody deed, David could not fail to see the just retaliation of Heaven for his own aggravated sin, and the recollection of it doubtless served to enhance the bitterness of his grief, and make him deprecate the further effects of the divine displeasure. Although far more excusable for this bloody act, as it seemed a just retribution on Amnon, than for his subsequent conduct, yet for this Absalom left his country, and fled a voluntary exile where he remained several years, with Talmai King of Geshur, a neighboring

prince. At length, through the mediation of Job he was fully restored to his fathers favor.

Absalom, finding himself now at liberty to pursue his ambitious schemes, resolved to secure the crown by measures the most unnatural and revolting. He took upon him the state of the King's eldest son, prepared himself a pompous equipage of horses and chariots and attended by a guard of fifty men. About this time, his father became dangerously ill, and for a time, his life was despaired of. The young Prince seized the favorable opportunity to lay his plans and mature his measures for the accomplishment of his ambitious project. He adopted every expedient he could think of, to alienate the affections of the people from his father and secure them to his own person. To this end he shut out complaints which had been made to his father, and then lamented his neglect of administering justice. How execrable is ambition thus building itself upon the basest ingratitude and the most wicked calumny! "O that I were a judge in the land, exclaimed the unprincipled wretch, that every man which had any suit, might come to me and I would do him justice!" With such unbecoming language did he fill the ears of those who resorted to his fathers court for justice. In this way, he wound himself into the affection and esteem of many of the people, weakened their loyalty to the King and prepared them to join with him and aid him in his intended usurpations.

Absalom's aspiring ambition was concealed, for the most part, by his personal assiduities to his father, and by the intrigue of the courtiers whom he had fascinated by his address or won by his liberality. While the young Prince was stealing the hearts of the people and gradually undermining the throne of his father, he was able to cover his designs where concealment was necessary, and render them popular with his favorites and admirers.

At length, when every part of the plan was arranged, and the conspiracy had become formidable by numbers and talents and resources, the storm burst upon the kingdom with desolating fury. Absalom reared the standard of

rebellion against his great and venerable father, proclaimed himself King of Israel, and denounced his father as a tyrant unworthy to reign or to live. At first, the conspiracy appeared to be general, every thing which offered resistance was threatened with destruction, and like a mighty inundation, it bore down all before it.

Absalom had obtained permission of his father to go and offer sacrifices and perform a vow at Hebron, a place about 30 miles from Jerusalem, and famous as being a kind of political centre for the confederated tribes. In the meantime, emissaries were dispatched in haste throughout all the tribes, to give notice that the plan was ripe for execution, and to establish the proper signals of alarm and insurrection.

In Hebron the martial trumpet was now blown: the vile usurper was proclaimed King and the people seemed to rise in a body from Dan to Beersheba, and flocked in great multitudes to the standard of Absalom. The ancient faction of Saul, particularly in the powerful tribe of Benjamin, favored the rebellion and were the first in arms. Absalom had taken special care to draw into his train Ahithophel, David's ablest counsellor, whose advice, in those days, was said to be like the oracle of God.

In this hour of deep calamity and gloom, it was God's intention to humble David, but not to destroy him. This aged monarch was like the old Lion whose great swiftness and strength is countervailed by his increased vigilance and wisdom. Many of the officers of his court and army, who had grown grey in his service, still adhered to him. He retired in haste from Jerusalem, and fled with all possible speed eastward over Jordan, and assembled what force he could at Mahanaim, a place rendered famous in the history of the patriarch Jacob.

David's army was indeed small but consisted of brave and tried soldiers. Men of piety and virtue adhered to his cause and would not, in any trial or danger, forsake him. Joab and Abishai were with him, who had been, in former days, the defence of his kingdom and the support of his throne;

with Absalom, it was far different. His adherents were principally among the youth who are generally characterized for their blind impetuosity and fatal rashness, and his cause, like every thing built on popular favor, was but a castle in the air. Behold now a King venerable for his years and victories, renowned for his prowess and revered for his wisdom and piety, reduced to the condition of a fugitive, to the necessity of fleeing for his life from his own son.

As David was going to Mount Olivet, information reached him of the defection of Ahithophel. A vain and impetuous youth was not an object of much terror to a man of David's experience and skill. But the popularity and numbers of Absalom, aided by the consummate prudence and skill of Ahithophel, could not fail to excite apprehension. David, however, sunk not under his fears, but prayed that the Most High would, in mercy, "TURN THE COUNSEL OF AHITHOPHEL INTO FOOLISHNESS." What can give prosperity to the cause of a wicked son seeking the ruin of so good and venerable a father! Absalom entered Jerusalem in triumph, at the head of a multitude as abandoned and unprincipled as himself. He had indeed a man with him whose counsels might have sustained a throne built on a better basis. Ahithophel advised the usurper to send twelve thousand men immediately in pursuit of David. Had his counsel been followed, in all probability the ruin of the King had been the consequence: without an army, David must have been overwhelmed or driven into hopeless exile.

How little do wicked men comprehend the causes which are secretly working their ruin! Hushai the Archite advised that all Israel should be first assembled before pursuit commenced. This advice seemed plausible and the arguments he drew from David's known courage and military skill and the bravery of his soldiers, driven to desperation, decided Absalom to delay operations till he had drawn together the force of the whole nation. This gave David and Joab all the time they wanted. In a few days they were able to rally and concentrate, though not a numerous yet a powerful and

determined band of worthies and heroes, who relied on the rectitude of their cause and the smiles of Heaven.

Absalom did not remain idle, but made levies throughout all the tribes of Israel, and gathered together a large army. Every thing being ready, he left Jerusalem, and, marching his army across the Jordan, he went in pursuit of his father and encamped in the land of Gilead, not far from the royal forces, which lay at Mahanaim. David resolved not to wait his coming but give battle at once. He accordingly marched his army out of the city where they were encamped.

Now comes the conflict of parental feeling. Though he viewed his son in arms against him, and thirsting for his blood, still David felt all the tenderness of a father, and manifested the greatest solicitude for the preservation of his life, should the battle go against him. When therefore, his three generals, Job, Abishai and Ittai took leave of him, he entreated them in the hearing of all the people, to "deal gently with his son, for his sake." He seems to have clearly foreseen the result of the battle, and it is probable from his knowledge of war and the skill and bravery of his army, which had been so often proved, led on by such commanders as well as from the rashness and folly of the misguided Absalom—he knew to a moral certainty, how the battle would issue; or he might have had a divine intimation.

Soon after the royal army took the field, the engagement began, which seems to have been an obstinate one. The King had taken his station by the gate of the city and there anxiously waited the event. Few situations were ever calculated to excite such a tide of contending passions as passed that day in the bosom of the King of Israel. The beautiful and beloved Absalom was his enemy—his kingdom and life were in jeopardy. If Absalom prevailed, he had nought to expect but an ignominious death—if his army proved victorious, Absalom would probably fall in battle, or live only to embitter his last days with the recollection of his treachery.

What sudden terror dimmed the eye and well nigh stopped

the breath of the aged monarch, when a watchman ran down from the tower and cried out a messenger was coming in great haste over the plain. And lo, he was followed by a second messenger. Breathless with haste and joy, these messengers made their way to the King and announced the victory of his army. When Abimahaz came within hearing, he cried out "ALL IS WELL" and prostrated himself before the King. David immediately inquired of him whether his son Absalom was safe, but received only an evasive reply. Cushi then approached and repeated the joyful tidings: and upon being asked whether Absalom were safe, he replied by expressing the wish that "all the enemies of the King might be as that young man." A soldier like reply indeed, but it was like a dagger to the heart of the father. The grief occasioned by the loss of his son was an overmatch for the joy produced by the victory. He retired instantly to his chamber, and as he went, he cried, "Oh my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, MY SON, MY SON!"

The death of Absalom was as dreadful as his character had been vile. He went to the field of battle flushed with the hopes of victory: but, in a moment, all his expectations were blasted. His army was a mixed multitude without order, discipline or valor. They were cut down before the brave troops and skilful commanders of David; and the wretched Absalom, while endeavoring to escape, was apprehended and slain by Joab, the stern leader of David's army. Thus fell this guilty paracide, with twenty thousand of his rebel adherents. But, alas, nothing could assuage the grief of David: while the shouts of victory resounded through his capital, the vulture of grief was preying at his heart.

The history of Absalom is an awful BEACON TO YOUNG MEN. It teaches them the danger of indulging their passions and spurning the kind influence of parental discipline. Many a head strong wicked youth has mourned his folly, when the fatal consequences of his conduct have been all concentrated and fully developed in a death of infamy.

PARENTS also, may learn from this painful narrative, what dreadful evils may be entailed upon their children and families, by their own wickedness and vices. The curse of God descended upon the family of Eli for his unfaithfulness—the sin of David brought the sword upon his house. Thus many a parent has brought ruin upon his household. Here also, parents may learn the sad effects of improper indulgence, not combining FAMILY DISCIPLINE WITH FAMILY INSTRUCTION. Thus, pride and ambition are fostered in the minds of the young, and they become an easy and an early prey to vice. Here too, the young may see the vanity of PERSONAL BEAUTY, while the soul is deformed and debased by vice, and the insufficiency of even a pious education without personal religion. Absalom was caught by his flowing tresses in the boughs of an oak endeavoring to escape, and thus that which had been his pride, proved his destruction. The charms of youth and beauty are no security against the shafts of adversity and the power of God.

LITTLE BOYS SHOULD PRAY.

A LITTLE boy, only four years of age, said to his mother, while undressing for sleep—

“Mother, why can’t I make a prayer myself? I can think of a great many things I want to ask God for, which are not in the little prayer I always say. There is my little cousin William, who is too small to pray for himself; I want to ask God to make him a good boy. There are other things too I want to say.”

What mother would not rejoice to hear this? Parents, how very early your children come to you for temporal things?—Teach them to ask God as early for spiritual blessings.

SUMMER MIDNIGHT.

BY J. E. D. COMSTOCK.

WHAT can this murmur be that now I hear,
As at this solemn hour I pause to catch
The echoes that may fall upon the ear,—
So low and undefined it were a match,
Almost, for the dread silence of the bier!
Is't the flowers breathing out their midnight watch!
O God! whate'er this lowly voice may be,
Methinks it warns me of eternity.

Why doth my heart so love the beauteous world?
Where now its hopes that have so cheated me?
O, toiling man! could'st thou but see unfurled
The record of thy future destiny,
How would thy heart from its high place be hurled!
Creator! I would bow myself to thee—
Thou wilt not spurn me. Thou wilt keep the trust
E'en when this heart and those it loves are dust.

I cast my gaze above; to yon blue field
Of mystery and of glory, where the stars
In wondrous multitudes walk forth and yield
Their music to the loved God. There Mars,
And Jupiter, and Venus are, and wield
The sceptre mild, until the Queen unbars
Her golden gates, and to the throne aspires;
And, as she comes, each subject half retires.

There are, I think, soft voices in the sky,
And tones suppressed, that now make up the solemn
Chime of night. Lo! here the wild stream doth hie,
Here rock and glade—the open, only volume
Perused by sylvan tribes: and though my eye
Doth meet no mossy tower or crumbling column,
Yet here the grave, the battle-field and mound
Of the wild aborigines are found.

The flight of generations!—what a tone

Awful and sad it breathes, as now I bend

My timid ear and listen—all alone!

Back to those ancient scenes my thoughts I'll send;

My heart doth dwell upon the past: the groan

And whoop no more upon these hills shall blend—

But now in peace pass on the plough and harrow,

Through vales where spoke the gun and flew the arrow!

How solemn now! 'tis midnight on the plain,

Reflections solemn do pervade my mind;—

The cup of life!—its contents I must drain;

And when I come to cast a look behind,

Upon the past, the pleasure and the pain,

And see so well how weak I've been, and blind,

O, how I shrink to tread the way before me,

Until I feel that God is watching o'er me.

FAMILY LOVE.

BY LAMARTINE.

THE spirit of family is the second soul of humanity. Modern legislators have too much forgotten this. They think only of nations and individuals. They omit the family, that only source of a pure and healthy population; the sanctuary of traditions and manners, in which all the social virtues acquire fresh vigor. Legislation, even since the introduction of Christianity, has been barbarous in this respect. It repulses man from the spirit of family, instead of encouraging it in him. It interdicts, to one half of mankind, wife, child, the possession of a home or a field. It owes these blessings to all, as soon as they arrive at manhood. It ought to have interdicted them only to culprits. A family is society in miniature; but it is that society in which the laws are natural, because they are sentiments. To interdict a man from the possession of family comforts, should have been the greatest reprobation, the last punishment of the law.

Original.

LETTERS FROM A HOLLOW TREE.

I AM now ready, my young friends, to enter upon the history I spoke of in my last. It happened one morning, about a year ago, that as I was walking very leisurely through the woods, I was attracted towards a thicket from whence issued a cry, as of some bird in great distress. I hastened to the spot, and found a large male raven with his leg broken, fluttering helpless upon the ground. The female was by his side, and apparently making every exertion to assist him to rise upon the wing; but all to no purpose. He only moaned more piteously as he extended the injured limb, looked at it a moment, then into the eyes of his mate, as if he would say, "It is of no use;" and, with that thought, had surrendered himself to despair. There was something so intelligent in these actions—so like the feelings and sympathies of human beings, that my interest was instantly aroused. I kept myself perfectly quiet, however, that I might the better observe their motions.

Finding it impossible to induce her mate to follow her, the female soon flew off alone; and, after some time, returned with a small quantity of food, which she gave up wholly to her sick friend; and, as if conscious that his weakness had disabled him, she broke it in pieces, and prepared it for mastication, as a careful nurse renders like attentions to the human invalid. There was something very beautiful in these little acts of love; and her mate thought so too; for though he appeared exceedingly hungry, and ate ravenously, he paused every now and then to caress his partner, rubbing his beak lovingly over her glossy black head, and looking up to her with eyes so intelligently bright, they had actually become human in their grateful expression.

I was standing close to them, yet unperceived. As soon

as this tender scene was over, I gently removed the bushes, and, stooping down, laid my hand softly on the suffering bird, lifting him from the ground. It is impossible to describe the agitation and distress of the female when this was done. She flew round and round me, sometimes darting at my face and vociferating angrily; then dropping almost at my feet, and uttering the most plaintive and beseeching cries.

I have ever found a wonderful power over inferior animals in the acts and expressions of manifest kindness; but especially in the human voice, when it is softened by the sweet tones of pity and love, there is a magnetic principle, which is sufficient, in itself, to allay the wildest fury of anger, and soothe the fiercest passions into confidence and peace; and these powers increase tenfold, when we act with full faith in their efficacy.

I sat down quietly upon the ground, and placing the injured bird so as to be least uncomfortable, passed my hand tenderly over the head and back of the sufferer, repeating softly, "Poor bird! Poor birdie!" Then taking some bits of bread and grains from my pocket, which I seldom go out unprovided with, I held them conveniently for him to eat, and also scattered some before the female, who had seated herself on a hazel-bush close by, and was eyeing me wistfully, as if determined to understand the whole philosophy of the matter, I should say here that the raven is an omniverous bird, and will, when hungry, feed upon almost any kind of food that falls in its way.

So I continued my low, soothing words, and gentle caresses, until the male became quite confident, and picked the grains fearlessly from my hand. Nor was the female slow in perceiving this; but after a few doubtful hops, back and forth, as if deliberating upon the propriety of the measure, she actually perched upon my wrist, and ate along with her companion from my hand.

I determined then to take the sick bird home with me, bind up the broken limb, and protect him until it was well. When I first rose to depart, the female resumed her former cries of

anger and distress; but I also renewed the soothing processes, and finally sang a sweet tender air, during which the little patient kept up a kind of falsetto accompaniment, that seemed expressive of agreeable sensations; and the female hovered along my path in silence.

The leg was longer in healing than I had imagined it would be; but during the process both birds had become perfectly tame, and they manifested a degree of intelligence which I have seldom seen equaled by any of the inferior animals.

Very soon their wonderful aptitude for imitating human speech began to be developed; and they learned to repeat words, and even short sentences, very intelligibly. The first time that I came to notice this power, I was quite startled. It was a fine morning, and I was very busily engaged at work in my garden. I first heard a few low running notes of music, as if hummed by the human voice, and supposed it was my mocking bird, for he was full of these little spontaneous solos. Short snatches of an air were repeated several times, which I recognized as portions of the same I had sung on the morning the ravens were found; and then I distinctly heard the words, "Poor bird! Poor birdie!" repeated at short intervals. I dropped my spade and hastened to the spot, thinking to meet a human visitor, but what was my surprise to find the female raven caressing her mate, precisely as I had done, and repeating the words, which I before observed had become the favorite expressions of regard which they were most anxious to win from their benefactor. My delight at this discovery can hardly be expressed; and thenceforth commenced a regular scholarship in English. I had fine pupils I assure you, and the mutual confidence and affection of the parties was from that hour greatly strengthened.

The birds were both left perfectly free; but after the patient was quite restored, they continued to lodge occasionally in the basket which had sheltered the convalescent, and were ever after familiar inmates of my premises, being as meat as parrots. My Carolinas, indeed, were, for a time,

quite jealous of these new rivals in the accomplishment of speaking, and made settled war upon them whenever they met. But I soon succeeded in quelling the disturbances; and harmony once more prevailed.

I named my ravens, Bonny and Donny. These they soon learned; and it was pleasant and wonderful to hear them call each other so intelligently by their new titles. The raven, perhaps you may have read, is the most mischievous of birds; and I soon found it necessary to watch them very closely. Some of their tricks of theft were highly amusing; but I must not stop to repeat many of them, for I have neither time nor space. Before I thought any thing of this propensity, I found one day that several of my cabinets were nearly dismantled. I directly suspected the cause, and determined to watch the birds when they next flew away; for I knew their strange passion for hoarding, and so I hoped to recover my lost treasures. To this end I permitted them to have free access to my cabinet, and it was not long before I saw them enter, from the spot where I had concealed myself. They went directly to the cabinet, one taking up a shell, the other a mineral, and away they flew. I pursued with the best speed I could make through the woods. Fortunately, their place of deposit was a hollow tree near at hand. I saw them enter, drop their specimens, and fly away; but I had secured the doors so as to prevent their returning, and I now prepared to dislodge their collection. Not only did I find there all the lost gems of my cabinet, but numberless articles I had either never thought much about, or never missed. There were pens, pencils, quills, pieces of paper, letters, fragments of earthen ware, cloth and vegetables; knives, forks, spoons, candle-ends, bits of sealing-wax, garden seeds, shells, minerals, old nightcaps, antique coins, cravats, medalions, and old stockings. I could not forbear laughing, in spite of my vexation, as I drew forth the strange admixture, when I heard a laugh just above me, as if in mimicry; and sure enough there was the saucy raven, Bonny, laughing at the mischief he had done. He alighted on the

pile, and began hopping to and fro, in a manner that showed he enjoyed the joke mightily—chattering all the while with great rapidity of utterance, as they always do when much pleased.

“Ah, you rogue!” said I, “it is you, is it?” Then I repeated more gravely, “Bonny steal.”

“DONNY steal;” he replied, turning one eye up at me roguishly, and emphasising the first syllable.

“Bonny steal, too,” was quickly retorted; and the female hopped on to my hand, and looked me full in the face, with the confidence a favorite always knows how to assume.

How he got the word I know not; but the male, as if conscious of being beaten from one track, he had resolved to sustain another, cried out triumphantly, “Man steal!”—And “Man steal!” repeated his mate. And then they broke into a full chorus, “Man steal! Man steal!” which they uttered most exultingly, as if conscious that it should put the FINALE on the whole affair.

“Well, this is human nature,” I said, “in good earnest—one sinner casting his offence upon another; and when that fails, bringing in the whole world to keep him company, as if the general guilt brought individual exculpation.”

I ventured to chastise them for these offences; and finally broke them up entirely. They built their nest that year in the fork of a tall black hickory not far from my residence, on a steep declivity. The nest of the raven is composed of dry sticks rudely piled together, and is occupied year after year, being repaired when necessary, but never pulled down or forsaken. Last spring they returned to the same brooding-place, and I regarded them as completely domesticated.

You have, doubtless, heard this bird spoken of as one of evil omen, and have felt something of the common prejudice against it; so you may be surprised when I tell you, that to its young, and its mate, it is the most affectionate and constant of all birds. It will exhibit courage entirely beyond its strength in defence of its young, and not unfrequently has it been known to die of grief for the loss of its mate.



GERANIUM AND LYSIMACHIA BULBIFERA.

Knowing these traits of character, and loving my birds beyond measure, I was greatly pained to hear that a neighboring timber dealer had taken a fancy to the prairie tree they occupied, and that it was to be cut down. I carried the point so far as to walk several miles to pray the gentleman's forbearance, that my little PROTEGES might be left undisturbed for a week, when I hoped their callow young might be fledged, and ready to leave the nest. But my effort was wholly vain, and I was only laughed at as a weak enthusiast; and disappointed, I returned home. The tree was to be felled the next day, and with the early dawn I sorrowfully hastened to the spot. The female was sitting on the nest, and with the first stroke of the axe she became alarmed, and left her covert. At first she exhibited much agitation, flying round and round the top of the tree, then, descending lower, she made a variety of short curves, at every turn approaching still nearer to the wood-cutter. At this time the male, who had gone in quest of food, returned laden with viands. There was such a family look in this, that to attack them seemed really savage. It was like a gentleman returning home with his market basket on his arm, and finding a company of wild Indians had attacked his helpless family during his absence. Mr. Raven seemed to have much the same feeling; for as soon as he perceived what was going on, he dropped the food from his beak, and uttering a fierce cry, darted angrily at the man. The latter struck at him, and though he missed his aim, he yet made such a show of force, that the bird retreated. Hovering by the side of his mate, who had perched on a limb of the tree, he caressed her a moment, with a low encouraging note, as if to comfort and reassure her, then rushed again to the attack, showing a bravery in the defence of his family and home, which few heroes ever equaled, and none have surpassed. Even the poor wood-cutter was affected by their touching cries of distress; but his orders were peremptory, and the work went on.

To my surprise the female returned to the nest. At first

she would remain only a few seconds, then leave it and fly around, with cries and motions all expressive of the wildest alarm. Finally, she seemed gradually to become resigned to her fate. The maternal instinct triumphed over natural fear. She returned to her callow brood that were doubtless hurt by the jarring blows, for they were chirping piteously; and spreading over them the covert of her protecting wings, she strove by low sweet notes to comfort them. With every blow that was struck I expected her to leave the nest; but she came no more away. My interest in the scene was by this time wrought up to a pitch of anxiety really painful. Would she leave the nest, or would she remain and perish with her young? The tree was more than half cut through. I could just see her glossy black head peeping from under a tuft of moss, and taking a small spy-glass from my pocket, I found that her eyes were shut, except when her mate came near; for he was continually flying with sharp zigzag motions to the nest, when he would pause a moment, with a low whisper of love, then fly back to the man, whom he quite nearly approached several times. As he did so his note would change, sometimes to one of angry defiance, then to a deep mournful cry, as if imploring mercy.

The tree tottered. The mother-bird sat quite still, but the father came to her side with a quick wild note of alarm, flying backwards and forwards with great rapidity, as if entreating her to escape. But she could not be won from her determination. Passing her bill lovingly over her companion's head and neck, as if giving the farewell kiss of love, her drooping lids again fell; and the world was shut out forever. By this time the agitation of the male amounted to frenzy. He darted to and fro in the air with the most passionate cries, as if he knew that his eloquence was all in vain, and had surrendered himself to despair. Then there was a sharp crack from the wrenching fibres; and with a heavy crash the tree fell quite down the declivity. As it first tottered from the base, Bonny darted after the nest with the rapidity of lightning; and with such speed as I

could make, I also hastened to the relief, followed by the old wood-cutter. The nest had unfortunately fallen under ; and on removing some of the protruding limbs, we found the mother and young quite crushed. We carried the dead birds to a little distance ; and then came the bereaved one, without fear to his mate, and perched on the ground beside her. It is impossible to give any competent idea of the distress and anxiety he exhibited. At first, however, he seemed to be full of hope ; for with great labor he attempted to place her in an erect position, lifting her with his beak, and supporting her as she leaned against a fragment of the tree. Then he locked his beak lovingly with hers, trying to fix the head in its natural position, addressing her at the same time with a low querulous note, that seemed to inquire why she did not look up and answer him. But when he saw the head fall again helpless and all awry, he looked upon her wistfully a moment, as if striving fully to comprehend the matter, then darted away—and was gone so long I thought he would not return. But to my surprise he came back again, appearing much calmer than before, though his whole air was very mournful, and he was quite silent. He sat down at a little distance, looking alternately from her to me, as if he would tell his friend of his misfortune, and ask for sympathy. There was something infinitely touching in this mute appeal ; and almost unconsciously, I said, "Poor Donny die !" when he very distinctively repeated my words. I confess I was surprised myself ; and the poor wood-cutter was actually terrified, as well as touched with pity.

"I declare," he said, passing the back of his rough hand over his eyes, "them birds seems like human critters ; and if I'd known it afore, I would'nt ha' cut the tree down—no, not for the Bank of the United States, poor as I be."

Bonny seemed to catch at once the change of feeling from the softening voice ; and as if determined to preserve his advantage, he kept repeating with the mournfullest accents, "Poor Donny die !"

I carried the little heroine home, and gave her honorable

sepulture in a corner of my garden ; and there her mate mourned for her, with the self devotion of a single and loving heart. He had many proffers of wedlock from the fairest birds of his own kind ; but he was true to his first love, and never chose another. So he pined away ; becoming every day more sorrowful ; and when the season of incubation came round, his melancholy deepened—he ate less, and was evidently fast declining. He kept up almost continually his sad elegiac strain—growing ever fainter and fainter. One evening he perched on my hand, and looking up in my face with a most singular expression, he repeated, “ Poor Donny die ! ” and flew away to his perch over the haunted grave. This was the full sum of his earthly sorrow. I do not think he ever spoke more ; and I never again saw him alive.

The next morning I found him dead, with his wings stretched upon the grave, as if he had sought with his last act to embrace the dear remains of her, for whom his faithful heart was broken.

A MOTHER'S HAND.

DID you ever awaken, while on a bed of sickness, and find a mother's hand pressed upon your forehead ? It is pleasant thus to wake from a dream, even when affliction is on you. You are assured that you have at least one friend, and that THAT friend is a true one. You are assured, that if you never go forth into the world, you will die lamented ; and when pain and distress are on you, such an assurance is consoling. At such a time, you can read more fully a mother's feelings than a tongue can express them. The anxiety with which she gazes upon you—the tenderness with which she sympathizes with you—the willingness with which she supplies your wants—all serve to indicate the secret workings of her heart.

Original.

WOMEN OF AMERICA.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

THERE is much in the national character of American Females to call forth admiration. If we trace them back to the Pilgrim landing place on the shore of wintry wild New England, we find them exemplifying those amiable virtues which are ever their brightest ornaments. Not pining with unavailing regret for the home of comfort they had left—asking nothing—claiming nothing that would deter from the performance of a single duty—giving up, with a Martyr spirit, the luxuries, the elegancies, and the endearing associations of early life, in an old and civilized country, for the cold and snowy wilderness of America !

While we love to dwell upon that event, connected as it is with us by the most sacred considerations, let us draw aside the curtain of that thrilling drama, and notice with feelings of peculiar tenderness the circle of devoted females that bore their share in the perils of that scene. Unaccustomed to the rigour of this climate—some of them nurtured amid the refinements of a “palace home,” yet shrinking not from privations to which they were here subjected ; cheerful and full of hope—uncomplaining in their new and trying duties—inspiring with courage by their own fortitude to endure. Their piety so sincere and ardent, that sufferings, and EVEN DEATH, were borne without a murmur of regret that they had become exiles for the injured cause of their BLESSED MASTER. It is a scene of moral grandeur that the world has seldom exhibited, and upon which we may look with profit.

The impulse given by the first women of America was felt upon the hearts of those energetic, enterprising, and patriotic females of revolutionary times, and were the

condition of our country such as to require it, there would STILL BE EVIDENCE that those peculiar traits had been nothing impaired by the lapse of years. Change of condition, luxury, and abundance have concealed, or obscured them from public gaze, but in the domestic circle—in the sanctity of private life they are still operating with gentlest power, and are coursing with unabated energy through all the channels of social existence. Amid the sorrows that often press hard upon her bosom, we see her the enduring and uncomplaining woman still. If circumstances require the sacrifice, she is wearing out her life in toil and hardships, shrinking not from any burden or any woe that is found in her “lot” to bear. If her heart has been purified from its native depravity, a WARMER benevolence glows in her bosom, and she looks beyond the peaceful dominion of her own dear family for opportunities of doing good to others. A kindly word spoken “in season” has lightened the burden of many a dejected spirit. A pittance to the destitute and needy, and the kind remembrance of those forgotten by others, bear testimony to her sympathizing and timely attentions, while she is ever delighting to send comfort where its cheering influence is seldom felt. Her natural qualities shine with a brighter lustre, and are radiant with love to the whole human family.

In opinions and conduct she is swayed by the holy principles of the Bible; her motto is “do unto others as ye would they should do to you,” and with its heavenly influences operating upon her heart—influences of MORE THAN GOLDEN VALUE, the degradation, the wretchedness of her sex in heathen lands, has awakened her sympathies and aroused her energies; and what has not been SACRIFICED to benefit and save! In this our own country, there are many NOBLE MONUMENTS of her active and untiring benevolence, while its silent and fertilizing streams are flowing by her instrumentality from every village and hamlet in our land. Her moral COURAGE is often put to a serious and painful test, as she is called upon to prove the strength of her principles by

taking a decided stand against whatever is wrong in sentiment and practice in the daily walks of social life. Fashionable amusements she is aware have a hardening, paralyzing influence on the minds of the young, absorbing their noble faculties, and excluding all thought of their higher and future destinies. She is, therefore, induced to exclude them from her own dwelling, and if she meet them amid the circles of her friends, a silent WITHDRAWAL is a language that is felt, and that vibrates on the consciences of the WEAKER and FRAILER of her sex, and is the best testimony she bears against the custom.

Much that is wrong is averted—or corrected by the gentle firmness, the decision, and the strength of her religious principles. She knows not her power, though her influence is felt in the remotest nerve of Society. She never attempts any thing to GAIN NOTORIETY, but only to be useful, and would not if she could, occupy any other than the quiet and protected station allotted her, thankful that she is not exposed to the conflicts of public life.

In the cause of virtue, her efforts are unceasingly made on the minds of her children, to establish correct habits and pure principles, to overcome all the evils that her ever-watchful “following eye” may chance to discover; not fearing to frown upon vice in its various forms. She is always happy and pleased when she has made the effort to please others, and from this source she derives continual and reflected pleasures. Her heart has become responsive to the claims of domestic life, and as she goes about in her accustomed avocations, the wing of peace seems to be kindly over her, producing emotions like the blending tones of melting harmony.

A delicate and correct taste is a source of inexhaustible enjoyment, and a very important ingredient of female character; this she cultivates with unremitting care. It controls her pleasures, fashions her opinions, gives a quick perception of the beautiful in Nature and Art—and at the same time prevents the adoption of many of the changes and incon-

gruities of manners and dress. It gives to thought and conduct propriety, and that kind of independence that dares to be governed by a sense of comfort and convenience rather than the despotism of Fashion. In her reading she wastes not her sympathies with the flood-tide of fictitious works teeming from the press—finding a “cheap passage” to every part of our country—but the efforts of nobler and purer minds occupy her leisure and cause a deeper thrill of pleasure, and a more lasting sense of benefit. She is ever cultivating her intellectual powers as the talent committed to her care, for which, ere long, she must give account. This makes her diligent in the discharge of her various duties, gives a priceless value to time, leads to a better and more thorough knowledge of domestic economy, and although it is often said, that a “woman cannot be what she should in domestic life, and cultivate a literary taste or pursue its employments,” yet by the discipline of her mind to the habit, she proves her ability to prosecute the two objects successfully.

The words of the slanderer are to her as idle tales; she heeds them not, nor suffers her opinions to be influenced by the jealousies, the dark insinuations, or the more open expressions of malice or bitterness. Over the faults of human nature she casts the concealing robe of charity, while upon its crimes she looks with just abhorrence and pity. She binds not one single virtue to her bosom, but embraces them all with a loving spirit, while they shed their heavenly influences upon her character. If she whispers a word of kind encouragement to the timid or doubting, it is to strengthen them in doing right. Her heart is ever glowing with goodwill to all, and regarding the religion of the Bible as the highest and most important object of life, she desires that all should enjoy its hopes and pleasures, and be actuated by its heavenly principles; she lends her influence to promote and sustain its sacred institutions, and to extend its benign blessings. She grieves to see the Sabbath broken, to have its hallowed stillness interrupted by week-day employments or

pleasures ; intemperance, profaneness, falsehood, and their kindred vices, thrill her heart with pain. She delights in all that is good and noble in human character, and watches with peculiar interest the forming and virtuous habits developing in the young.

H I N T S .

IMPROVEMENT OF TIME.—Do small things, as writing a letter, making a sketch, reading a review, etc., in your leisure moments ; leaving the body of the day to more important affairs. Instead of SAYING much about your employments or wasting time in procrastination and dread of them, set yourself quietly, promptly, resolutely about your work, and you may save hours for the acquisition of some important Art or Science. Always have convenient work at hand, that your time may be usefully employed during a social call or in moments of leisure. Much time and labor will be saved by always keeping things in order. Devise methods of expediting labor, and give to each branch its due importance. There is time enough for every work and duty ; if any thing is neglected from a supposed want of time the fault is ours.

FRANKLIN'S CODE OF MORALS.—Eat not to fulness—drink not to elevation—speak not but what may benefit others or yourself—avoid trifling conversation. Let every thing have its place, let each part of your business have its time. Resolve to perform what you ought—perform without fail what you resolve. Make no expense but to do good to others or yourself, wasting nothing. Lose no time, be always employed in something useful. Use no deceit, think innocently and justly, and if you speak, speak accordingly. Wrong none by injuries, or omitting the benefits which are your duty. Avoid extremes, forbear resenting injuries. Suffer no uncleanness in your body, clothes, or habitation. Be not disturbed about trifles, or at accidents common or unavoidable. Imitate JESUS CHRIST.







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